

AN EASTERN VOYAGE

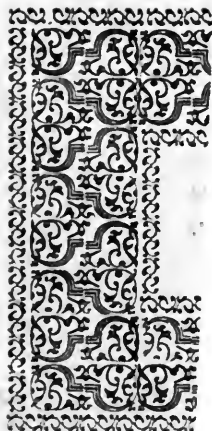
A JOURNAL OF TRAVELS THROUGH
THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN THE
EAST AND SOUTH AND JAPAN



BY COUNT FRITZ VON HOCHBERG



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AN EASTERN VOYAGE

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RAINY SPRING DAY, SINDE VALLEY.

AN EASTERN VOYAGE

A JOURNAL OF THE TRAVELS OF
COUNT FRITZ HOCHBERG
THROUGH THE BRITISH EMPIRE
IN THE EAST AND JAPAN

VOLUME TWO



25 COLOURED & 48
BLACK & WHITE ILLUSTRATIONS

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XIII

CASHMERE (*continued*)

May 30th.—I had been three miles away on the hills painting in the morning, and when I returned for lunch I met several baggage ponies, coolies, and servants, and saw to my horror that one pony had fallen over the narrow track. One walks on nothing else but narrow goat tracks ; there are no roads in our sense of the word. The poor beast had unfortunately caught one of his hind-legs between the stems of two trees overgrowing the precipice or gully. This hind-leg was broken of course, and the wretched animal was hanging *absolutely loose*, all its weight suspended by this broken leg, over the precipice. They had not even taken its saddle or its load off its back, though from underneath the pony it was easy to reach all that. There the poor beast was just dangling in the air by its broken hind-leg. One could see what awful pain it must be in ; it grunted and tried to turn its head upwards. Heaven knows how long it had been hanging tortured in this position. Those pigs of coolies and servants had all simply squatted down on the track and were gabbling away. When I began to beat them with my thick Malacca cane, what I call "giving them Malacca cane,"

they soon produced an axe, and I, helped by my biestie, who carried my painting things, managed to cut down the one tree. What that poor animal must have suffered at each stroke of the axe on the tree, which of course did shake it a good bit, must have been beyond words ; it made my blood run cold, but it was the only thing to do, and after all it was really done in a few seconds, we two putting all our strength to it and taking it in turns. When the tree bent down, thus liberating the broken leg, I stopped cutting, and the poor beast glided on to the slope beneath, where it lay for a few seconds. Then as it wanted to get up, it still rolled a good bit downhill. I was astonished how sensibly it behaved. It pulled its legs tight to its body and simply let itself roll, head and legs together like a hedgehog, till it stopped on the small loose stones and gravel on the river-bank. Then the people climbed down at once to rescue their saddle and load, and after I had seen that it was done without ill-treating the horse, which did not even attempt to get up, I walked towards the camp as fast as the goat track would allow, to ask Parker to come and shoot the poor mangled animal. It was two and a half miles going and two and a half miles back, so some time had passed when we returned, and all the people had left, and the poor pony was standing there alone in the blazing sun, its poor broken leg frightfully swollen. It was broken right over the hock, where the leg was bent by the pony's weight over the tree. Those beasts would have let the poor animal *die quietly there of starvation*. These natives are horribly cruel. A long time, many generations, must pass before they can be looked upon as the equals of Europeans or of Japanese.

As the poor beast seemed very hungry and tried to

nibble at some shabby grass bushes near by, Mrs. P. and I climbed down and picked armsful of fresh grass on the river-bank underneath him, and so he had a good feed, and really seemed to enjoy it. When he had nearly finished (I'm sure he hadn't had such a good meal for days), P., who had climbed down with us and sat opposite the pony while he was eating, shot him in the head. He dropped down where he stood, his mouth full of fresh grass. He was killed instantly, and did not even move any more. This pony was the only thing poor P. had shot all this time; he really did have bad luck. He saw several bears at great distances, but could never get near enough.

So on May 31st, on a fine but very cold morning, at 7 A.M., we started, the P.'s for Srinagar, I for the Laddakh. After three miles we had to part, very unwillingly, as we had got so accustomed to each other during the last two months, and they were really charming people.

At first the road ran continually downhill into the wooded valley, and was very pretty, but soon it turned to the left into another valley, which was very broad and open, and one soon got on the wide, dusty, sunny road to Laddakh. Right and left were high mountains, but the valley was very broad and not very attractive, mostly rice-fields.

At 5 P.M. I reached the camping-ground, having passed the one where my people wanted me to camp. I reached that at twelve, and as that was really not to be called a march, I went on; but they have a mania for small marches, being first of all very lazy, and then anxious to make as many marching days as possible. At six the tents and ponies arrived. I sketched, but not with much success. In the evening it was bitterly cold.

The next day the road commenced very soon to be

much prettier ; it became finer at each turn, always winding along the river, which was whitish-blue with fresh snow water. High snow mountains towered right and left over the valley, which then became narrower and narrower. The mountains were thickly timbered with enormous walnut trees and old elms of a size I've never seen before. The villages, too, which I passed lay quite sheltered and shaded under these magnificent trees. There were lots of mulberry trees everywhere about too, and they also were uncommonly large. We met large caravans of ponies, small donkeys, and the pretty long-coated yaks with their big kind eyes and beautiful tasselly tails, all heavily laden and driven by Baltistan or Laddakhi people with pigtails, very ugly, Mongolian-featured, and clad in long kaftan-like garments of indescribably creepy-crawly appearance.

Near one bridge two poor ponies were lying on the ground, half-starved-looking, nothing but a bag of bones, and of course they couldn't get up with the heavy loads on their backs. I was just drawing near when the beasts of people began to beat them with whips and sticks on the head and neck to make them get up. They didn't hear me come, as I had grass shoes tied to my boots, which were so much nicer and easier for walking, especially on those roads with all their loose and pointed stones. And so they enjoyed a thorough taste of Malacca cane. I gave them all three a full, ample share ; and I am sure they would not forget it soon. That new Malacca cane I bought at Singapore is so beautifully long and most useful for this sort of thing ; it covers two men at once with one stroke. This is apparently the only method of teaching them, and has an ample justice about it that they understand.

Then I made them unload the ponies, whimpering as they were, and holding their backs and sides. I first intended to tie the loads on to their backs, whipping them thus uphill, but I refrained. The poor little ponies got up at once as soon as their loads were taken off, and so we reloaded them properly, and then I took away their whips and broke them (one had a silver handle to it) and threw them in the river, which they apparently disliked very much, and after showing them that if they ill-treated their animals again they would get more Malacca cane, I went on. Of all animals, undoubtedly the human animal is the most cruel and the most brutal. These people ought to get beaten every day for all the cruelties they do to the animals.

Yesterday again I went eighteen miles, and the road had been almost one of the prettiest I have ever seen. The valley was very narrow, and the river roared and foamed along bluish-white with the snow water. The snow peaks rose all round to enormous heights up into the blue sky, emerging out of fine woods of chestnuts, elms, walnut trees, maples, poplars, firs and spruce, enormous trees. The undergrowth was a thick tangle of all sorts of shrubs and ferns, and everything was white with the flowering wild strawberries; pale blue bluebells grew in masses, with wild asparagus, aquilegia, and all sorts of pretty flowers. Everywhere the "Faulbaum" (I don't know the English name for it) was in full bloom, and scented the woods with its sweet, strong perfume. It was really almost finer than New Zealand. Here were also the vividly marked little red-tailed blackbirds and ravens, while in the lower valley the cuckoo called and the pyrol fluted.

The road went uphill all the time, and towards the afternoon I passed several large avalanches, which went

down deep into the centre of the valley and even covered the stream which foamed underneath them. Shortly before Sonamurg, where I stopped the night in the primitive Dak Bungalow, I reached a very wide valley with enormous meadows richly dotted with buttercups, dandelions, saxifrages, and the low iris, all in full spring bloom, where many brood mares with foals and yaks with lovely bushy tails were grazing. The snow mountains towered everywhere around, and I was glad to have a fire.

As it was six when I reached the Dak Bungalow, it was much too cold to sketch. To-day I only marched nine miles to Baltal, as the ponies were rather tired. The walk was pretty, but nothing to be compared with yesterday's. I had to pass again several avalanches reaching down right into the middle of the valley, and in all the gullies there was still snow. A cold wind made the march very pleasant in spite of the sun, which was already pretty strong.

I got to Baltal for lunch, having slept long in the morning. The bungalow there is charming, quite one of the nicest I have seen here, and so well furnished and well situated in the middle of what looks almost like a park. So I made two good sketches in the afternoon and was very pleased. The last one I finished at half-past seven, and when I went in I was so stiff with cold I could only creep near the fire, where I had my dinner served too; it was the only way of getting warm again.

June 2nd.—As the baggage had to be very limited, everything that was not absolutely necessary was sent back to the house-boat. Unfortunately my valet was still so seedy, that I had to send him back to the boat too. I think he was very pleased to get away from the tents,



ON THE WAY TO THE LADDAKII, BALTAL.



which he hated, but disappointed at not being able to accompany me to Laddakh, to which trip he had looked forward very much. But he was still so stiff that I had to get a pony for him to ride, for he could really hardly walk at all. All this was of course on May 31st, the day I started for the Laddakh.

June 3rd.—Last night, just as I wanted to go to bed, a coolie arrived with letters, and I read them till one o'clock. It was delightful, and they were such nice letters all of them.

This morning we started at 8 A.M. I was quite sorry to leave the uncommonly pretty bungalow, but the subjects for painting were finished, and I haven't got so very much time either. The road, a few steps behind the bungalow, ascended at once very steeply in a zigzag up the hill, and after half-an-hour of a very steep climb I came out of the lovely spruce wood and entered birches, at the beginning still of a fresh green with their tiny leaves, but higher up still wintry bare. I passed, still climbing up steeply, several enormous avalanches, and finally I came out on the hillside over the forest surrounded by pointed barren rocks and snow peaks. Still higher I climbed till I came on a valley which was quite covered with snow, where there was no sign of tree or bush. Deep dead winter it was, no sound, no bird, no life! I noted the silence was almost gruesome and uncanny. An indescribably narrow track had been trodden in the deep snow by the innumerable caravans which pass in a file. This valley was the much dreaded pass, feared on account of its many avalanches, which at certain times of the spring one is only allowed to traverse at night. On this narrow track, of course, with snow under foot, one slides and glides along. It is beastly walking, and very tiring,

because the track has been stamped by the animals, which of course with their heavy loads, and on the slippery ground, take very small steps, and the hoofs have formed little ice steps, so that one is bound to walk with the same small stride and one's toes turned in like a parrot, since the snow on both sides is so high. One has to put one foot in front of the other like a fox. The track still ascended steadily through the nearly flat valley, and one wound about on this track for hours.

At 1 P.M. I reached the summit and began to descend. It was thawing hard, but was very cold all the same, and at many places I had to make long detours because the snow on which I walked had already fallen into the river, which it usually bridged and which foamed underneath it. At other places I passed deep crevices in the snow, where I heard and saw the river roaring several hundreds of metres beneath me in a blue-white icy depth. The crevices were so narrow that I could step over them. If I had fallen into one of them it would have been all over indeed with the fun.

I met enormous caravans of ponies and yaks with their dirty ragged Mongol drivers, well suited to this desolate winter scenery with their red-brown beardless faces and funny fur caps.

At 1 P.M. I lunched in the snow, then tramped on. Downhill it was almost more difficult than uphill, and especially so towards 3 P.M., when I reached half-thawed places, which were frightfully slippery. I had to cross sloping snow-fields, where, had I begun to slip—and it happened very nearly more than once—I should have slid down into eternity; nobody could have saved me.

Towards 4 P.M. I got into a broad valley, where I still



HARROWING IN THE LADDAKH

walked on snow, all the time alongside the foaming roaring torrent on the narrowest track I was ever on, and sometimes so near the edge of snow overhanging the river, that there was really not a foot on the outer side. How these ponies managed to crawl along there is a miracle to me. The real snow region I left about 5 P.M., though of course all the hills and slopes were still covered with snow long after that. The enormously wide valley, closed in by high rocky bare mountains, was wonderfully majestic. It was grander than the kings' tombs at Luxor, of which it reminds one in a way in its serious majesty, but of course it had not the beauty of colour. The steep, barren, ragged cliffs and mountains are a silvery-grey—not a tree, not a bush, no grass, no mosses, but naked barren rocks. In the valley, which was very broad and traversed by the roaring river, was a faint shimmer of green on the ground, formed by thin grass, and especially by the small iris coming up everywhere. At some places small orange-yellow flowers were blooming like small crocuses. But in these wild barren hills the cuckoo called, the blue-rocks (pigeons almost white) and the big ravens were there, and rock finches piped their tiny notes.

At 6 P.M. I reached the Dak Bungalow, after passing the village with its few wretched stone huts with mud roofs. Near by they were ploughing with long-coated black yaks, and were sowing. At one place this afternoon a dead donkey was lying near the river, and eight big vultures sat round it. Here, near the village, lay two dead ponies, and the ravens fought round them. There was literally not a bush nor a tree, but the mountains and snow peaks were of such a majesty that I was content. But it was infinitely sad and cold.

It was only at 8 P.M. that my other baggage arrived. But as I had my tiffin basket and painting materials on a special pony which I kept with me, I could always make myself cocoa, and so it did not much matter.

June 4th, Drass.—Did I say that any amount of edelweiss grows in the Sindh Valley? One could have made garlands of it, and when growing it is prettier than when it is picked. The thick tufts of velvety white stars make a lovely effect. Yesterday, in those places where it had thawed during the day and frozen again overnight, and on the snowfields, the colour effects were indescribably lovely, forming circles of palest blue, *eau de nil* green, and palest mauve. I should have loved to have painted for a bit, but I had no intention of getting any part of my precious body frost-bitten in that icy coldness.

To-day there were only 10 miles to be done, and almost all the time on the level. That fellow who was recommended to me for doing the bunderbuss to Laddakh—his chits say he has been there several times, though I'm convinced he has stolen them from somebody else—is utterly useless. He doesn't know the name of a single place, nor any of the distances, and so one makes these ridiculous marches. Ten miles! it is absurd. I have christened him the "Swine," because he is really nothing else. I hate him. I don't know where I should be without my little Indian cook, who has turned out to be a treasure, and is cook, valet, and everything combined. He speaks and understands only about six words of English, and I not one of Hindustani, so our dealings are limited to signs. He talks Hindustani to me making signs, and I answer in German with signs, and we get on capitally.



MY COOK AND TIFFIN PONY CROSSING AN AVALANCHE

We did not march over snow to-day, but the scenery was awfully desolate and sad. Not a tree, not a bush, and in the ridges of the ragged hills snow was lying everywhere. Then we came into valleys where the barren hills had a curiously shaped slope, or soft smothered look, without any apparent stones or cliffs or projections. They sloped softly up from the green valley (grass), where the larks were singing, shaded in olive-green, then grey-green, shading into deep purple, sepia, tan, and finally into light ochre. It was very pretty and peculiar, but such an icy gale howled that I had no wish to sketch, and was glad when we reached the Dak Bungalow, and I could warm myself near the cedar-wood fire. I am told there is always a gale blowing in this Draas valley, and I honestly think that is the reason of those funny rounded slopes, not of rock, but of a sort of sand or earth on top of rock.

The whole small room smelt of the cedar-wood fire. Where they get the firewood for these bungalows, God alone knows, for, with the exception of some low birches in enclosures that look like graveyards, but are not, as the people cremate their dead, there is no tree to be seen for days and days.

One sees lots of magpies everywhere about in the different valleys round the shabby hamlets. The huts of these hamlets are piled up out of river stones, unworked, and smeared over, or plastered over with mud, and with flat mud roofs. Everywhere they are busy ploughing with yaks and sowing. At some places the river forces itself through purple-black shiny rocks, which have just the same polished look as the rocks in the Nile (beloved Nile!) at Assouan. Somebody told me once it was a

microscopic small sort of moss or lichen that made that effect there. I don't know whether it is true or not, but it might be the same thing here. Anyhow, it is very pretty, and makes pretty colour effects.

At Draas I said good-bye to my Cashmere ponies, and I regretted that my little grey tiffin pony was not coming any farther with me, both for his sake and for mine. The poor animal will not have such an easy life again. It is awful how cruel all these people are to animals.

In the afternoon, when we were all well under shelter, a real hurricane howled round the house, so that I thought it was going to be blown away, and dense fog clouds rolled down from the hills, while the rain beat on the window-panes and the roof.

June 7th.—On the 5th we left Draas in the morning at eight, being told by the "Swine" that it was 25 miles. So I provided all the people with ponies, and had one for myself too, but the saddles were so awful, and the ponies so lazy, that it was more work making them go forward than walking oneself, and so I got off my steed after ten minutes and walked. It was a sunny, cold morning, and having, as I thought indeed, 25 miles before me, I stepped along freely. It is really not possible to describe the desolation and barrenness of those hills! Nothing but small loose stones and naked rock. The road went incessantly steeply up and down hill from valley to valley, and one really did not walk for five minutes straight on or on a level. The sun was scorching.

At 2 P.M. I passed the Kharboo Bungalow, which I admit, from the outside, does not look over inviting. It is situated in a very narrow valley, towered over by steep



OLD HINDU MONUMENTS NEAR DRAAS
(The rest-house on the way to Leh)



naked hills, but has some willows near and almost round it, which were just beginning shyly to put out some anæmic green leaves. I courageously stepped past it. We walked on and on and on, and of course I expected round each corner of these blessed barren rocks, or after each steep hill I crossed, to come in sight of Kargyll. Nothing! And the track (one cannot call it a road) ran all the time in these blessed valleys, so that there was no shade for a minute. I've never seen anything like it. That I didn't get sunstroke is really a wonder, for the sun scorched down on one mercilessly from 8 A.M. till 7 P.M., when finally it went down behind some high hills. I thought already it was "Sun stop at Gibeon and moon in the valley of Ajalon," or whatever those Jewish valleys were called, and still no Kargyll. So the cook asked how many miles we had still to do, and they told us still seven. It was evident the "Swine" had told us quite a wrong distance, because we walked all the time at a good pace. I wanted to wait for the rest of the caravan and camp out there, but cook and the tiffin coolie persuaded me to go on: there was nothing to be had here—no milk, eggs, or wood, so I gave in and on we went. We tramped on till 10 P.M. up and down hills, for we were tired, and after half-past eight it got so dark, as there was no moon, that one could only walk very slowly and carefully. When we arrived at Kargyll at 10 P.M. the postmaster, who speaks English very well, told us it was 37 miles from Kargyll to Draas, and that nobody ever did it in one day.

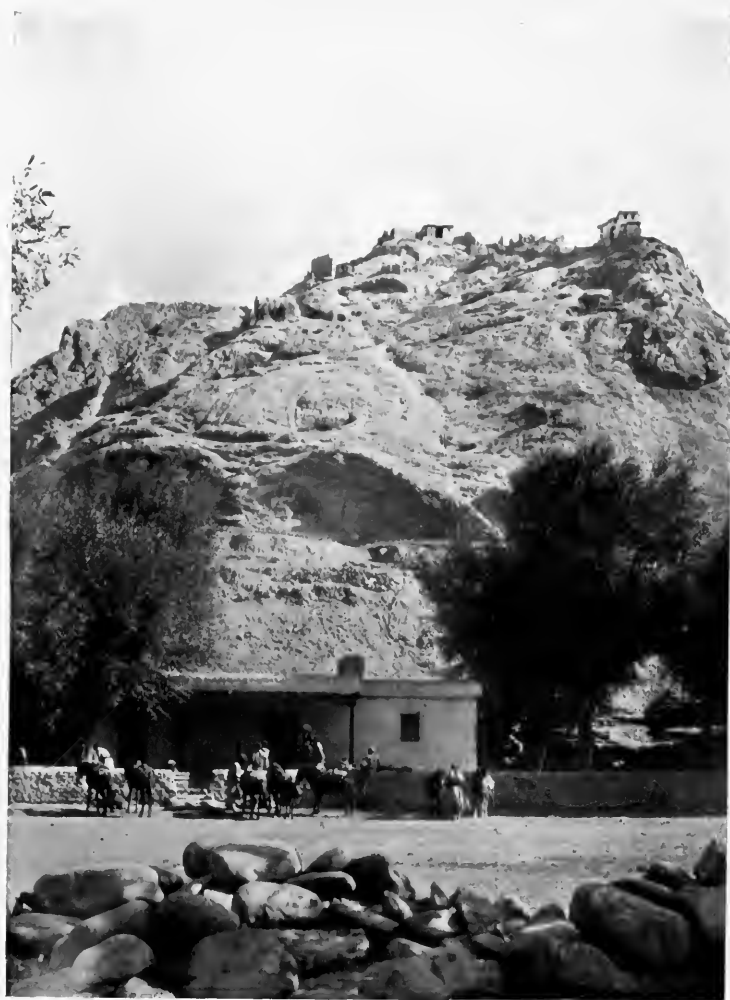
Cook quickly made me several cups of cocoa out of the tiffin basket (after the postmaster had provided us most amiably with fresh milk), and as we couldn't expect the rest of the baggage for hours, for the ponies we had with

us, and which were lightly packed, were dead tired—and what must the others have been?—I made myself a pillow out of my jacket and overcoat, lay down on the string bed, covered myself with the two mackintosh rugs that cover the baggage if it rains, and went to sleep, dressed as I was. I slept till eight next morning without waking. The rest of my baggage, cook told me, arrived at one in the morning! The poor ponies were half-dead of course. It was lucky for the “Swine” I did not see him that evening; he would have tasted Malacca cane!

On the 6th I started at 11 A.M. Here in the Laddakh one takes fresh ponies for each march, and I think it is a very good plan. I would have left earlier, but had several letters to post, which I had written at Draas, and this was the last post-office. The postmaster had gone for a walk on the hills to inspect his fields and was not to be found, so I had to wait.

Kargyll is a wretched village. The postmaster brought me at last, when he turned up (very likely in order to pacify me), a large dish of excellent dried apricots and dried red currants. Round Kargyll are many bushes of currants and quite well-kept fields, in which the rye was already quite high, though it had not yet shot into fruit; besides, they have planted along the river and all the many irrigation canals poplars and willows. Birches there are too, and lots of wild rose bushes, but not in flower yet.

So after I had finally succeeded in posting my letters, I started. The baggage had, of course, gone on ahead, but I soon overtook it. The postmaster had told me it was 23 miles to-day. The road was uncommonly ugly and hot, but I had taken my umbrella, and it was



MY CARAVAN AT THE RESTHOUSE OF MULBA
AND LLAMASSERIE ON TOP OF HILL



astonishing what a difference it made to have one's back shaded.

The road, which went along through high steep valleys, began to get prettier. I walked sometimes, even often, in the deep shade of the hills, and close to the river there was some vegetation; willows, smashed by avalanches, some low tujas, a sort of tamarisk with pretty pink flowers, and now and then a courageous rose bush. The mountains and slopes were absolutely barren, except for a sort of sedum with a strong aromatic scent and grey-green leaves, which in Italy is often used for edging flower-beds. The many villages and hamlets were surrounded by green fields, willows and poplars, and lots of red currant bushes grew round them, which were just in flower. The small goats, tiny animals with enormous long hair, were delightful. Even the full-grown ones were not much bigger than an Airedale terrier, and the young ones were very sweet, with their enormous coats and dear funny faces. They looked like toy goats in a Christmas booth.

At half-past seven I was at Mulba, just when the sun was setting behind the high hills. But to-day, for the most part, I walked in the shade of the hills, so it was very pleasant. The sun went down behind the hills, leaving the valley in deep shadow, and only tinting the tops of the mountains a pinky-red.

Mulba is a big village, crowned by a Llama convent, perched, one wonders how, on the utmost point of a steep, apparently inaccessible rock. From its roof innumerable white linen rags fluttered, on which prayers were written, and the wind moved them about. That is the same as saying a prayer, and besides, keeps the evil spirits away.

The Lumbardar (a sort of Lord Mayor) came to make me his salaam, and brought excellent and most welcome milk and wood, for I was alone, not even cook could keep up with me. I'm getting in condition now. The Lumbardar was a tall old man, with a reddish-brown, well-cut face, a very Chinese type, pigtailed of course, clothed in a long claret-coloured garment with wide sleeves, a gold embroidered cap with ear-flaps, that being turned up stood out like fawn's ears, and from his belt a long silver chatelaine hung, on which all sorts of quaint keys, knives, spoons, a pipe, and a tobacco-pouch with metal ornaments, dangled down and clinked.

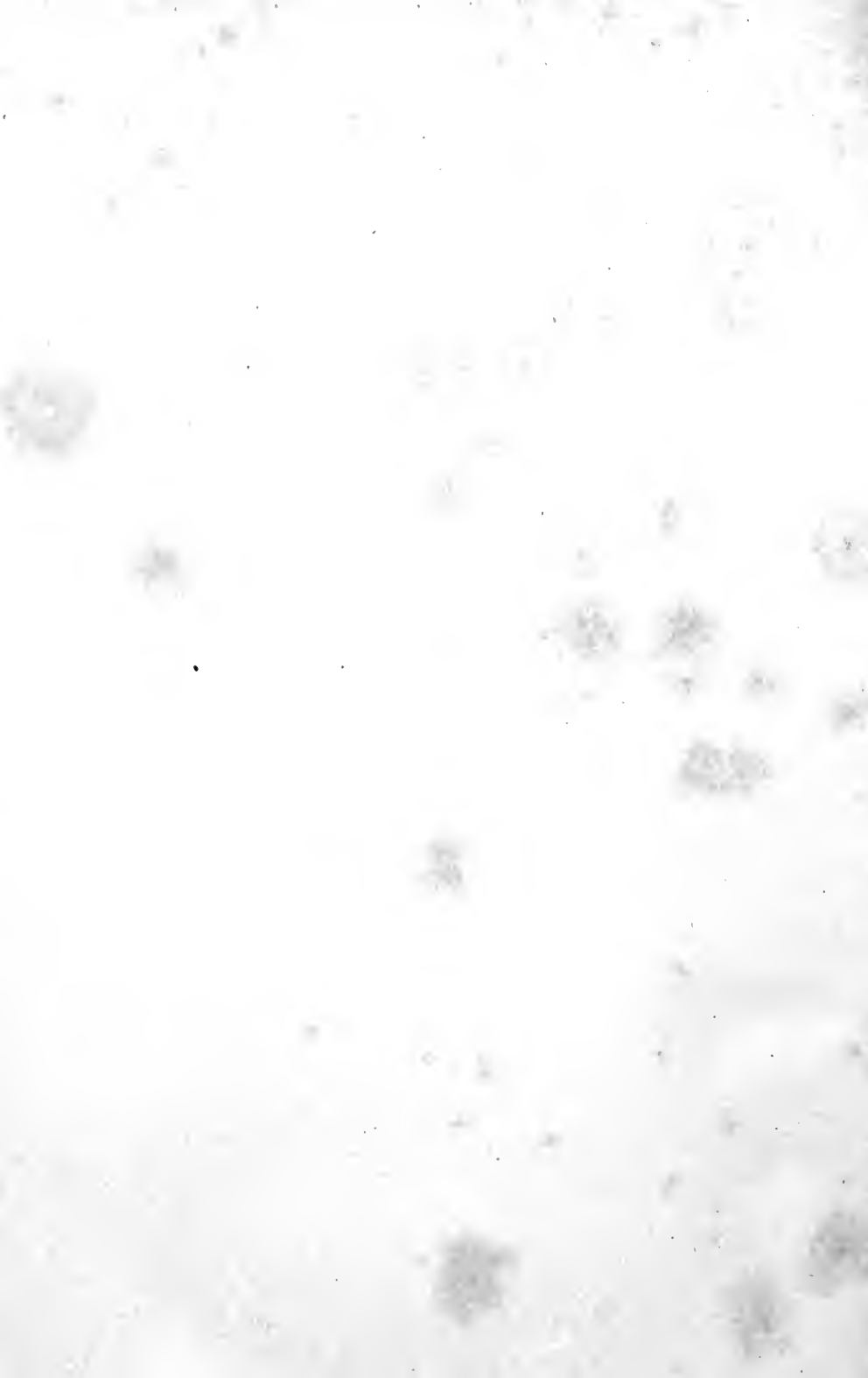
Mulba is surrounded by those quaint praying walls and monuments, which look half like a dove-cot, half like a glorified Egyptian incubator. On the top of the walls are all sorts of stones, with rather prettily-worked inscriptions in Laddakhi figures. On most of the roofs of the houses are wooden praying windmills, more or less, according to the wealth of the proprietor, and innumerable white linen rags flutter from the tops as well, with prayers written on them.

To-day (15 miles) I started at 11 A.M. I saw now and then a few snow-topped mountains; it was the most desolate bit I have passed yet. Yellow-brown rocks appeared at places like old ruins or decayed fortresses. Yesterday, the hills were often wine-coloured, very pretty.

At half-past two I was at Bet-Kharboo, where I stopped the night in the nice Dak Bungalow. There was a large caravan from Yarkand there, with enormous bales, extraordinary pigtailed men, with scarlet fur-lined caps, long kaftans, high felt boots, earrings with turquoises in them,



WOODEN BRIDGE ON THE WAY TO LEH



and bracelets. They were very much interested in me, and I had to show them everything I had on me. They seemed nice, kind, gay people, like the Chinese ready to laugh.

In the night from the 7th to the 8th, it pelted with rain. I woke up because it dripped on my nose. Then I heard a little torrent descend in the corner where I knew the holdalls had been put. At a third place it was dripping on to the durry also, "pitch, pitch!" So I lit the candle, and managed to get my bed and the holdalls in security; in the holdall corner really a grey brook rippled gaily down, but fortunately found a natural exit in or through the clay floor, underneath the threshold to the adjoining bathroom, so I didn't trouble about that any further.

At eight in the morning, when I started, there was glorious sunshine. It was very funny; from the ground came an icy cold, whereas the sun was already scorching hot. The road through steep, absolutely barren rocky country was hideous, and finally wound up a windy, icy-cold pass in a narrow valley, shut in entirely by apparently not very high hills (one is already so high), and I thought I should expire. It was so narrow, so oppressive, so desolate, not a blade of grass, not a sign of vegetation, in some of the crags still snow, and that endless goat track covered with small loose stones which slipped under my feet at every step, wound up and up, round corner after corner. I was quite alone, and the icy gale blew fiercely into my face continually. Really, if I had met the Devil there I wouldn't have been the slightest bit astonished. It was just the sort of place one would expect to meet him, but I believe he now prefers modern life and bridge tables. There is more business to be done in that sort of society.

Finally I reached the top in spite of everything. It

was crowned by a glorified incubator, *alias* a praying kiosk, or whatever one likes to call it, and very well it was they put it there. I'm sure it keeps Mr. Devil away, and surely everybody thanks God who has reached that beastly top without his lungs or heart bursting. Nevertheless, on the top I was nearly blown away. I looked down on just as barren, ugly, desolate valleys and mountains, and I honestly asked myself what the devil I had come here for. The man who wrote that book "Where Three Empires Meet" ought to be exposed. How many people has he coaxed with his fine descriptions of this beastly country into these infernal uglinesses and desolations? He describes Srinagar too as like Venice. All I can say is, he can never have been in Venice.

I descended very steeply, and after a full hour of hideously desolate country came to whole chains of praying walls and glorified incubators, and then at a sudden turn of the track round a rocky corner I saw Lamayuroo before me, looking in its way quite pretty. A large village nestled against the hill in a narrow valley, a steep rabbit warren of houses, one piled on the top of the other, and high above it, boldly on the giddily steep rocky hill, the large Llama convent, from the roof of which innumerable linen rags fluttered in the eternal wind. In this country of bliss there is every afternoon a horrid wind.

I managed to find my way to the Dak Bungalow, which I got unlocked, and where I slept for an hour in a comfortable armchair till my pony and coolie with the tiffin basket arrived at 1 P.M. (15 miles uphill from 8 A.M.).

At 2 P.M. the other coolies and ponies arrived; many had started at 6 A.M. I had passed them all on the road, and as I intended to make 20 miles more that day, fresh



THE LUMBARDAR OF MULBA

ponies were taken. I thoroughly enjoyed the repacking of the ponies, which I watched from the verandah of the bungalow. The yelling of the coolies, insulting each other, snarling like foxes, threatening each other—when I think of the Arabs! how they would shout and talk just as much, but it would all go laughingly with jests and merriment! The odious Cashmere people of course imagine themselves to be something better than the half-Chinese Laddakhis, because England allowed them to depose that poor Laddakh king, who surely can't have been a greater nonentity than His Highness the Maharajah of Jammu and Cashmere, and they were frightfully rude to the Laddakhis in consequence. But I really must say the Laddakhis are uncommonly modest and kind and civil. However, my delight reached its zenith when I saw a Laddakhi coolie punch the "Swine" several times with his fist as hard as he could in the neck. And that pig, although armed with a big stick, was such a coward, that he did not even try to defend himself.

At half-past two all the ponies were packed, and we could get on. The road goes through narrow, wild valleys, and the colouring of the hills is quite lovely. All the tints of the pink, dark red, tan, ochre, of purple and moss green, although there is not one scrap of vegetation, are beautiful. At many places the rocks overhang the road completely. The mountains are enormously high, so that one walks in their shade, which is very agreeable.

At half-past seven I had done my 20 miles, and admit I was tired. When I reached Nurla (alone of course), as the rest of them crawled although they had ponies, I had to try and help myself alone to what I wanted. First they brought me water on my making signs of

drinking, but it did not look exactly appetising, so I mimicked the milking process and got excellent milk, and when my people arrived at 9 P.M. they were very much astonished to find me fed and enjoying a blazing fire, and even having my legs massaged. After the kind "Sign people" had brought me milk and had lit a fire, the Lumbardar settled in front of me, all crouching round the fire, very likely because it was the only light in the blessed place. There was a lot of writing on his part, then a man paid seven rupees and a half to one of the dak runners (postmen), whereupon the Lumbardar wrote him a receipt, and then a pot with what looked like boot blacking was produced, and both parties had to black their thumbs inside and press them off underneath the receipt by way of a signature.

Next morning the road was awfully ugly, of a desolation beyond words, and very difficult and steep. After a long difficult climb one got into a sort of wide plain; it was decidedly once a lake; the colours were lovely it is true, but the desolation and loneliness are too sad for words, and really one feels inclined to sit down and howl. Good heavens, what a country! The tints in all shades, of pink, purple, pale blue, pale green, mauve, olive, and brown of the surrounding bare hills are lovely, but an utter melancholy lies over it all. Not a bush, not a blade of grass, not a bird, not even a raven or a crow, not a sound! Has God forgotten this place or deserted it?

A sort of deer walked discontentedly across this many-coloured desert, passing me quite close, a buck and a doe. They were built and coloured like our roe-deer, but had thick horns like a goat bent almost flat back towards the neck.

Over some stony promontories I got into another of these deserts, but a still larger one, closed in far off by





PRAYING TOWER (GLORIFIED INCUBATOR)
(On the way to Leh near Nimoo)

high bare hills. All this sandy desert was thickly strewn with small and large stones of all sorts of shapes and colours, and amongst these a broad sandy path wound along, and I waded up to the ankles in sand and small pebbles on it. The sands at Halbau are solid rock compared to this. I really felt I could have cried. Not a living soul, not even lizards, are to be seen—nothing but sand, stones, and snow hills. Good heavens, what! is Silesia lovely!

I tramped through this desolate desert for *two hours!!!* (Thank God it had a covered sky.) Had there not been telegraph posts, I should have thought I had missed my road. It looked like the way to eternal damnation. I was told I had come 27 miles to-day, yesterday 35, and I was just resigning myself to the fact that I was never going to see anything human again in my life when I crossed a little elevation, and the road suddenly descended steeply in a zigzag, and on the other side of the valley there lay on the pink slope of the pink rock a lovely village, built of pink stones and pink mud—at least it appeared like that in the setting sun—and topped by many pink ruins, and everywhere round it and between the many houses lots of poplars with fresh green. Really a lovely sight! Also a lot of the glorified incubators were about, and looked very picturesque. The ruins were those of an old Mongolian king's palace.

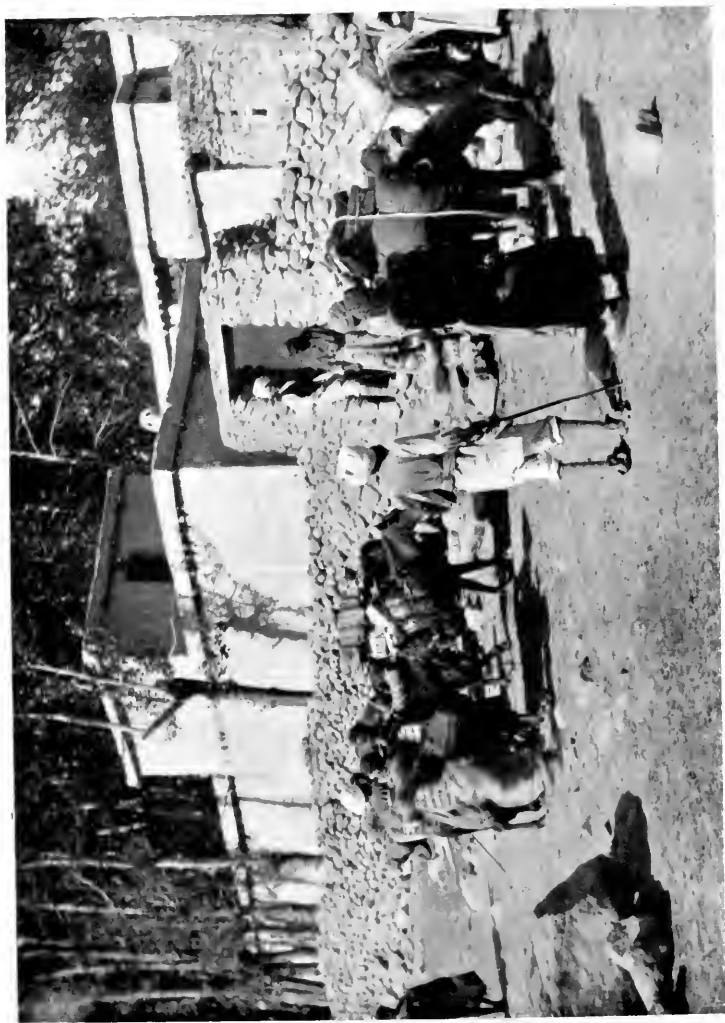
After satisfying my awful thirst at a heavenly fresh and clear spring in the village, I tramped on and soon reached another of those awful sand deserts, where one wades ankle deep in sand and loose gravel. This was crossed by hundreds of yards of those praying walls and the highest incubators I've ever yet seen. They were decidedly of

a newer construction, were more decorated, and in very good repair. At the farthest end of this desert I saw to my delight an oasis of poplars, with the Dak Bungalow half hidden under them with the last rays of the sun just shining on it. For a mile and a half I had to wade through that sandy plain ankle deep. To me it appeared like 20 miles.

The bungalow was good. The rooms are on the first floor, and one has a pretty view from the flat roofs of the many stables on to the hills and desert. Cook, whom I had sent on that morning at six, had made a good dinner, and so, to the murmur of the poplar leaves, which surrounded and sheltered the bungalow from the wind, I fell asleep that night.

Next morning I left Nimoo late, as it was only 18 miles to Leh. The road went first through awfully deep sand, and then I climbed up one of those bare zigzags again, where there was not a scrap of any vegetation, till it crossed another pass, where I reached again a very wide plateau, a sand and stone desert closed in by hills, on which more or less snow was still lying. Towards 2 P.M. the road began to descend slowly, and I saw before me the broad valley of the Indus, which, it is true, does not make any impression here, for it is a mere brook. This valley had at least a faint shimmer of green grass, and a few willows and poplars were scattered near the borders of the river. At three I passed some ruins of houses and a little pool with water, and saw at some distance before me, on a hill-like promontory in this valley, a large Llama monastery, of newer construction apparently. After winding round this promontory, 2 or 3 miles of sand and stone desert still stretched before me, across which a road was marked





MY CARAVAN READY TO LEAVE NIMOO RESTHOUSE

out by some large stones, and along which I approached gradually some poplar trees and some small fields fenced in by walls made of field stones piled on top of each other.

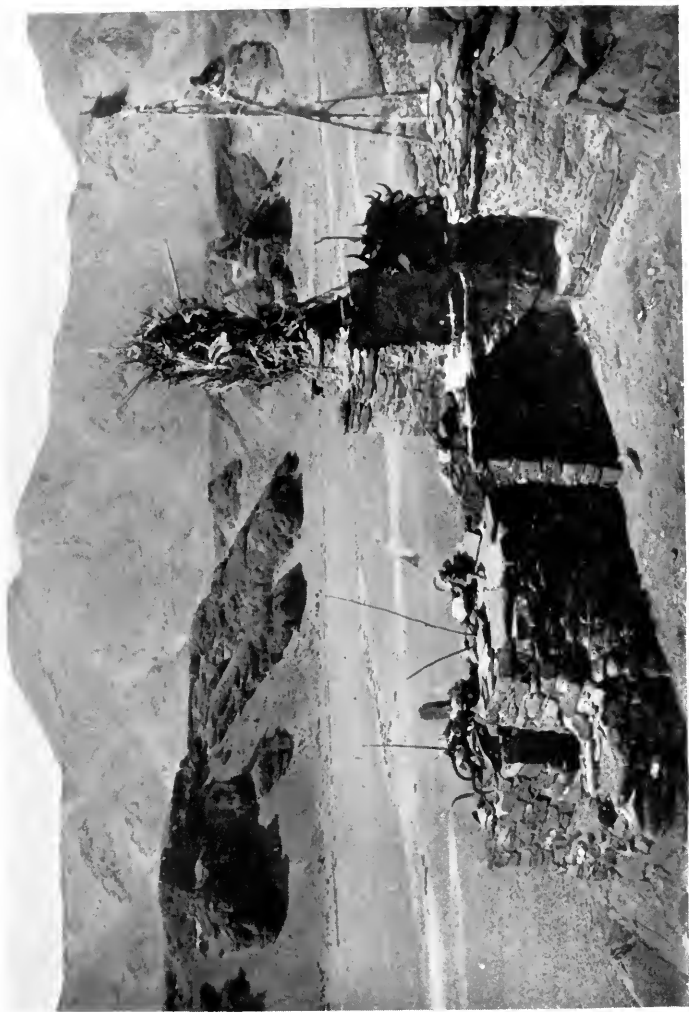
It was Leh—but as yet I could not see a single house. Finally I came to some wretched clay huts, and between two of these was a low gateway as at the caravanserais, and I was told to turn in there, and so I did, thinking to get into the courtyard of the Dak Bungalow, but instead I stepped into a very broad, absolutely straight street of a sort of a town. This street was lined on both sides by houses and shops, and along one side, the off-side one, was a row of Lombardy poplars along the whole length of it. At the far end of this street, on a higher ground, was a large building, rather fine-looking from a distance, once the king's palace, and above it, high up on a barren hill of course, was perched a Llama convent. After walking along this long bazaar, amid a crowd of dirty people, I had to go through several dirty narrow streets, then past the Moravian Mission compound, the church and the hospital, past a little water pool, and then I reached the not extra good Dak Bungalow.

After having my cocoa, I went to the Moravian Mission House to ask about those devil dances which I was told are generally to be seen about the middle of June in a convent two marches from Leh, but the missionary, Rev. Peter, told me they ended yesterday. A young Llama, who had been walled up for twelve years in his cell without seeing anybody or coming out, had finished his time, and came out about a couple of days ago, and to honour this half-saint (he is twenty-four years old, having gone into his hermitage at the age of twelve years) the dances had been held earlier this year. The dethroned king even ordered

twenty-five shots to be fired off in honour of this wonderful young man, who, Rev. Peter tells me, made a very good impression. He went to see him. I'm sorry about those devil dances; I should have liked to have seen them. What is amazing, however, is, that the missionary turns out to have been a tutor to my cousin Gottfried Hochberg when the latter was at school at Niessky. He will accompany me to-morrow, he says, to the convent, and towards evening he came and brought me some delicious fresh bread and excellent butter.

I walked through the so-called town, and went into some shops. There was nothing but rubbish, and the whole place is a wretched, dirty hole.

Leh, June 11th.—At 10 A.M. Rev. Peter came with his two ponies, and we started. First we cantered through the town, then we went steeply uphill. It was finally so steep, that I can't understand how the horses managed to get up, but they climbed like goats. After we reached the top we had to pass along the narrowest goat's track I've ever seen, just room for one horse. My left leg hung over the precipice. I admit that I couldn't look, but sat mouse-still gazing steadily at the horse's neck, and let the Mission dun horse pick his own way. Finally we had to get off, and on the *off* side, because on the near side there is the precipice, and not a foot's width to get down. I was glad when I stood on my own feet again. Then we climbed still higher up on hands and knees, the ponies scrambling up behind us like dogs. And then we climbed over a half-fallen down wall, again along a giddy goat's track, zigzagging alongside infernal rocks, and finally we reached a narrow staircase built of uneven rough stones, zigzagging up still



PRAYING WALLS ON THE WAY TO LEH



higher about 20 to 30 metres. I heard the Rev. Peter call out to his grey who followed him, "Well, don't make such a fuss!" and, by Jove! the pony walked up those steps like a dog. To me he called out, "Simply put the reins on his neck, he'll follow you all right," and like a dog the horse walked up those steps behind me.

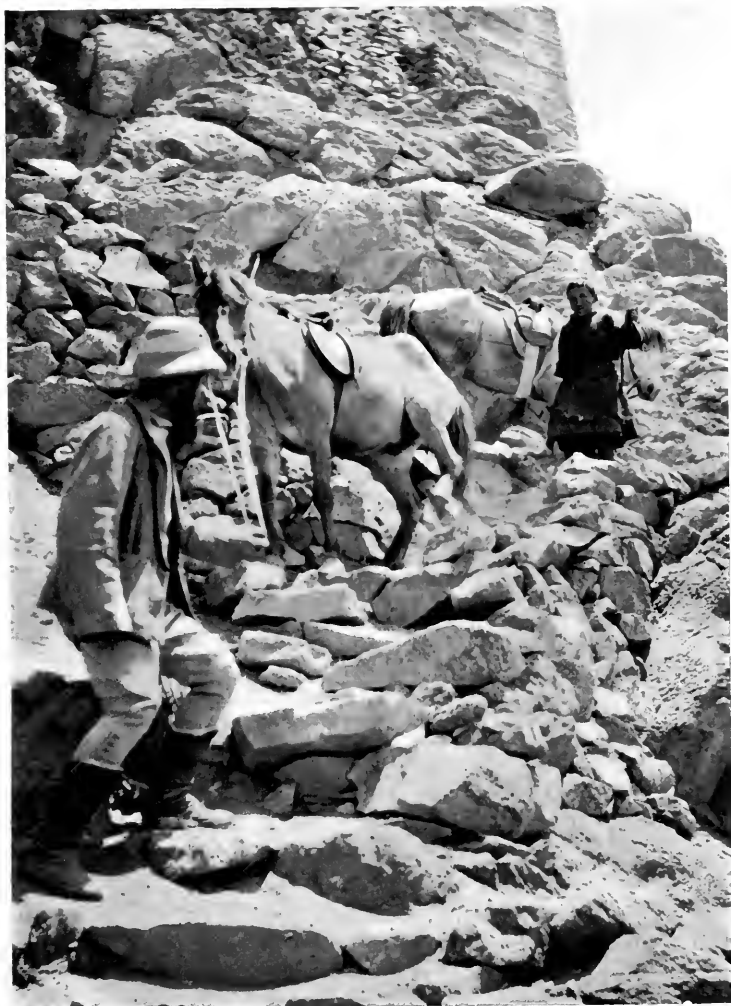
On the top was a gate, which was so low that we had to bend to get in, and the ponies ducked under it quite sensibly, without even allowing their saddles to touch. I was astonished that the whole ramshackle-looking building carried us. Wood and mud plaster and unhewn stones and all that pasted haphazard on to the hill and piled up one thing on top of another. I was told it almost never rained here the whole year, so that was the reason why it held. The Llamas live here, rascally-looking individuals, stinking with dirt, in claret-coloured robes—let us say rather rags. They are regular ragamuffins, with short hair, and have real cut-throat faces. There were several small cells of clay, platforms, yards, verandahs, steps, passages; all that like a rabbit warren, without any apparent plan, just stuck together according to the limits of the steep rock on to which it has been plastered. In the cells there is in one corner a partition formed by a low mud wall, and behind it a dirty litter of short straw, such as one sees in a badly kept dog-kennel in a dirty farmyard. This was their bed, so I hurried out, sure that I had picked up legions of fleas. In another corner of this cell was an oven, with innumerable pots and pans, all as dirty as they could be.

There are two small temples up there, which are quite covered with prettily painted frescoes representing the life and miracles of the Buddha. They look quite Chinese as far as one can see by the small lamp, for these temples are

almost dark. The air is stifling. In one of the temples are a number of idols larger than life-size, carved in wood, with many arms, covered over with all sorts of rags, and in front of one specially big one there burns an eternal lamp of *melted butter*! The smell is sickening. The size of this eternal lamp is without exaggeration like a large wash-basin, and a tiny light swimming in the middle. P. lifted the rag covering the main idol's face, but the Llama warned him, saying that "No human person had the strength to withstand the goddess's look!" She is painted a scarlet-red, and her features are hideously ugly and contorted.

The whole convent, I had to admit, was very disappointing, and looked more like a dirty, badly kept goat shed. The view from the verandahs was pretty, overlooking the broad, though bare, Indus valley, and the opposite range of snow hills and the town beneath.

At 1 o'clock I lunched with the P.'s. She was charming, born in Neuwied. They were both uncommonly nice, and it was quite a treat to be able to speak again to civilised people. Here I was able to study in peace the funny headgear of the women. Those I had seen on the road had nearly always fled, or hidden themselves, as soon as they saw me approaching. But here they were less timid. What I thought was a cap proves to be two large black fur flaps of sheepskin, *stitched* on to the plaited hair on both sides! The turquoise-studded flap in the middle is then tied over separately. These flaps are rarely unstitched, so one can imagine how crawly they must be. The so-called "clean" women are supposed to take them off every week, when the hair is re-plaited, and these flaps stitched on again. When the dirty ones undo theirs, Heaven alone knows. For this operation they go far out in the fields,



REV. PETER AND HIS PONY COMING DOWN FROM THE LEH CONVENT



for, being Buddhists, they are not allowed to kill any animals, even a louse, and so they drop them far away from the houses. All their jewels are covered with turquoises, but these are all rubbish, with any amount of black veins in them, not a single good one amongst them.

In the afternoon I went to some of the shops, hoping to find something better there, but there was nothing but rubbish not worth bringing home.

I can only get ponies for the day after to-morrow, so must stop one day longer here. The P.'s had asked me to dinner again, as there are two Moravian nurses here, for of course P. is not allowed to see the women when they are ill. They wanted me to meet the nurses also. One is a Silesian, and she is a governess too, and teaches in the school.

On the evening of the 12th I again dined with the hospitable P.'s, who really have been most kind to me, and when I returned at 11 o'clock, I was surprised to find that "Tessildar" (that is, quite a high personage) had sent me two dogs as a present, as he had heard I wanted to buy some Lassa dogs. In fact I had promised one to Mrs. Parker, who had been unsuccessful in getting one. The Tessildar has accompanied his gift by a beautiful letter written in good German, for he has been taking lessons from P., and I am informed he sent a man on a pony 30 miles over the Thibetan frontier to get these dogs for me. They are both bitches, one a ball of brown wool, about one month old, and much too young, in fact, to have been taken from its mother, and—"Where is the other one?" I asked. The "Swine" disappeared in the dark, and returned with a wretched little black dog, holding her up by the back of her neck. She had a thick string tied round her neck, strong

enough to hold a bull. She hung down from his bony fist like a drowned rat, a picture of misery and terror. Then he dropped her down on the floor. She did not utter a sound, but crouched down where he dropped her.

"Oh!" I said, "but I don't want to take this one back with me. She will grow into an enormous pie-dog; we must return her to her master or wherever she came from." The dog had not moved yet. Then I was informed that she had no master at Leh, that nobody would take her, that she came from Lassa, that she had been born there, that her mother, who was very small, had had two puppies, that the other one had died, etc., etc., and that if I didn't want to keep her, I must turn her out into the street, or the "Swine" would take her *for his children to play with, and she would catch rats in his house!* That, of course, I would *never* allow. I'd rather strangle the dog with my own hands than hand it over to that brute. Yet she did not move. "Tim is her name," he says. "Tim?" I question, and then the little mite looked up at me with such a shy, mute look of thankful gratitude and sadness, that I knew I could not turn her out for anything in the world. So I untied the enormous string round her neck, saying, "Very well; put the little one back into the basket. Tim can sleep with me," and Tim stretched herself and walked slowly into my bedroom, and curled herself up under my bed. That was the beginning of Tim.

We started on the morning of the 13th. The two puppies (Tim is at least six months old; she has changed nearly all her teeth, but must have been shamefully neglected) were put in a large basket with a lid, and some straw in it, which was tied up on the top of the tiffin pony, so that I could have them with me. Mrs. P. had sent me



MAIN STREET OF LEH (LADDAKII)

some delicious slices of fresh bread and butter for my tiffin basket, which were most welcome, and so I went round to thank her. Mr. P. had come to the bungalow to see me off. It must be awful to live here in this God-forsaken country amongst these dirty people.

The heat of these last two days has been awful, the dust terrific, and in the full glare of the noon everything looked still barer and more desolate, if it is possible.

Indeed the last few days have made an enormous difference in the season, and the rivers have risen considerably, as the thaw has set in rapidly now with the strong sun, and the river rolled along a dirty grey with the freshly melted snow water. Yesterday in the valleys between Nimoo (the first station) and Nurla (now that I know the distances I have taken the marches in hand myself), a double march of 27 miles, I really hated the sun. It was burning and so persistent, that some of my people had quite blistered faces. I rested (more for the little dogs than myself) for two hours in the narrow shade of a projecting rock, to which bit of shade I had to climb for fifteen minutes off the road. On the road or near the road there was during the whole day not a hand's-breadth of shade.

I got up to-day at 4 A.M., ordering riding ponies for my people, and at 5 A.M., before it was really quite daylight, we started, that is to say, I did, with the tiffin pony and the puppies, and so I reached Lamayuroo at 11 A.M., before the torrid heat began. It was a journey of twenty miles, and very steep climbing for the greater part of the way. The puppies were very good and quite well. Little brownie had to be fed out of a spoon still, and howled if one did not keep her on one's lap all the time—a regular

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lady's pet. As for Tim!—well, she's Tim! and has victimised me entirely through her sweet, funny original ways. I'm simply mad about her. She is one of the most original creatures I've ever seen. She's a perfect darling. She hates the natives, and nobody is allowed to touch my things. Every morning there is a fight to the death when they attempt to enter my tent and pack, and she goes for them like blazes. But she is even older than I thought at the beginning. She must be at least seven months, so she won't grow much more, and will with good treatment and care have a splendid coat. She is what they call a Thibetan Skye. She is not yet *quite* sure that her time of happiness will last. Sometimes I see it in her little ways; there is a sort of "Oh! if this state of affairs could but last! Won't you turn round on me too and shy stones at me and give me the boot?"

Yesterday's valley I christened the "Hell Valley." I shall not forget it all my life, that's what hell must be like, without a drop of water. "And if Lazarus only dipped his finger in water and touched my tongue with it, etc., etc.," it was exactly as we are told in the story of the rich man and the poor Lazarus. And everywhere those awful, naked, arid rocks! No! it is a beastly country! Odious!

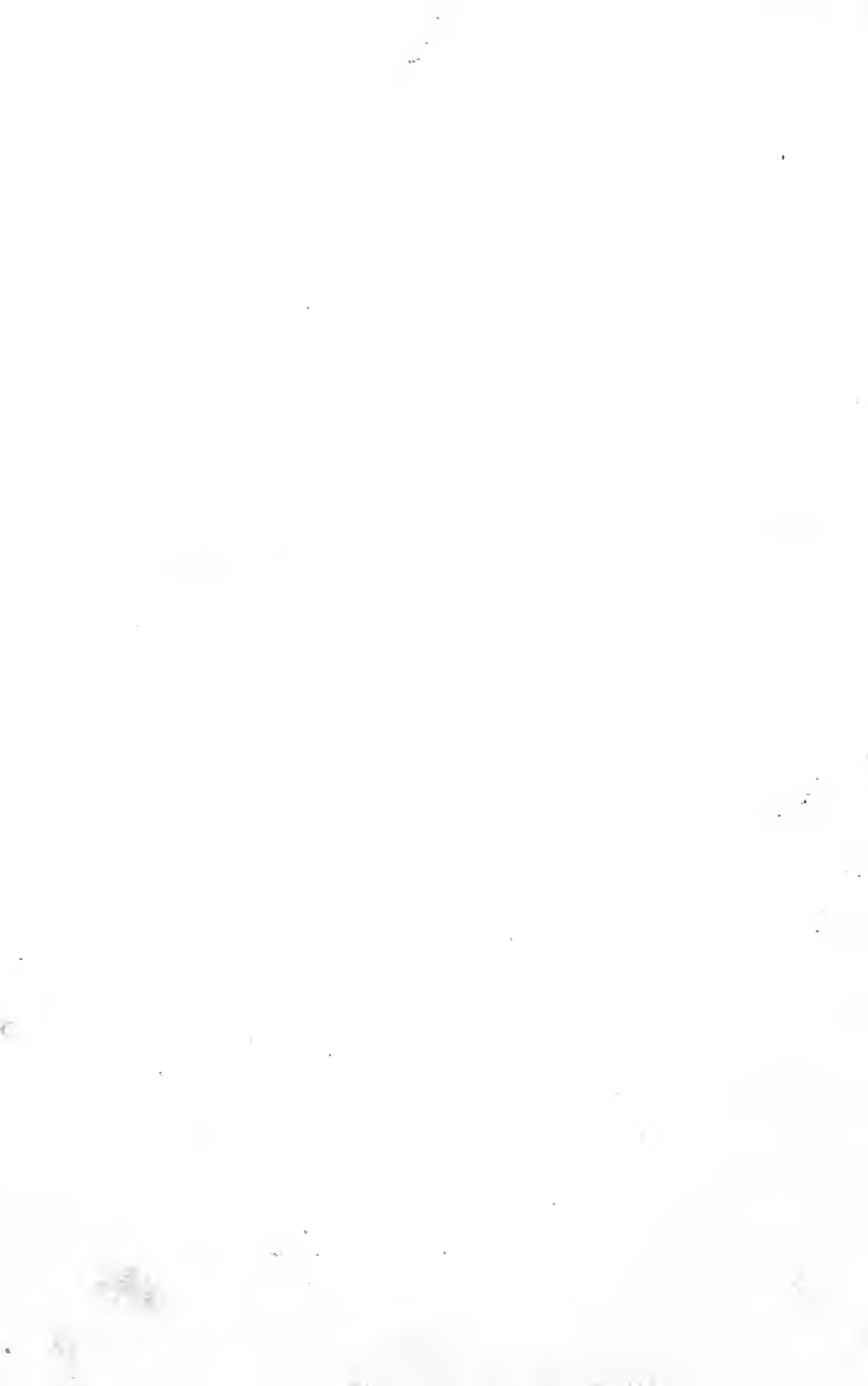
At Nurla there were wild rose bushes of the size of oleander bushes, pink and carmine, covered with bloom, too lovely for words. I have collected some seed, and will try to plant as many as I possibly can. Round the villages the rye has already in these few hot days shot into the ear, though it is still green of course, and the apricots already show fruit, small and green yet, but plenty of it. I've never seen such big apricot trees before.

One sees a funny sort of rook everywhere about here.

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TIM (AS SHE IS NOW)



He is about as big as a jackdaw, pitch-black, with a thin orange-yellow beak and legs.

I've just returned from the convent. Tim was very offended that I didn't take her with me. It was one of the biggest and most famous convents in the Laddakh. It is a large rabbit-warren of passages, verandahs, loggias, stables, courtyards with walls painted all over with Buddhas, stairs, stable-like cells, glorified incubators surrounded by innumerable praying mills, two larger-sized temples, the walls of which were completely painted over with the history of the Buddha and the things that will happen to believers and unbelievers, reminding one very much in their ideas of the frescoes in the Campo Santo at Pisa, but quite Chinese in their execution of painting. Everywhere where in Pisa we see the Saviour here is the Buddha. An indescribable dirt is everywhere, human and animal dung, ashes, refuse of meals, etc., etc., except in the temples. In one of the temples, where a more than life-sized figure of the Dalai-llama sits, carved out of wood, and childishly rough and grotesque, dressed in a garment made out of yellow taffeta, surrounded by a chorus of smaller disciple figures, they were even cooking. Innumerable little brass pots filled with water, for they don't spoil their gods here, and vividly painted small rice or flour cakes, are piled up in a row before the different idols. The altars too are very dirty, and everywhere there burn eternal butter lamps. In another temple, if one can so call these painted barns, there is a huge figure of the many-headed and many-armed goddess, but she does not seem to be in special favour. There are no butter lamps, no water or rice cake offerings for her, yet her place is decidedly cleaner. Round a little ante-courtyard in front

of the main temple there runs a wooden loggia, and a great number of the claret-robed ragamuffin monks and their disciples and wives were squatting round there; they looked down with the greatest interest on me. None of these loggias, verandahs, passages, or such-like are anything like what one sees in an Italian convent. They are all dark, low, uneven, plastered over with rough mud mixed with straw, cobwebby and reekingly dirty and repulsive. They have nothing architectural about them. They look like very poor, lengthened peasant cottages in decay.

The pigtailed holy blackguards are allowed everything, even to be married. They give the corn to the peasant to grind out, and take 25 per cent. of the harvest: They are the only people in the Laddakh and Thibet who are rich and live well. They look as if they never washed. Why are religious people generally so dirty? Is it in order that God's spirit, when it flies over the earth, should be able to find the pious people easier? The odour of sanctity? Wherever it stinks there are pious people. One finds it in all creeds and in all nations. Really pious people don't wash, except the Mohammedans—I beg their pardon. It is true, clever Mohammed made it a duty for them; he must have been a very clever man, knowing the human animal thoroughly! I've never seen, except in a few criminals of the worst type, such scoundrelly expressions as these dirty monks have here. And they look so cruel, capable of anything. There is not an atom of dignity about their personality or in their faces, which often the ecclesiastic, though mostly in a theatrical way, undeniably has. They write splendidly on long, narrow paper strips. It is beautifully done, and looks like print. They use ordinary ink and steel pens.





DEVIL-DANCING LLAMAS

In one corner they had one of those huge Thibetan mastiffs chained up, thank God, with two chains, or he would have torn me to bits. It was of exactly the same breed as the Rev. Peter had. They are very handsome dogs, but nothing approaching the size of an Irish wolf-hound.

The praying mills are very funny. Nearly every house has one or more of them on the roof, and the wind sets them going. As I said before, they have wind in this blessed country every afternoon, and in the winter the gales are, it appears, terrific, and I can easily believe it; it must be truly awful then. So the wind says your prayers for you, and therefore praying, as you will see, in this country is not difficult. Many of the mills are worked by water, and they have built very ingeniously little canals from the streams and torrents that conduct the water to these praying mills, which are covered by a hut of loose stones. Then, of course, there are the praying hand-mills, but they require personal work. It appears it is only the Llamas (I must say that for them) who use these. There are still the praying walls, where you deposit your prayer carved or engraved on a flat stone and the little rags of linen on which the prayer is written, and which the eternal wind flutters so gaily over the roof of your house. That, too, saves trouble, and satisfies the gods. And, as I say, the gods are not over spoilt in this country. They are kept in their place.

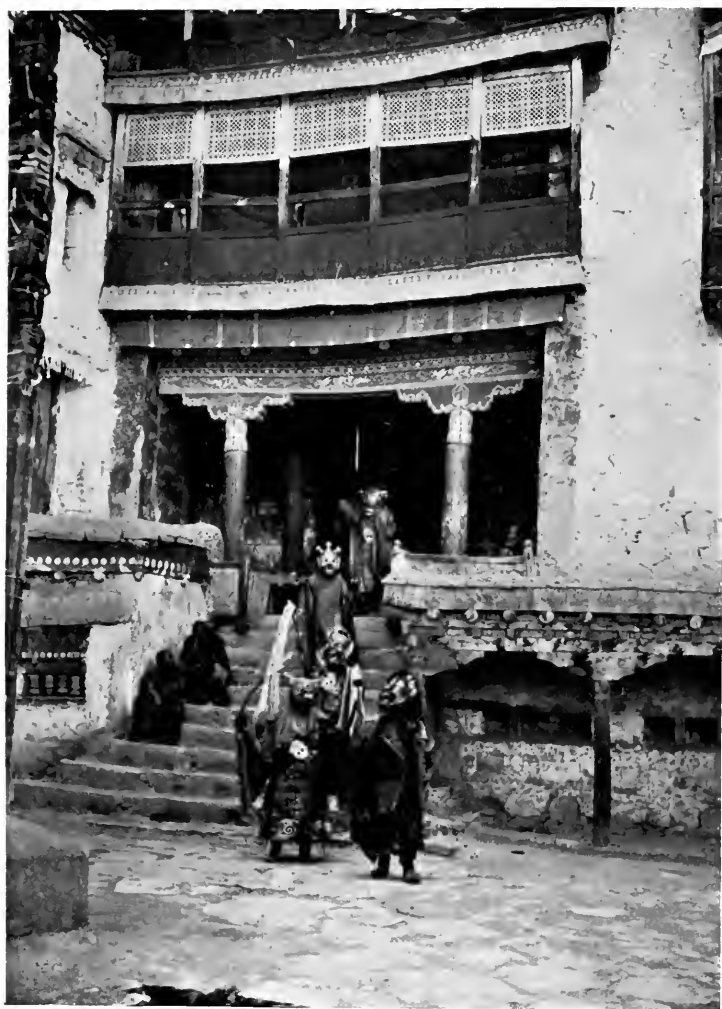
The devil dances are given mainly to attract the people and extort money from them. They show them these ghastly apparitions, and tell them that's what they are going to meet in a future life if they are not good here, and I expect if the people pay, they pray for them that they may

not meet these monsters. It is like Tetzels in the Middle Ages: "Wenn das Geld im Kasten klingt, die Seele in den Himmel springt."

June 17th.—The night before last, as I took the puppies out for their evening walk in the moonlight before turning into bed, the Llamas were making an infernal noise up in their rock-perched convent, blowing on bugles, beating gongs and cymbals on little silver bells and deep drums. In the morning, at 4 A.M., when the puppies and I were out again, and the moon was still full in the pale morning sky, they were at it again, making an awful row, and in the cold still morning, in the pale light, the din resounded from the opposite cliffs and hills, and seemed still more weird and wildly cruel. I remembered the three-bladed daggers lying on the altars well in front, which I was told were to stab the dying. That is the Llamas' last function. Different countries, different habits! They stab the dying here, it appears, in the heart. Often it must be an act of kindness. With us the agony or death struggle is generally prolonged by the wish of "loving relations," through the doctors giving an injection of all sorts of reviving things, so that one may last longer, and the relations have the feeling that their "beloved was longer amongst them," and that they "had done everything in their power to keep him alive." My father had forbidden beforehand every such attempt on him.

After the person is dead a great feast is made in the house, and as the Llamas remain till the body is cremated to pray for the soul of the deceased, they have of course to be fed. I was told that the poor people were cremated very quickly, whereas in the houses of the rich the Llamas





DEVIL-DANCING LLAMAS

remained sometimes as long as two weeks, and that the smell of the body was already stifling to all the other inhabitants.

I rode up the steep pass behind Lamayuroo, and arrived at 11 A.M. at Bet Kharboo, where we lunched, the puppies and I. We remained there till 2 P.M., and had a good sleep, all resting together on the same string bed. The road to Bet Kharboo is very ugly and desolately barren. From Bet Kharboo to Mulba it is 15 miles, so that I made 30 miles altogether. The road there began to be a little bit prettier; there were more villages, with green willows and poplars and fields, and also the bare hills had prettier formations and colours. If the "Swine" hadn't smashed my painting blocks so frightfully by tying them carelessly on to the pony, so that two of my sketches got stuck together and almost ruined, I would have made a sketch to-day, but I am discouraged.

At half-past five I was at Mulba, but I rode up that other awful pass, for it was too steep to walk. I've had enough of doing these passes on foot. It is really an unnecessary work, though I admit that it is a sort of torture too to sit on these frightfully lazy ponies, for the saddles are torture blocks, one cannot make the stirrups long enough, and one has to work all the time with one's legs to make the lazy brutes go on at all, so I never remain one second longer in the saddle than is necessary.

Shortly before Mulba, whose small convent is perched on the point of so steep a rock that one cannot understand how they manage to ascend it, nor does one see any way up to it, there is an enormous figure of some Hindoo goddess carved in a bas-relief out of the rock. It is quite well done, and certainly very old. It is so placed that

going the other way, unless one knows it, one would not see it as one turns one's back on it, but coming now from this side one cannot overlook it.

To-day I started again at 5 A.M. I hate this early rising, but otherwise one almost succumbs to the heat. The entire first part of the road, which is not very pretty, I walked in the kind shade of hills, which was very pleasant. Later on clouds covered the sky completely, and even drops of rain fell. The valleys are much broader, and the rich barley fields, undulating in the wind, with the yellow patches of mustard between, and the full green willows, were a real delight to tired eyes. One becomes modest in one's desires in such countries. But the bushes and hedges of wild roses and of Persian yellow were even lovely for immodest people. Yesterday, and even early to-day, where all the vegetation was still very backward, they weren't yet in bloom, but the lower one comes to-day the more one is involved in their pink and carmine garlands. They are single, however, but more than double the size of our European briars, and so covered with bloom that one scarcely sees any green or twig. They are quite 5 or 6 feet high. Lots of the good old-fashioned Persian yellow flowers were everywhere about here, I don't know whether wild or not, and where the two varieties were mixed, the carmine pink and the bright yellow, the effect was exquisite.

To-day I walked again the whole 23 miles. It is astonishing how one gets into condition. At half-past 11 A.M. I was at Kargyll, and I must say that I'm glad to have reached this stage. To-morrow I have to go 37 miles.

Kargyll itself is not pretty, except for the many rose bushes and the green barley fields, which are, after the



THE INDUS VALLEY NEAR LEH

desolation of Leh, a real treat to one's poor eyes. The Tessildar, to whom I paid a visit, told me there was no possibility of getting to Pailgam (the "Swine" had told me any one could), because there was only an almost unwalkable goat's track for shepherds across days and days of snow and ice. The "Swine" had nearly dragged me there. Finally it turned out he had never been across himself. I'm sure he will get an awful dose of Malacca cane one of these days; I have threatened him with it often enough. The only useful person in my whole caravan is the little Indian cook, who is always cheerful, and finds the energy, even after 30 miles marching, to make me chocolate fondants.

Did I mention the butter tea? I had to taste it at the Peters'. It is a speciality of the Laddakh. The tea comes from China, and is compressed into a sort of bricks, which are sewn up in leather. It is three times as dear as ordinary tea. One cooks it for two or three hours by itself, then still longer with some melted butter, soda and milk, and so drinks it. It forms the main beverage in the Laddakh. I thought it tasted like a sort of broth or soup. It was not bad or even unpleasant, but had absolutely no taste whatever of tea.

In Leh and thereabout the little blue irises were only just out in flower, which used to flower at Srinagar two months ago.

June 18th.—I started at half-past five from Kargyll, because the "Swine" had called me too late; he really is an odious person. At the beginning it was very sunny, but, thank God, clouded over at 11 A.M., and in the afternoon it even began to rain. This bit of the road is atrocious, especi-

ally as far as Kharboo (17 miles), where I lunched, and we changed the luggage ponies. For the servants I had taken riding ponies, too, to-day, for it would be too tiring a walk. I, of course, walked all the time. The second bit, as far as Draas (20 miles), is better, and prettier too, and one gets more and more into a *sort* of vegetation; at least the hills have a faint shimmer of green (grass or herbs), and the valleys appear to one almost luxuriant, although they really are not, but then after marching through such utter desolation for the past weeks, one is content even with the skirts of Spring.

At 6 P.M. I arrived at Draas, and it was so icy cold, the wind so piercing and cutting, that I really had totally stiff fingers, and had to warm my hands first near the fire before I could undo my boots. I got milk again through the pantomimic milking performances. The tiffin coolie and pony only arrived at 7 P.M., Allabatch, the cook, with his pots and pans at half-past 7, the bedding at 9 P.M. I did all these tours absolutely alone, because even the men on the ponies all remained miles behind me, and I find it tires me much more to walk slowly. Besides, as there is really nothing to admire, or to stop for, or even to walk slowly for, I like to get it over and have done with it. It is only work, not pleasure, this trip, not as I hoped it would be.

By 10 P.M. the cook had made a very good dinner. All those wretched creatures had put on every garment they could get hold of, and wrapped their heads up beyond recognition, against the bitter cold and the odious biting wind. They looked like old German market women selling apples in the streets before Christmas: they were perfect sights. It is much colder here than at Leh, and





LADDAKHI WOMEN AT LEH

the fields too are very much more backward. Indeed, they are only just beginning to get green. In Kargyll the barley fields were green, but were already in the ear.

June 19th.—We went on at 5 A.M. I remembered the German song "Ein Vergnuegen eigner Art ist solch eine Wasserfahrt," etc., etc. Well! one can say the same thing about a trip to Laddakh, but I must return to civilisation, so "in for it!" Courage!

I passed all the different stages with a certain grim delight of never seeing them again. The wind was bitterly cold again. First past the old mud fortress, which before it was dilapidated must have been an imposing sight enough, and certainly quite useful against arrows. For modern weapons it was more than stupidly placed, because you could blow it to bits from all the surrounding hills, but when it was built, one didn't shoot so far. Then I crossed the primitive hanging bridge, and so on and so on. Finally at 10 I reached the Dak Bungalow, where I took tiffin after the pony had arrived with the basket at half-past 10. At 11 A.M. I went on again. It is astonishing how the snow has melted away everywhere, and how the wretched grass has got quite green. And everywhere cascades of snow water fall into the rushing full stream in the middle of the valley. The road, if one can call the goat's track by such a name, has become a river almost. The slopes, where a fortnight ago I walked through the snow, are blue with forget-me-nots, yellow with buttercups, and the little iris too is in flower. Near the brooks and rivulets, in the ridges and gullies, pretty pale purple primroses flower like miniature obconicas (*Primula Kaschmiridna*). Some of them are a good deep purple with a

touch of the ugly reddish-purple. All the men one meets driving caravans and so forth have, as have all the men in Laddakh, the "kunkel" in their hands, and are spinning a coarse thread out of rough goat's hair or horse hair, others plait ropes out of this thread, with which they tie everything here. It is used as girths for saddles as well as for the stirrups, and for strapping the bales and bundles on to the ponies. It pricks like nettles when it is new, on account of the horsehair sticking out of it; but it is very strong. One can easily imagine that the pace, both of spinning and the driving of the caravan, is not very great, but they don't seem to know here what time means. One meets, again, enormous caravans of ponies, donkeys, and yaks laden with huge bales. At many places the people rest round a fire, having piled their goods and saddles round them as a shelter against the wind, and the animals graze on the hillside. One sees a good many dead ponies about, and vultures and ravens are busy feeding.

At 2 P.M. I arrived at the place where they wanted me to stop the night, but the house looked very buggy and not at all inviting, and I saw no other house that looked as if I could get anything in the way of milk or eggs there. So as nobody was with me to contradict me I quickly made up my mind and stepped on. This was that long snow march over the dreaded pass, but it is astonishing how the snow has melted. The road is open at many places, and where the snow fields begin and end there is a watery mass. At first I tried to keep my feet dry, but soon gave it up and tramped regardless through slush and mud. I had to get through, so what did it matter? The slopes of course were still quite white, and at very many places I had to pass big snow fields, but other large patches were thawed



DAK-RUNNERS AND DAK-RUNNERS' HUT (ON THE WAY TO LEH)

altogether, and the grass was beginning to get green. The bridge had been carried away by the river, so a kind Laddakhi horse driver, who had just waded through half naked, carried me across on his back, just as I was considering whether to wade across boots and all, or whether I should take my boots off. That simplified matters considerably, and he got regally tipped for Laddakh, and salaamed with delight for a quarter of an hour.

Then I walked for quite an hour across nothing but snow. I met herds of several hundreds of goats which were being driven up to the higher valleys from the plains in endless bleating processions. I never thought the world possessed so many goats, nor have I ever seen such huge ones. They were enormously tall, long-coated, with ugly long ears and frightfully stupid faces, and they seemed too narrow for their enormous height. It was funny to see the river, roaring openly along, over which I had walked a fortnight ago on the thick snow. Now I went beside it, and after some time high above it, following the goat track up and down. Then I reached the highest point of the pass and began to go downhill, over open ground in a series of steep serpentine. At many places where the snow had disappeared I saw birches, of course without a green leaf yet, but free of snow, and they served to show one how deep the snow was. I don't say that they were enormous trees, but anyhow, a fortnight ago I did not see a sign of them. I remember this distinctly. The serpentine road first brought me, going downhill all the time, into a perfectly bare, rocky narrow valley, where deep beneath one the river rushed foaming along. Then round a sharp angle of the rock, where one had the feeling of being suspended between heaven and earth, I got into the valley,

where deep, deep down below, half hidden in green birches and tall silver firs, which thickly timbered the slopes on all sides, lay the pretty Baltal Dak Bungalow. I could have screamed with pleasure at seeing woods again.

At first I came through still wintry bare birches, going steeply downhill all the time, then through heavenly fresh green ones, beloved birches, smelling of spring, Whitsuntide, and beloved Halbau, and then, always descending and descending steeply, I came into the pines and silver firs, and between flowery slopes, coloured with masses of forget-me-nots, irises, white and yellow buttercups, purple vetches, orange and yellow wallflowers, and lots of wild flowers of which I don't know the name, and everywhere were great masses of wild strawberries in full bloom. Thank God it had been cloudy all day. When I crossed the pass the thunder was rumbling, then it began to rain heavily, so my sunshade was turned into an umbrella.

At 5 P.M. I was in the Dak Bungalow. As there was not a soul to be found—but, thank God, the doors were unlocked—I pulled off my soaked boots and lay down on the string bed and fell asleep. I slept, till at six the whinnying of a horse woke me. My tiffin pony was come, hurrah! After it had been unloaded, the coolie, who spoke just as little, that is to say no, English as I do Hindustani, was signed into fetching wood. Meanwhile I had installed the puppies and unpacked the tiffin basket, getting my kettle and cocoa out ready. The coolie returned with his arms full of wet wood and without matches. As there were none in the tea basket, (very cleverly) I signed to him to go to the dak runners' bungalow and get some coal. (I did this pantomime by blowing as they do when they light such a fire.) "Atcha!" similar to "very well," said he,



TIBETANS TRAVELLING

so after some time he returned with a shovel full of glowing coal, and we soon managed to blow up a roaring fire. Water was next procured, and with a twig the spirit-lamp was lit. Milk! He pantomimed the cows were in the hills. I took him to the window, showed him a herd of goats grazing under the trees in the rain round the bungalow, pantomimed milking, pressed the milk-pot into his hand, and pushed him outside. "Atcha!" After some time, just when my kettle was boiling nicely, he returned with nice fresh milk and plenty of it. There were some buns left from tiffin, some eggs for the pups, and fresh milk for them too. The fire roared in the chimney; in short it was a heavenly meal, and we all three enjoyed it thoroughly. Allabatch arrived at half-past seven, and was more than astonished to find me fed, stretched near a blazing fire reading a novel, the puppies slumbering peacefully on their cushions near the fire. The "Swine" with the rest of the luggage arrived at 8 P.M. He was furious of course without daring to show it, because his interest was to prolong this trip as much as possible. It pelted the whole evening and the whole night. It was a real pleasure to listen to the sound of the rain on the fresh green and to smell it, after all the parched-up dryness of the Hell of Laddakh.

Yesterday, June 20th, I had a good sleep till 8 A.M. Then the "Swine" made all sorts of difficulties about getting ponies, which he swore he couldn't do till Malacca cane came out of the corner, and he rushed out of the room, to re-appear only *five minutes later!* telling me he had managed to get seven ponies already, and in half-an-hour would get the rest. The ponies came up behind him, saddles and all. Can one have any pity for such a swine? He simply tried it on to prevent me from leaving. All I

wanted was packed on these seven ponies; that is, the tiffin basket, the puppies, my tent, my bedding and personal luggage, the cooking pans, and cook and I started, leaving the "Swine" with the stores behind, as I knew quite well that once I was gone he would come up all right.

And so it was; he reached camp at nightfall, that is to say, when it was already quite dark. But we could have done without him; I had all I wanted with me.

It was only 9 miles to Sonamurg, so I lunched there, was attacked by a party of three ladies and three gentlemen, who wanted to know whether one could go to the cave from Baltal, as the people told them I had come from there. They wanted so much to go on to Laddakh, which they had heard was so beautiful. Who invents these beastly lies? They thought it would take months to get there. I told them my experience and my opinion of this awful place, but reassured them about the months. They smiled incredulously at me when I told them I had marched between 30 to 37 miles a day, and mockingly told me I might consider myself "a very lucky and wonderful fellow" (all ironical of course) to have succeeded in making my people do such marches. They had been in India for several years, but couldn't get their people to do more than 7 to 8, at the utmost 10 miles a day. I am convinced they thought me a liar, and very likely, with true wisdom and philosophy, came to the conclusion that all German Counts are consummate liars. An energetic-looking young female in divided skirts looked capable of making coolies go 50 miles a day. I suggested to them to let her manage the thing, whereupon she beamed, and hitting her one outstretched leg with her crop, she smilingly said, "I'd do it all right." She was decidedly flattered.



LADDAKHI WOMEN HARVESTING

After Sonamurg the road got very pretty, but why I thought it was almost as pretty as the south of New Zealand I can't understand. No! it cannot be compared with that unparalleled fairy place, though it is very pretty indeed. Milford Sound enchanted me on the second day if possible still more, but not this.

On this march back it is sad to see the devastation those odious herds of goats have made. I kept meeting some continually, an endless stream of hideous animals passing through these poor woods, leaving utter devastation in their track. Stupid-faced, long-coated, nibbling, they passed along, destroying everything. The goat-herds piping on a double reed flute were picturesque enough, but the destruction was awful. Not a blade of grass, not a leaf on the bushes or lower branches, not a twig was left where these odious animals could reach. Everything was pulled off, nibbled off, trampled down. Good-bye all hopes of strawberries! Not even the leaves are left. **Aquilegias*, bluebells, ferns, etc., everything which on the way up made this part of the wood so pretty, is gone, eaten off! The grey trampled earth is left, covered with dung, the bushes bare as in winter. It really is a pity. Herd after herd has poured into these once lovely woods, totally destroying them. It is pitiful to see a country ruined systematically like that. In a hundred years Cashmere will be just the same desert as Laddakh, once a luxuriant country with woods and lake, is now. In Laddakh they cut down the rose bushes every year in order to place the lopped-off branches as a sort of protection against these herds of goats, but this blessed Government doesn't teach them to plant living hedges. In this way and many others the vegetation is ruined every year more and more. Now

on those wretched bare hills they have already begun to cut out the roots of a sort of low plant, the only thing that the soil still produces for fuel, and as by so doing they are exposing it more and more to the destruction of the sun and the melting snows, there is nothing left to keep it from being washed away. I can't understand such shortsightedness. Of course now it is almost the only fuel these poor people can get. In Cashmere it will soon be the same. Whole hillside forests are cut down to provide the Maharajah's electric light machine (it is true they are now providing a means of working it by water power), but I have not seen a single reforested hill. Lots of these hills are already bare, and those beastly herds are devastating what is left. In a hundred years, if another and more sensible Government does not come into this blessed country, Cashmere, which some enthusiasts still call "the Paradise of India," will undoubtedly be a second Laddakh.

All the charm of this walk, to return to my march, was gone. Everything looked so horribly devastated, that I hurried to get through it. At 6 P.M. I was at the place where I wanted to camp and pitch my tents. I had just finished my cocoa when two native youngsters came walking up to where I sat, to Tim's great indignation, and squatted down beside me. One looked like a Christ with a young soft beard and long golden curls; he was robed in a long, once white, garment with a similar, not spotless, turban on his head. Of course I didn't understand a word of what they said, apparently in great excitement, but the Christ stretched his right hand forward, which was horribly swollen up to the wrist, the top of one finger quite covered with dry blood. It looked as if he had been bitten by something. I didn't know why, but I immediately thought



VIEW INTO THE INDUS VALLEY AND ON TO LEH FROM THE LEH
LLAMASSERIE

of a snake, and mimicked the wriggling process on the ground.

“Atcha! atcha!” they both nodded their heads, greatly struck with the Huzzur’s remarkable sharpness. Then I mimicked biting. “Atcha! atcha!” they beamed, then came again a torrent of excited words, and always something about Huzzur. If I had only had my brandy with me, but it was behind with the stores. I didn’t know what to do! The man had smeared some mud on his hand. Allabatch came to help to interpret, and from his limited English I learnt that the Christ is a Mohammedan priest (*padre*, as Allabatch expresses himself, everything clerical here is *padre*), that the snake was black, the black snakes are the most poisonous they have here (?), and the length of it is shown to me on a stick. What to do? I dived into my medicine box where my bandages were, and tied the arm tightly underneath the elbow, so that the poison could not get up; then I gave him a lot of milk to drink. Finally, after some water had been made hot, I washed the hand and the wound thoroughly with some cotton, and after having dried it, rubbed it well with an ointment of boracic vaseline; against the swelling, I think, it was the only thing I had. Then having bandaged it properly, I gave him some homœopathic pills of aconite, a strong dose against fever. With this man, who had never drunk any spirits, that ought to act as well as it does on all animals, on whom homœopathy has really wonderful effects. I’ve never seen anybody so obedient. I’m sure he would have done anything I told him. Then I made them both sit near the fire, for it was very cold, hoping that the brandy would come soon. The young friend then showed me his naked stomach, and pointed out that he always had pains there (it

is what we call "Milz"), and wanted to know whether I couldn't give him something to eat for that too. So I dived into Vogel, the homœopathic book I always carried with me, and found something against what I guess it is he complains of, and so he was dosed. They both looked so grateful, it was almost touching. But after waiting a long time they asked me if the Huzzur would allow them to go across the river now, where some other fires were burning, as they wanted to eat there; they would come back later, and so they vanished into the pitch-dark night.

The next morning when I got up only the Milz man was there. Of course I was convinced the other was dead, but, on the contrary, was informed that he was, "thanks to my wonderful treatment, quite well again!" Of course I knew then it couldn't have been a poisonous snake. As he was well he hadn't thought it necessary to return, but had gone on, and the Milz man felt so much better, that he begged me to give him some more of the pills, so he got another dose, and disappeared salaaming and happy. I suppose it was all a sort of "suggestion."

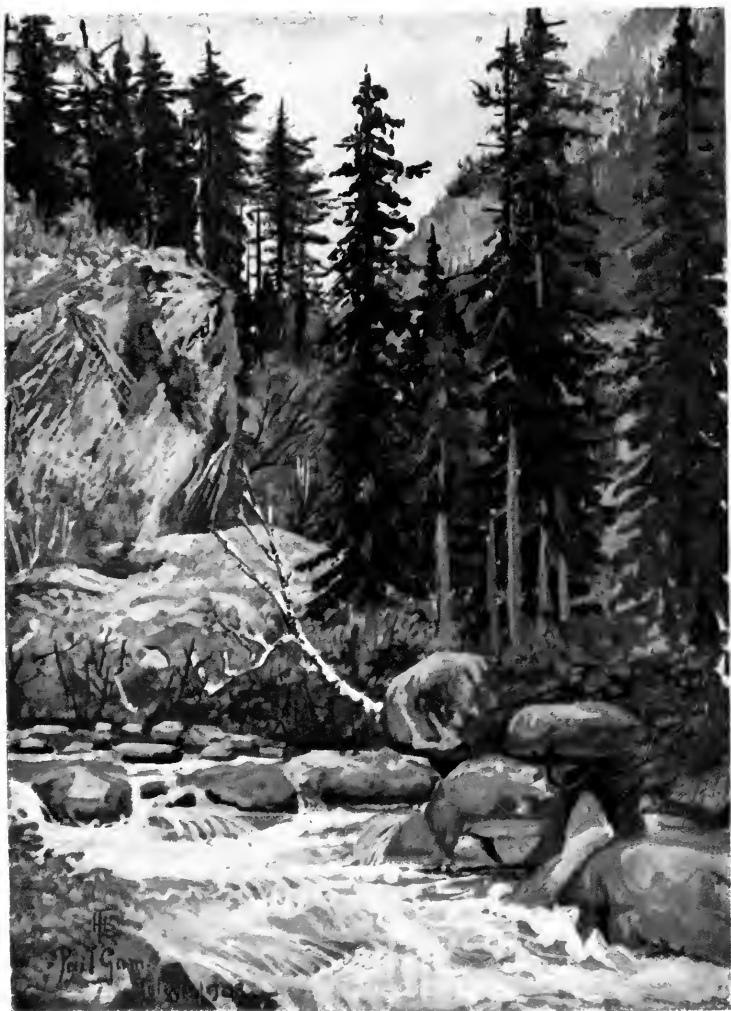
I couldn't get any coolies, so had to wait. The Resident, Sir Francis Younghusband, was going up to Sonamurg, and apparently required them all. It was a pity, as there was nothing to paint here. Had the Christ been there still I would have sketched him. The streams of goats still poured out into these poor valleys. I went for a walk with the puppies, hoping to discover something worth sketching, but in vain. In Egypt, for instance, or in Japan you find pretty subjects for sketching everywhere, here you have to look for them. There everything is a picture, everything is lovely.

The whole night long it pelted, and again in the



A HERD OF GOATS CROSSING A RIVER





SUMMER EVENING, PAIL-GAM.

morning two big thunderstorms came up rumbling from both sides of the valley.

June 25th.—I got up at half-past two in the morning, and started at 5 A.M. sharp. The first part of the road was very pretty, and the vegetation had got much richer since I first passed this way—I mean the foliage of the trees higher than those odious goats could reach. Underneath, of course, everything was shaved off. The climbing roses I so longed to see in bloom were nearly over. They were single white ones, strongly scented, and looked exactly like *Clematis montana*, very pretty and effective. It is astonishing how high they climb into the trees, and what enormous bushes they make. Lower down, for the road descended gradually all the time, huge bushes of the white jasmine were in flower, but it was a larger-leaved sort than the Italian one, and the flowers and buds were much larger too, and it must be much hardier, for a fortnight ago the mulberry trees and the elms were only just beginning to put out their leaves. The mulberries were beginning to ripen everywhere, and under some trees the ground was quite black with the fallen fruit. Also the bush with the pretty pink flowers I admired so much in the hills and valleys of Pailgam had ripe fruit, a red sort of berry quite good to eat. Some children offered me some, gathered in big leaves.

After having done my 20 miles at 11 A.M., I lunched and rested near a river in the shade of trees till twelve. The first part of the road there was almost all the time shaded by trees, very pleasant indeed, but unfortunately I came now into broader and barer valleys, and the sun began to be scorchingly hot. It got very ugly, too, soon,

like all the immediate surroundings of blessed Srinagar. The heat in the afternoon was really terrific; there was no shade whatever, and of course one couldn't drink the water, as it all came from the rice-fields. Everywhere they were busily planting these, but it appeared to me they transplanted the young plants not only much later in the year here than in Japan, but the plants themselves were much more advanced. In Japan they transplant them when they are quite small. I should think they ought to grow better transplanted when they are small. I saw lots of fields here where the plants had got quite red, and so they ploughed them under again. They are sure to do everything here as stupidly as it can be done, with this slack Government and lax superintendence. The green rice-fields though, with here and there willows, or some of the truly magnificent Chenar trees dotted about, the snow hills in a hazy distance, made a pretty enough effect, and reminded one strongly of some of the meadows near the Vistula at Pless, only one needn't travel all this way to see scenery. At home it is prettier. I can't understand what the people mean with their silly wild ravings about this blessed Cashmere. Next year a book is to be published, illustrated by some well-known artist, and that will of course still more increase the false idea people have of this blessed country, which really is over-rated in every way and a fraud. An artist, of course (I know it myself), chooses the prettiest parts to sketch. Consequently the illustrations will be very pretty, and people will believe that the whole of Cashmere is lovely. But the really pretty things (of beautiful, grand ones I don't talk, because they don't exist in Cashmere) are so scarce, and you have to swallow so many bleak, hideous things in



REVEREND LLAMAS AND DISCIPLES AT LAMAYUROO CONVENT



between and first and afterwards, that the pretty things have no value. There is too much utter ugliness for you really to enjoy the little prettiness there is. That's my opinion, and I find lots of people are of the same opinion.

At a sort of farm the cook got some cows milked for me, which took almost half-an-hour, and during that time, the people having come in from planting the rice-fields to have a good look at the Huzzur, shook some mulberries into a blanket, and gave them to me. Of course they were better than no fruit at all, but they have rather an insipid taste, and I always find them too sweet.

At half-past five I got into the indescribably stinky, dirty suburbs of Srinagar, and soon Samadshah's man met me, telling me my house-boat was at Beech Behara, and they had wired for it, and Fatty asked me to "honour his house and accept his hospitality!" I forgot to mention that the Tessildar at Sonamurg wrote me a letter yesterday telling me it was quite impossible to go *via* Kulen to Pailgam, as the road was not yet open, too much snow there still, and that it was dangerous. So I had wired to Fatty to stop my boat from going up, and we had to go to Pailgam *via* horrid Srinagar. So I walked the last bit through the stinky, dusty, rough streets of dirty Srinagar, where chickens, mangy dogs, and disgustingly dirty, seedy-looking people and children abound. Really a sewer couldn't stink more than the streets of this town, and it is wonderful that they don't have a continual epidemic.

I admit that I was tired (I walked $39\frac{1}{2}$ miles to-day) when, after having passed endless numbers of those stinking streets, I passed one of the bridges spanning the dirty

river and reached Fatty's house, where tea and fresh fruit (apricots and cherries) were most welcome.

I reached his house at 5 P.M. Fatty gave me a very good dinner, and everything would have been all right if my luggage had turned up, or at least the tiffin pony with the puppies. We sent a man out to meet them where the other man met me, but they didn't turn up, so after waiting till almost eleven o'clock I decided to go to bed, supposing they had found it too far and were camping somewhere. I only minded for the puppies. Tim hates the natives so, and they are such brutes. Will they give the poor little things their milk and take them out of that basket, in which they have sat since twelve? All that worried me rather. My bedding had not come either, and so Fatty lent me some brand new, still starched sheets, two pillows, and a blanket of "plush," and I arranged myself for the night. But in spite of my weariness I couldn't sleep. First of all, the worry about the puppies, then the awful noise of the bazaars, doubly hateful after all these weeks of absolute quietness; quarrelling women, howling babies, and incessant barking and fighting and howling of dogs; and then all of a sudden something commenced to irritate me, and it got worse and worse. I couldn't find a moment's rest, but tossed about and about. I thought of course it was the starch of the new sheets, some once having given me nettlerash. Besides, I knew there were neither matches nor a candle, and that I was alone in this building, as the family slept in another house. Well, it was an awful night, and I didn't shut an eye. As soon as it was daylight, at about half-past four, I got up and inspected my bed, and found and killed *four huge bugs and seven fleas!!* And Fatty is a very rich merchant



LADDAKHI WOMAN AND CHILD, SHOWING THE SHEEPSKIN HEADGEAR



and a special private friend of the Maharajah's private secretary. I was simply devoured all over, and looked as if I had the measles. When Fatty appeared next morning, robed in spotless embroidered white alpaca, and asked me how I slept, without hesitation I told him bluntly "Not at all, because I was devoured by fleas." Perhaps it was brutal, but I was angry. He took it calmly, however, and only said, "Oh!" half pitying, half astonished.

At last there was news of my belongings. They were all stranded at the hotel last night at 11 P.M., where Parker (I didn't know they were here) found them by chance, and not knowing where I had gone, he made them camp near his camp, and they fed the puppies. The P.'s, it appears, found their house-boat so unpleasant, that they had left it as well as the shikary, who kept promising every day to bring Parker near a bear, and then always said it was for the next day. That shikary was just like the "Swine" with my marches, and they both only worked in order to prolong the business, and to make as much money out of us as possible.

My tent had been pitched near the P.'s, and so I decamped from the bug-bed into my clean tent. Although my room was 15 metres long, had a stucco cupola in the middle of the ceiling inlaid with mother-of-pearl, stained glass windows, and ten carved wooden pillars, it was too full for me; at least in my tent, though it is simpler, there are no other "inhabitants" than Tim and I.

Mrs. P. was delighted with her little brown dog.

I enjoyed my sleep that night from the 23rd to the 24th. Tim and I went to bed at half-past nine, and slept till 8 A.M. without moving; the cheeky devil slept on my bed!

While I was having my breakfast the boatman appeared, and just as I'd finished shaving my valet came. He was quite well again; I was delighted to have him back. The boat had just arrived, so after I had finished dressing the camp was broken up, and I returned to the boat. Cocky was so pleased to see me, but spat at Tim. She has grown a beautiful tail, and has almost done moulting, and looks really lovely with her pale salmon feathers. D. tells me that at Beech Behara he always put her in a tree, where she enjoyed herself thoroughly, climbing up and down, and swinging herself on the branches, and whenever he called her she came at once. She really is an uncommonly nice bird.

That evening I dined at Mrs. Winter's in the picture gallery, and met there an English major and his wife, both nice people. He was second in command of an English regiment at Peshawar, and told me some very interesting stories about these last disturbances.

I am told we started at 6 A.M. next morning. I slept, of course, soundly. The nights are nice and cool, but during the day it is awfully hot. The apricots and red currants are ripe, and there are still some cherries, which, however, are awfully sour. Although it is hot to-day on the river, I am glad to be on the boat, where I can have my comfort and all my things, and be well looked after by my valet, and still more glad am I to be out of odious Srinagar.

The barley-fields are all ripe, and at many places they are busy harvesting. We complain about our climate at home, but our people ought all to come to Cashmere for some time. These wretched people here have no summer; it is already over, and next month the rains begin again.





LADDAKHI CONVEYANCE ACROSS A RIVER

It is an odious climate ; all the grass on the river banks is already burned yellow, and two months ago it was only just coming up.

The heat has been so great that they pour water on the narrow gangway which runs alongside of the house-boat, and on which the coolies walk who push the boat. The boards get so hot they burn their feet. The scenery all the way up is of course, as I said before, very monotonous and ugly. We reached Beech Behara June 27th in the afternoon.

June 28th.—We started at 7 A.M. It had got late before all the ponies were loaded. The first bit of the walk is hideous, only rice-fields and glaring sun. I stopped in the shade of two huge Chenar trees from eleven to two, had tiffin, and read an enormous post with most welcome letters, which had come up from Srinagar by coolie just as I started. The second bit of the road is very pretty with all its woods, in which the white climbing roses are in full bloom, and really a perfect dream of loveliness. As the ponies seemed very tired, and are such miserable animals, I went into camp at a very pretty place, overlooking a wide wooded valley, at 5 P.M. There are quantities of tents pitched about everywhere. Lots of people are camping out here apparently. The enormous white spiræa bushes of the variety with the ash leaves are all in full bloom now, and sway their slender white feathery branches in the soft breeze, looking most pretty and dainty.

June 29th.—I marched on with little Tim at 10 A.M. as we had not far to go, and this part of the valley is rather

shady. We reached the place where I wanted to camp at tiffin time, as, on account of Tim's not over-long legs, I had walked slowly. Thank goodness, there were no other people camping out here, so that I had the valley quite to myself, which was most welcome. I chose a place a few yards higher up than where our first camp had been, as that place was rather cramped in and damp, and too close to the river, which really makes too much noise. This new place was very pretty under huge silver firs, and had pretty peeps into the valley. It seemed to be the general camping ground, so why the "Swine" had not made us camp here the first time he alone knows, unless when he said that he had been here before he was lying as usual. I have come to the conclusion that it must be so, because nobody who knew this higher place, not five minutes farther than the horrid one we used before, could have hesitated for a moment which to choose. Of course I had dismissed the brute at Srinagar.

At first it did nothing but rain, and I really thought it was a speciality of Pailgam, as it rained for two days without stopping; but after there had been an awful thunderstorm one night, it was sunny and fine next morning. When the terrible crashing and far-sounding rumble of the thunder woke even me, the lightning was lighting up the tent in blue flares, and little Tim was pressing herself still closer up to me. I remember my father saying (it is an old German proverb) that in a thunderstorm one should not take shelter under limes and silver firs. Well, I thought, I am well placed as far as that goes. My tent was pitched between two enormous firs, which towered high into the sky, beautiful lightning conductors! Then, again, I thought how far

down in the valley we were, and how many thousands of feet higher up on the mountains there were other high trees ; and besides, I have always been convinced that I shall not die an unnatural, sudden death, so comforted I fell asleep again.

The following days were very fine, and during the day even almost too hot, so that in the morning I sketched only in the shade surrounding the camp, where, thank God, there were plenty of pretty vistas, and in the afternoon, when it had cooled down a bit, I went farther afield up the valley, so that it was a real painting existence, most delightful.

I personally find this valley—it is called something like Preslum Valley—by far the prettiest I have seen in Cashmere ; it is really uncommonly lovely, with its fine tremendously high woods of silver fir, Scotch fir, elms, walnut trees, yews, birches. It is only a pity that the undergrowth, and all the flowers of course, are spoilt by the cattle. True, there are cows here, which are not quite so devastating as those odious goats who nibble off everything : cows are more grand and generous, not so shabbily stingy as goats ; they at least leave something sometimes, though it isn't much either. Yet one learns to be thankful for small things—trifles one calls them, I think, in countries like this.

The river is very full on account of the now rapidly melting snows, and forms lovely cascades everywhere. On the distant hills there is quite a lot of snow left, just enough to make them pretty from afar ; the colouring of the rocks and mountains otherwise is not pretty, a monotonous grey. In spite of the really intense heat during the day, it gets so cold in the evenings that one must have a fire, and is

glad to have a fur coat on the bed, besides a thick blanket. It is a funny climate ; I don't agree with people who call it ideal !

Duenker went, of course, into raptures about my sketches, " *En voilà de nouveau une qui est encore plus belle que celle de hier !*" Anyhow I have learned a lot, and they were very amusing to make.

Big troops of monkeys are everywhere about, and play their cheeky tricks ; but, thank God, they haven't dared to come into camp yet. But whenever one walks or sits out sketching they are everywhere about, and make awful grimaces at one for having disturbed them. I wish Toby were here and could have chased them a bit ; not that I think he would have caught one, except perhaps a young one, but it would have frightened them and kept them a little bit in order. I hate monkeys, and on that ground alone I deny Darwin's stupid theory. If he was right, one would have a certain sympathy towards them as towards blood relations. These monkeys are pretty large, with short tails and very long coats ; they must be very hardy, because I remember seeing large herds of them already the first time we were up here, at the beginning of May, when it snowed and was bitterly cold.

People passed me continually while I painted. They all wear the dark blue turban, and if there are women with them, which is very seldom the case, they have those wide red and blue striped bloomers like the Afridi women wear. The men have handsome, well-cut faces, big features, and a queer-shaped, long black beard—handsome, interesting people. The women are tall, and have a lot of jewellery. I'm told they are people from Turkestan, but what they are doing here, nobody can or is inclined to tell me. They



THE AUTHOR, AFTER FOUR WEEKS' TRAMP IN THE LADDAKH

never have cattle with them, sometimes horses saddled, and nearly always there are only men. If they were Hindoos I could understand it, because a few marches from here there is a sacred cave to which the Hindoos make pilgrimage about this time of the year, but in Turkestan they are all Mohammedans. I often wonder if it has anything to do with this frontier business, because everybody here is convinced that there will be a row in October again, and a good row too. Perhaps these queer and strange-looking people are a sort of spies, who are trying to find out about the passes. But they seem quite harmless people, who only come to these cooler hills because it is cooler, like the Australian tramps, who told me, when I asked them why they all marched towards the Blue Mountains, that they did it because it got too hot in the plains during this season, and that they went to the cooler hills for the hot summer months.

Duenker has really been more than useful. He did my washing, ironed it, mended it—in a word, did everything imaginable, even mended an old pair of brown boots. I was able, to his great pride, to wear them for ten days more, but now they are beyond hope, and with his consent they have been given to the cook, who is delighted. Very likely he will be going to wear them at Rawal Pindi, when he makes himself smart.

Then Duenker picked strawberries for me, because, as I said before, here only the cows have grazed, and as they are not so mean as the goats, the strawberry plants have survived. They are only just beginning to get ripe, and are rather disappointing, in spite of their enormous flowers and big leaves. It is a funny, flat, small strawberry, and can't compare with our excellent wood

strawberries at home. The apricots are really beautiful, and we have a lot with us. As they do not keep, one had a good excuse for eating piles of them. But nothing, nothing in the way of fruit here comes up to the Australian peaches. I can't think of them simply, and I expect I shall go back eventually to Australia just to eat peaches. No! but to see some of my nice friends there as well. Of course they pull off the fruit here, as in most places, before it is fully ripe, which is always such a pity.

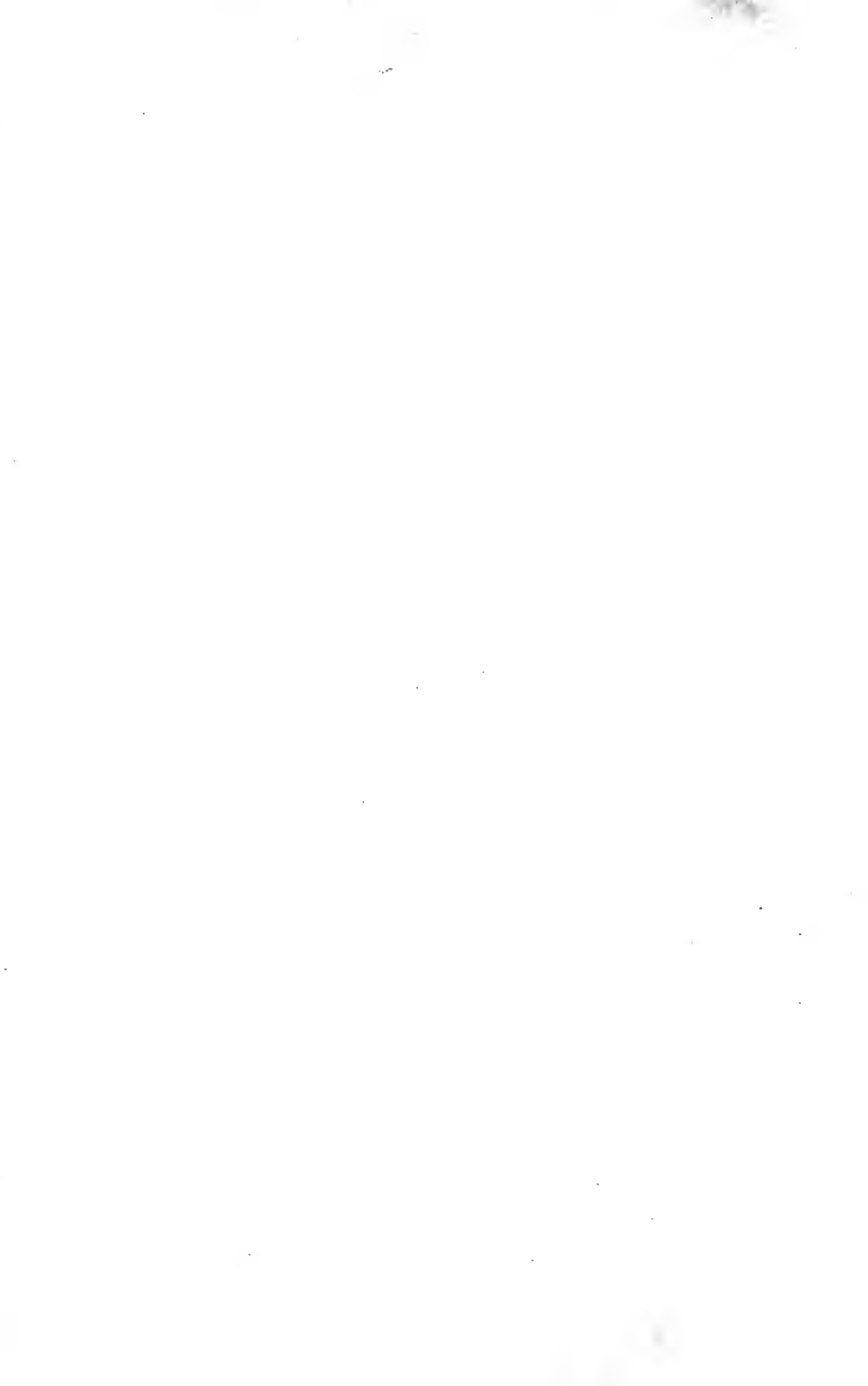
To-day the ponies came, so that means that my days are numbered in Cashmere. I almost said, thank God! Certainly I have enjoyed my tour very much, but it has been really quite long enough, and I am glad to betake myself somewhere else. Now with Australia it was just the reverse; I hated it at the beginning, and finally was really awfully sorry to leave it, and would have loved to have stopped on.

Some of the luggage, in fact the greater part, will leave to-day during the daytime, and what I personally want and the cooking things will go with me to-night, because it is too infernally hot to march by day. Down in the plains they say the heat is something awful. In a few days it will be full moon, so the moon will be already pretty strong if there isn't a covered sky, as there has been during the last few nights. Duenker is horrified at the idea of my marching in the night; but I have my nose still full of those roasting marches into the Laddakh.

Tim must of course ride in her basket again, although she changed her last tooth but one yesterday, and has only one milk tooth left now, and she accompanied me every day on my sketching tour. But then it is 29 miles; that is too much for her short little legs. How she hates



LADDAKHI WOMEN WEAVING



these natives! It is too funny to watch her and to see how terrified they are of her! True she bites them whenever she has a chance, and I of course only laugh when I see her doing it. It is a sort of revenge for all the ill-treatment these horrid brutes have meted out to dogs during their lives. It serves them right, and I'm delighted.

Before lunch I again walked to the place where we had tiffin with the P.'s when caught in the snowstorm while waiting for the bear to come, which of course never came. The whole road up to that place was very pretty, and the place itself too. But I am glad I pitched my camp where I did, because my place is by far the prettier, and there are so many pretty bits to sketch all round; whereas here I should have had to walk far for really pretty subjects, and in this torrid heat that would have been really very unpleasant.

But the whole valley is lovely, only it is such a pity that so many of the magnificent woods are dying. It is incredible what enormous quantities of dead wood lie about, and what a lot of fine trees are standing dead. It is true they ill-treat these wretched trees in an unauthorised manner. They cut splinters out of them, gradually hollowing them out. The shepherds light fires first against, then later *in* them, and most trees don't like that. They peel the magnificent birches right round, what for I can't make out. It is a nuisance not talking the language. I've seen them carrying away load after load of the thin, paper-like bark of the birches. I don't know if they use it here too as they do in the Laddakh, where they put thick layers of this thin bark on the thin branches that rest on the big beams of their roofs, and on top of that

gravel, finally topped by mud. Perhaps that's it. Of course it kills the tree, but they don't mind that. They remind me of the Italians, of whom my father used to say, with such truth, they are *Baeume-schinder*; that means "tree-torturers, tree ill-treaters!"

The other day I went to the other side of the valley, crossing that rickety bridge across the stream formed by two long tree-trunks. By the way, I sat sketching on this bridge for two afternoons, and only wished somebody had photographed me there. I must have looked rather like one of the much hated monkeys, because there wasn't much room, and it was a swinging, rickety thing. But the view from just there was very pretty, only the cold from the icy river roaring so near under one, and wetting one with its spray, was terrible. Well, as I said, I crossed that bridge to the other side of the valley, and walked along there, hoping to find some nice views for sketching, but the woods were so dense one couldn't see for the trees. The woods were much finer than on my side, but it was impossible to find anything to paint. Giant tree towered beside giant tree, *une vrai forêt vierge*, lots of fallen giants rotted everywhere, the ground was strewn with them. It was quite dark under the trees, and the narrow track one had to follow climbed up a steep gorge round mossy, huge boulders and past black, cavernous rocks. It looked very "beary," and I felt quite sure at each corner I would meet one. But I didn't, and little Tim and I returned uneaten and safe.

Where I was to-day before lunch there was still snow in the ravines, and the wild peonies were just flowering. Those in the plains flowered when we returned at the beginning of May, and to-day is July 8th! I am sorry

none of the seed is ripe anywhere, and it is too early to take up the plants, as they really are lovely with their sweet-scented, large, single white blooms and rich yellow centres. They would grow so well at home, and are so decorative.

I again met a lot of those people from Turkestan. They are queer folks, almost looking like beautiful Jews, with uncommonly narrow, long pale faces, and funny jet-black beards, ending in two long curls, such as one sees in pictures of Nebuchadnezzar.

To-night they say it pelted with rain ; it had thundered terribly the night before, but it doesn't get any cooler. Almost all the luggage is gone ; it left this morning—tents, beds, etc., etc., only my deck table (I really don't know what I would have done on this trip without this table), my painting chair equally useful (Aunt Janet's present), my writing and painting things, and the cooking pots and pans have been left. And so after I had had my open-air dinner under one of the big trees at 7 P.M. (at universal request), and everything had been re-packed and the ponies loaded, including Tim, who was furious at having to go into her basket, as she pretends now she has only one milk tooth left, and that she is grown up, I started, leaving Duenker in charge of the Tim pony.

It really was odd, for the first time in these three and a half months that I've been in Cashmere there was a pretty colour effect just the night I couldn't paint it. The sun tinted the tops of the mountains a warm rose red, while the valleys were already a deep ultramarine blue, deep in shadow, and pale pink clouds floated above, and the moon was already fully up. It really was mockery

of fate that it should have happened just the last evening, when all my painting things were well strapped on a pony.

July 9th.—The night fell rapidly, and the moon was most welcome.

Strange to say, although I was really glad to leave Cashmere, last night when all was packed, the tents gone, and the place looking so deserted where for ten days it had looked so home-like and busy, fires burning, etc., etc., I had a vague sad feeling at parting, a sort of melancholy crept over me, and I thought how true it is "*partir c'est mourir un peu,*" etc., etc. It is quite true "*on laisse un peu de soi-même en toute heure et dans tout lieu,*" and of course the leaving of this valley was the final starting point of leaving Cashmere altogether, and it meant that the greater part of this, my trip, which seemed to me so long, is, or that soon it will be all over, like everything else, life and all! How typical of one's life such a breaking-up of camp is! The fires have burnt out, the life is gone, and in a few weeks the grass will grow again, even as we, who are so full of fire, of life, and all the rest, will soon be forgotten and gone, and new people, new generations come and walk over the place once dear to us, where we lived, and worked, and were happy.

It soon got dark, and the moon, already shining strongly, was most welcome. The scenery was almost finer with this theatrical illumination. The huge old fir trees stood out doubly imposing, dark blue giants, against the silvery gauzed moonlit landscape, the river rushing along like liquid steel and silver, too pretty for words, and large moths, white in the silver light, fluttering about with



SUMMER AFTERNOON, PAIL-GAM.

fluffy wings. The rose bushes and the jasmines smelt exquisite. It was a lovely, quiet summer night.

Where the moon could not shine on account of the thickness of the wood it was pitch dark, and one really could not see one's hand before one's eyes. To please silly old D., and remembering that recently a leopard killed a pony about here, I put my revolver in my pocket. D. means also "one might meet a bear," but I think bears are cowards. In fact I was rather disappointed at meeting nothing, although at some places it smelt strongly of the Zoo, and from some of the walnut trees, and in their dense shade, walnuts fell down in a somewhat ominous way; they are not yet ripe enough for falling off by themselves, and I thought perhaps Mr. Bear was busy in the huge trees feeding. Of course, cautious as he is, he would have stopped quite quiet hearing us night wanderers so close to him. But perhaps it was only imagination, and it was only a quite harmless grey night squirrel eating the fruit. Anyhow, I am more than pleased that I did that march during the night and not during the day, because in the longest part there was little shade, and consequently few dark places, and in the sun it would have been awful. They have made a new road, very broad and quite good, but it is absolutely shadeless at present.

After crossing the river one gets into the plains, and here it is, even in the night-time, heavy and hot, so what would it have been under the sun amongst these rice-fields? One would have died from the heat. I heard the sad note of the toads, the singing of the frogs, the weird cry now and then of some waterfowl, the distant barking of the dogs in the villages, otherwise nothing

disturbs the heavy, drowsy, damp night. At half-past one the moon disappeared behind some low hills, and it soon got very dark, especially as heavy clouds covered the sky completely. But the road was broad, and the rice-fields on both sides shimmered faintly ; it was impossible to miss one's way. Then I heard the clatter of a horse behind me, and the little cook turned up, sent, it appears, by anxious Duenker. I had had three hours though to get eaten up by the leopards without anybody being there.

For the servants I had taken ponies, because it was a march of 29 miles. The cook had Salimbeni's Thermos bottle with him with claret and water mixed, and a drink was most welcome, for one soon gets thirsty in that close atmosphere, and in the region of the rice-fields one cannot, of course, drink out of the rivulets. And so I tramped on in utter darkness, trying to cheer myself up by trying to recognise the landmarks, and thus see how far I had come, and how much remained still to be done. But this was difficult, as it was so dark, and the foliage being so much thicker had changed the aspect of the trees very much, and then the great quantity of water everywhere about since the melting snows had changed the aspect of things altogether. But even with one's eyes bandaged one would have noticed when one came near Beech Behara ; the stench was so terrific, that it almost knocked me down. These Cashmere people are really awful pigs, and it is a real wonder that they don't all die of typhoid fever in these pestilential places. A dirty pigsty is sweet compared to the terrible, repulsive stench of these places.

Behind me the little cook spat and swore, for, as an

Indian Mohammedan, he was first of all very clean, and then, of course, he looks down with utter contempt on all these "dirty Cashmeri." In front, in the dark, numberless piedogs snarled and barked, and so we marched through the dark, stinking, narrow streets of Beech Behara, till finally we reached the boat, where a huge fire was blazing, as the ponies, which started this morning, had just arrived. It was 4 A.M. when I reached the boat, so I had done the 29 miles in eight hours, which was not so bad. But I admit that I was awfully tired in spite of my Laddakh training, and glad to get something to drink and some apricots to eat, and while they unpacked and made my bed I enjoyed this queer meal, and then got to bed as quickly as possible. I needn't say that I fell asleep at once.

This morning I woke at 1 P.M. (morning is not quite the right term), but anyhow we were already floating downstream in an awful heat. Duenker, poor thing, and the luggage reached the boat only this morning at 7 A.M. The heat was so great that as before they kept pouring water on the narrow gangway that runs outside the house-boat, where the coolies push the boat along with long poles, otherwise it got so hot that they burn their feet.

Duenker thinks, all the same, it was a brilliant idea to march at night, now that it's all over. At first he was horrified at the idea, especially, I must say, at the idea of my going all alone. But he says, "*Pendant la journée on serait crevé de chaleur.*"

How people can say that Cashmere has an ideal climate beats me. Till the middle of May it was so bitterly cold we all shivered, not I only, but all the Europeans and the natives of Cashmere; and now one

is almost dying from the heat. I have a letter from Srinagar which says: "The heat is something too awful, and we pray for the rain." In this "ideal climate" there is a rainy season too, which generally begins about the middle of July. I find it a beastly climate, and everybody who complains about our European climate ought to be brought to Cashmere for some time; he would give up grumbling then. Everything all round is parched and burnt up, not a blade of grass left.

Even now, where the sun would dry them in two minutes, those dirty Cashmeri don't wash their linen garments, where the winter dung (there is no other expression) is still on and in them. They are pigs! I feel this morning as I'm sure an old, overworked cab-horse must feel. My legs and feet hurt all over. Am I getting old?

July 10th.—The river having been very full, and the current strong on account of the melting snows, we have come down in one day, that is to say, we started yesterday sometime after 7 A.M., as it appears Duenker only reached the boat about that time, and having stopped last night late, we reached Srinagar this morning at eight, when I got up to take Tim for her morning walk. The river is practically empty of house-boats; everybody has fled from the heat up the river to the cooler hills. I found a big post-bag here with delightful letters. But, dear people! you would turn my head with all the kind things you tell me about the "vivid interest of my diary," etc., etc., if this head were not, thank God, so solidly set on my shoulders. It is very nice, anyhow, to know that my work is appreciated by my friends and relations, and a great encouragement to go





LLAMASSERIE OF MULBA

(My tiffin pony in front)

on writing. Sometimes it is hard work, for I keep two journals, one in English and one in German.

What I want still to say about Cashmere, now that I am on the verge of leaving it, is that it has been a disappointment on the whole. I am glad I have seen it, but its charms are undoubtedly greatly over-rated. I quite see that it must seem delightful to the young soldier, who hasn't seen much of the world and its really great beauties, and who is not spoiled with good shooting. After the heat and the life of India, this roaming about the still wooded hills of Cashmere, simply to get some sport, must be charming; it has all the delight of utter freedom, no shaving or dressing needed. Most men enjoy returning, for some time at least, to the natural state of a savage. And it does one a lot of good too. But really for a tourist Cashmere is disappointing, especially as, on account of the heat in India, you are cut off from the outer world, and have to stop there so long. If one could just run up there, see what there is to see (though I insist there is devilish little to be seen there), and go off again, it would be all right. What there is to see could easily be seen and enjoyed without hurrying it in one month, even with the present bad roads. But once there, there you are, cut off by the tremendous heat in India, and absolutely thrown for several months on the charms of Cashmere for a good whole solid summer. It is all this silly literature that does the mischief; nobody really writes the truth—a fact. I do not go by my judgment only in saying this, but indeed of *all* the people I've met out here, and there have been a good number, everybody has been disappointed about Cashmere, the men with the sport, the women with the scenery. All agree that the Cashmere people are odious, that the

Government and the system of tradespeople, shikaries, house-boats, etc., etc., is scandalous and awful, and all say "It was the book, 'Where Three Empires Meet,' made us come up, and we absolutely can't understand what the man can have meant in writing it! It is not possible that in these few years the place has so totally changed!" That is what not one, but at least two dozen people have told me. The new book which, apparently with many illustrations, is shortly to appear about this country will cause any amount of false illusions. There are some very pretty (only pretty) parts in Cashmere, but one has to take so much awful hideousness into the bargain that, in my opinion, as a traveller who has seen a good deal of the world, "the game isn't worth the candle!" I should strongly discourage anybody from coming to Cashmere.

The day before yesterday, after the camp had been broken up, and I was philosophising about how typical such camp life was of our own lives, and was sadly poking about the smouldering fire, an enormous spider crawled along. She looked as if she had excrescences on her back, and I bent down to inspect her closer, never having seen such a big one, and wanting to prevent her from running, in her wish to escape from me, into the hot ashes, when I saw that her back was covered entirely by masses of her babies, which she carried about like that. They were the dearest little miniature spiders I have ever seen, forming, with their wee legs, a fine net over the mother's body. Well! if that doesn't bring luck, *arregnée du soir-espoir!* and a whole happy family of them!!

To-day the spider family proved true. I got most welcome news.

Srinagar was very empty, and the heat was terrific.

The tradespeople had, it appears, finally learned that there was mostly swearing to be got out of me if they bothered me, so they left me alone, or perhaps they had collapsed in the terrific heat. Anyhow there was peace, which was very pleasant. We had, on account of the river being so full with the snow water, reached Srinagar in one day, and I spent all my days there getting through my diaries and writing letters, and only went with Tim for a walk after sunset. It was really too hot to do anything else. Everywhere the boys, girls, and men were bathing in the river, and it was striking, when one saw them without their enormous pugarees, what uncommonly typical criminal skulls the majority of them have. Mrs. Winter came and dined one night with me. We had dinner on the top of the house-boat, and spent a pleasant evening.

Yesterday was a busy day, getting through the final arrangements, and looking at the few things I had ordered and which had been finished. I must say they all took great trouble with the commissions, and everything has been beautifully executed. It was past ten when I got home to my dinner. When I left the bazaars, about half-past nine, the noise of the children, fighting dogs and quarrelling women, was really like a rookery, and I blessed Heaven that I hadn't to sleep near that noise, and especially in the awful smells. In front of the Maharajah's palace the stink was almost worse—His Highness cannot have a very sensitive nose!

The Residency seemed a dismal place, and the idea of having to live there filled me with awe. What must that really be? Quite terrible, in this odious, pestilential Srinagar, and with only a small orchard for your own. Yet it must be better than being Governor of Welling-

ton. That, of course, must be worse; as I said before, equal to criminal transportation.

This morning, July 14th, we started of course before I got up, and so I did not see or smell balmy Srinagar again. The whole of to-day has been hot and monotonous. Now we are passing a large lake, entirely overgrown by small water-lilies, with a wee yellow insignificant flower. Round the lake are bare hills. It might have a pretty effect after or towards sunset; at present it is far from pretty or attractive. The heat, even now, at half-past six, is intense; the flies intolerable. It is a good preparation for India, where, it appears, I am going to be melted to pieces.

Tim has to-day lost her last milk tooth, and is simply beyond herself with impudence and cheekiness. Yesterday she didn't like the shopping expeditions at all. She was rather suspicious, and I think afraid I would leave her somewhere; as to the native quarters, they frightened and disgusted her beyond words. I had to carry her all the time.

To-day I spent my day writing what the people here call "chits"—that is, certificates for the different shops who have implored me for some. They are perfectly ridiculous with their "chits." I remained "The King" till the last, and even got letters addressed "To His Majesty."

In the night there an awful gale sprang up, and I thought the boat was going to be shipwrecked, it swayed so, and the hurricane blowing in through the windows put out all the lamps, which was most awkward and annoying.

July 15th.—We have just arrived at Baramulla at 1 P.M. It is hot, but a gale is blowing. I expect that's

what the monsoon is like. It is as if one sat in front of a furnace.

July 16th.—The hot monsoon blew the whole of yesterday, and towards evening became so strong that they were afraid for the boat. It rocked so that one almost became sea-sick. Tim hated the howling of the storm round the boat, and was very nervous and uncomfortable.

At 3 A.M. I got up, though I didn't want to, and at 5 A.M., the moon still shining splendidly, we were rowed across the very choppy river, the monsoon still blowing. The water lapped incessantly into the low little boat. Fortunately we didn't get very wet, and the river was not broad. On the other side, near the Dak Bungalow, they were busy loading the tonga, and Tim, who had never seen a carriage before, eyed this institution with evident suspicion and distrust. She hated it at the beginning, but quietly settled down soon and behaved like an angel, sleeping soundly all the rest of the journey. A steam-roller frightened her terribly though. It was interesting to see the effect of civilisation on her little inexperienced Lhasa mind. I must say she took things gently now, and the sad, mistrusting look in her eyes is gone entirely. She is quite sure now that her happiness is going to last; there is evidently not the slightest doubt left in her mind about that, she takes it for granted.

The first 30 or so miles of the road were really very pretty, as the hills were wooded, and one had pretty glimpses into other valleys. Then after passing Uri it began to look ugly, as the hills were untimbered and trampled into narrow terraces by the grazing cattle, which always spoils a country entirely, I think. We lunched at

Chacoti, and then got into the bit of road which I had lately found so dangerous, and really seeing it now in cold blood, I was astonished we weren't killed or buried under the stone and mud avalanches, because, without exaggeration, for almost 30 miles the whole of the slopes above the road have slipped, as one can see now, in most places from an enormous height, and the road, too, had slipped away into the precipices. They were everywhere busy repairing and rebuilding it; there has been an awful lot of damage, and it must cost a lot of money to repair it. But all the same, the road is most stupidly engineered and badly built. No Italian would have dreamt of building such a road. I have photographed as much as I could, so that my readers can all see what a terrible danger I was in really. The sky was covered, and the heat was not as bad as I expected. As the top of our tonga broke, we had to change the whole luggage into another one, which of course took a long time, as it was in Cashmere. One cannot believe the state the harness and tongas were in, it was really a wonder the whole blessed thing held together; often, I hear, it doesn't. Bits of string play a great rôle in the harness. The ponies, too, were quite the worst lot I've ever seen, and nearly always started on two legs, after half-an-hour went on three, and when one had reached the next changing place they settled down to three and a half legs. Perfectly sound ponies one hardly ever gets; jibbers and kickers of course in plenty.

Now we have more mules we got on much better; they seem stronger and more adapted to the work, and trot just as well as the ponies—in fact, better. Some of them are very pretty. What I think so awfully stupid is, that one has to take the sais of each pair of ponies or mules with

one from place to place, as if it really mattered who groomed these blessed beasts, considering the state they are kept in. So a ragged, dirty youngster had to be taken as well as his mules; he either stood on the footboard or sat on the hood of the vehicle, thus increasing considerably the weight of the tonga, which, as it was, was already too heavy for the small ponies and for the steep and bad road.

At one place the steam-roller was working (the one that impressed Tim so much), and at the places they were preparing for the roller they had piled up high mounds of loose gravel, which they were about to spread, but of course, delighted at the interesting pretext of seeing a Huzzur's luggage changed on to another tonga (for it was there we were bundled out), they all stopped working and looked on. As it lasted so long, I started walking on, thinking besides that the tonga would be got across that heavy bit of the road much easier if my weight was out of it. I had to carry Tim, as there were many mangy piedogs about, and I was afraid to put her down. I hadn't gone more than a few steps when I heard an awful shouting behind me, and turning round saw the tonga stuck in the middle of the high gravel heaps; Duenker and the little cook were trying to help at the wheels, while the coachman and sais were beating the poor little greys, and all the road coolies squatted round laughing, pelting the wretched animals with stones. They were so busy at their favourite amusement of ill-treating animals that they didn't hear me run up as quickly as I could on the heavy road, and with Tim in my arms, and I had the satisfaction of being able to kick them thoroughly with strong English boots furnished with good solid heels. I found out the soft

tender parts, because I had noticed their legs were not much good, they are so hard they have no feeling. One must go a good bit higher, *où le chien porte la queue*. I have acquired a talent and an extraordinary capacity for kicking. I never thought I could kick so high and so quick. I can fetch ten or twelve before they have time to run away, or know where they are. In two seconds my tonga was out of the gravel. I had not even to explain; the beasts knew at once what was expected of them, but they were too lazy and cruel to give a hand before they were kicked into it.

From here on the vegetation of the hills consisted chiefly of pomegranate bushes, which had already a mass of fruit, of course quite green still. It must have been very pretty when they were all out in flower. After passing the worst places, where hundreds of coolies were at work, we got to Garrhi, and after that the road, which coming up was good, had now apparently, after two days of terrific rain, which they have had this week, been left in a similar state to that above, only the hills not being so steep here or so high it was perhaps less dangerous, but at several places the road had slipped away badly. Fortunately it had dried off for the last two days, and so at least the worst had been cleared away, and it doesn't hail stones and boulders any more, and so one can get on without danger. Of course the rainy season is beginning now, and will make the road just as dangerous again; it is so stupidly engineered.

At 8 P.M. we arrived at the Garrhi Dak Bungalow, where we stopped for the night. The heat was excessive, a heavy, muggy sort of heat, which made you feel hot all over. It was apparently a sort of preliminary canter for



SRINAGAR (Mosque on the Right)

India. After I had bathed I dined in my room, all the windows and doors being wide open, as I could in that way remain in the thin silk galabia as my only garment. It really was too hot to dress again and go and dine with three not over interesting-looking, strange young men. The night was so hot I couldn't even keep the thinnest silk nightgown on, but slept with all the windows and doors wide open, covered only with a thin sheet.

Duenker came and called me next morning, July 17th, at 4 A.M., telling me it was raining so hard we could not leave, and one heard the rain drumming on the roof and beating on the ground outside as if a regular torrent were coming down, one of those real tropical rains. At six, however, it stopped. I got up, and we started at 7 A.M. The first part of the way was the bit I walked at night, and I must say a horrid, dangerous bit it is. Perhaps it was just as well I didn't see what I was in for. As it was, I must have, as Cecilie Achenbach puts it, a very strong guardian angel! Unfortunately when we got to the bridge, where we rope-danced across in the dark on a few wet planks, which was finished now, it had begun to rain so hard again that I couldn't photograph it as I had wished to do.

After that we still went on for about 15 miles, and then crossed the other long suspension bridge over the Jhelam, and there left the property, or, as the Cashmeris put it, the "State" of His Highness the Maharajah of Jammu and Cashmere, and I hope that I shall never see this bridge again. Sela!

There we were in the Punjab again. The road ascended all the time steeply, and it was very soft through the heavy rains, and they were repairing it everywhere. I could not allow them to make those wretched brutes of



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ponies, half-starved as they were, trot up. It was awful to see them as it was, panting up that beastly steep hill, never for one minute out of the breast girth, for they had no collars, and the tonga alone was very heavy, while it carried five people and the luggage! I walked part of the way. It is true we changed the ponies often, but all the same it was awfully cruel. This part of the road was simply hideous, uninteresting, and monotonous, all the hills were bare, except for a thin sheet of grass. Shortly before reaching Murree it got very pretty, with fine woods, and one was quite relieved. Lots of the trees had already brown leaves, which gave it a sad, autumnal look, though not ugly.

I arrived at Murree about 6 A.M., and as the tonga couldn't go up the last bit to the hotel, which was perched almost like a Llama's convent on the highest possible pinnacle of a hill, though nicely timbered all round, we had to make this last part of the journey on foot, going, on the way up to it, through Murree itself, an uninteresting, modern second-class Indian hill station, with its wretched little pretentious villas, hotels, shops of Indian, European, and Cashmiri rubbish, numerous photographers, seedy-looking, pale, fair-curved English babies, with their black, nose-beringed ayahs in white muslin, and their bearers, sola-topied youngsters of decidedly military stamp, tennis-shoed ladies, with what the French call *déhanchée* movements, swarms of dogs, especially fox terriers and Aberdeens, in all sizes and forms.

The hotel was quite nice, the rooms the Parkers had reserved for me very comfortable and airy, with a large verandah in front, from which Tim could, to her great delight, watch all the other dogs underneath without

mixing with them, which her maidenly spirit dislikes. I dined with the P.'s, and spent the evening with them. Tiny had grown enormously, but was still very pretty (personally I think Tim more original), and she recognised me at once, and was delighted to see me. She was apparently much admired here, which pleased and flattered her pretty mistress very much.

July 18th.—It had thundered, it appeared, the whole night, and this morning the hill on which we were perched was wrapped, as yesterday, in dense mist. It was quite cold, and I was glad to put on a flannel suit. After lunch the P.'s came to my room to look at my new sketches. Tiny was at first very standoffish and almost rude to Tim, who was delighted to see her, and I thought it frightfully ungrateful of the little wretch, considering how kind and motherly Tim had been to her all the way from the Laddakh. However, after some time she warmed up to the occasion, and they had a splendid romp through the large rooms. Tim and I were asked out by the P.'s to meet a nice young officer just appointed to the police at Shanghai. He was very pleased to hear from me that I think Shanghai a nice place. After that Timminette and I had a nice long walk, that is to say, it was nice because we two were together, and enjoyed our company. The country, now it has cleared up, I found not a bit pretty, and how Mrs. P. could write she was sure I would find pretty things to sketch here, I can't understand. The hills are what I call mangy, that is to say, you look from the top into them, seeing the red-brown earth between the stems as one sees the red, inflamed skin on a mangy dog through its shabby coat. I met any amount of seedy-

looking, pale children, with innumerable dogs, and their black ayahs, and many ladies riding. What pleasure it can possibly be to trot up and down those stony, steep hard roads, I can't see!

We left Murree, Monday, July 20th, at 6 A.M., and after a tiresome, ugly drive arrived at Rawal Pindi at 1 P.M. The first part of the drive, about 10 miles round Murree, was pretty enough though, with the hills still timbered with ilex and pines, but they soon got bare, and one descended rapidly into the plain, which was very ugly. The animals I had in my tonga on this last drive were really the most disreputable-looking beasts I've ever seen, and in any other country the proprietor would have been had up for cruelty to animals. Here, however, everything is allowed. So, of course, our progress was but slow. But I have learned patience in Cashmere, and I forbade the horrid driver, with his red-dyed beard, to beat the poor, starved packs of bones called ponies.

Down in the plains it was very hot, and in Pindi it was worse, but not as bad as I had expected. My luggage, which had gone in ekkas from Barramula straight through, had arrived, thank God, in spite of the terrible rains they apparently had had all these last days on the road, and at 3 P.M. I started from the station, and took leave of the little cook, who cried, that is to say, big tears rolled down his face (he had hoped all the time, I think, that I would take him with me to Germany), and the old kitmigar (footman), who showered blessings of gratitude on my head for his tip and his "character." I really have been most lucky in having these two good and useful people. They really were good servants.

The heat in the train was great at the beginning, but towards evening it cooled down, and the night was quite pleasant, and next day quite tolerable. I remained undressed in my thin silken galabia till the Taj came in sight (that was about 3 P.M.), and when I stepped out of my compartment, fresh and clean, I was greeted by the two nice Benares silk merchants who had come purposely to "present their respects and deliver their goods into my honoured hands."

I can't say how lovely Agra looked. It had rained for several days in torrents, and everything was green; it looked like magic. It seemed incredible that this was the same dusty, parched, leafless, baked-up place I had been in only four months ago. The grass, wherever you looked, was thick and beautifully green, the trees covered with lovely and abundant fresh leaves, showing magnificent foliage, some even covered with scarlet, flame-like flowers, all the creepers everywhere in fresh bloom, garlanding terraces, loggias, bungalows, trees with purple, yellow, orange and pink, the oleanders and roses flowering, and the whole air heavily scented with sweet flowers. All the buildings, walls, gates, fences, everything washed clean by the rain, and not a bit of dust on the road. It really looked lovely. It was a different place. I never dreamt that India could be so lovely, and am doubly glad I came now, because at last I have seen India as some people describe it, as I had always hoped it would be and had never seen it. What a mistake it is to come to India in the winter.

As I drove to Mr. Weyland's about the carpets, after 5 P.M., it was nice and cool, the sky heavily clouded with thick lovely clouds, and it was a real pleasure to drive about

the dustless green avenues, watch the happy and contented-looking people move about, almost naked, with much grace, see the lovely foliage of many varied trees. As for the effect the fort, in winter so gloomy and smoky-looking, made, now the red sandstone was washed into a brilliant warm red hue, contrasting vividly with the bright emerald-green of the grass and trees, I shall never forget it. It was a sight to be remembered, both grand and lovely. I always admired it as a marvellous building, but I never expected that it could look so magnificent. The colour effect was gorgeous.

At Mr. W.'s I was of course kept longer than I had expected. He is, I'm sure, a good, kind-hearted old man, but an awful bore, and the regular, heavy Mecklenburger. It is no use trying to do business quick with him. First of all one has to shout, because he is deaf, which I hate, and even then one sees how his heavy Mecklenburg brain ruminates while his big blue, projecting eyes roll slowly round in a half upturned meditating way. He looked so like a big old ox ruminating in front of his plough at the midday halt, that I could hardly keep serious. I had to go through all the marriage process of his eldest daughter with an English officer, much as I tried to drop the subject and come to our carpets and those I had to order for Marco Ballestrem, but it was no use. He paid no heed, and stuck stubbornly to his story, right from the first German governess his girls had, who proved to be a failure, "Very nice and so, but, do you know, a failure! A charming girl otherwise, but, do you know, a failure!" Then when he hoped that I had grasped the fact of her having been a failure, I ventured back to the carpets, to be completely ignored and put through the *whole* educating

process, that *Mrs. W.* took upon herself then, right from when she said "My dear Otto, etc., etc.," to the books she caused to be sent from Germany, the lessons, the hours, her calls, visits, household occupation, *everything*, except the washing!! Finally we reached Stuttgart! Here the two went to a finishing school when they were fourteen, "That is to say, I beg your pardon, the eldest—yes, the eldest was thirteen, and the *next* one, when she went, was fourteen, yes! quite right! the eldest was thirteen and a half; she was going to be fourteen in July, and she went there." Hang them, I thought, but I had given up interrupting, it made it worse; he only put his hand to his ear, saying, "I beg your pardon?" staring with his watery eyes at me, and quietly, smilingly taking up the story of his girls *two years earlier* than when I had unwisely interrupted him with my carpets. When she was engaged I said "Ouf!" in my ordinary voice. He smiled pleased at me, saying, "Yes! he is a *charming* young man," and before I could even try to return to my blessed carpets, he was slowly, though hopelessly, off on the track of this son-in-law, and I had to undergo the greatest part of *his* education, *his* fads, and hobbies! I know now that he has no vice, bar music; he doesn't play cards, nor polo, nor does he shoot; he plays the piano, although he has never been taught; he composes. Then I learned how often he got leave, how he managed to get it, what his colonel said, etc., etc., and the marriage, and how now they are in London for the season, and on and on we ruminated, both his elbows on the arms of his chair, his ten outstretched fingers beating slowly together, so that the fat tops met. By this I could have screamed and kicked under the table. But when he began about the different bridesmaids who had been at the wedding,

and how difficult it was nowadays to find a nice man for one's daughters, and commenced to tell me *their* stories, and how they had come out to India to find their chance here, and started afresh with, "Now, for instance, there was one girl who had come from — the sister of a—" I got up and shouted, "Really, Mr. W., it is all wonderfully interesting, but I am rather pressed for time. Can I have a look at the carpets?" He argued that it was *only* half-past six and no hurry, but I stood my ground and didn't sit down again, and so with a "Wie Sie wuenschen!" he got up too, and we went to the factory. He has done my carpets well, and after a long rumination about—well! everything, wool, colours, and what Lady So-and-so and Major Stick-in-the-mud said, etc., etc., I walked him out of the storehouse, and we finally got so far that I could choose the patterns and colours for Marco. I dared not leave it to him alone; he has a real German taste, too awful for words, "Heil Dir im Siegerkranz!" taste; "Herr Commerzienrath So-and-so had just said," etc., etc., till finally I burst out, "Yes, but my dear Mr. W., I'm not Herr Commerzienrath So-and-so, and I like *true* colours, not these dirty ones."

"But these are *Kuenstlerfarben!* *Kuenstlerfarben!*" (with a ruminating roll of the watery eyes upwards) "aber! Wie Sie wuenschen! Wie sie wuenschen!"

It was ten minutes to eight when I drove away. Too late to go to the Taj! It was getting dark quickly, but the Taj stood out clear, a pale creamy-white against the deep, rolling heavy rainclouds, which the contrast of the pearl building with the rich green surrounding it made appear almost an ultramarine-blue. It was lovely. The Mecklenburg ox was forgotten!!

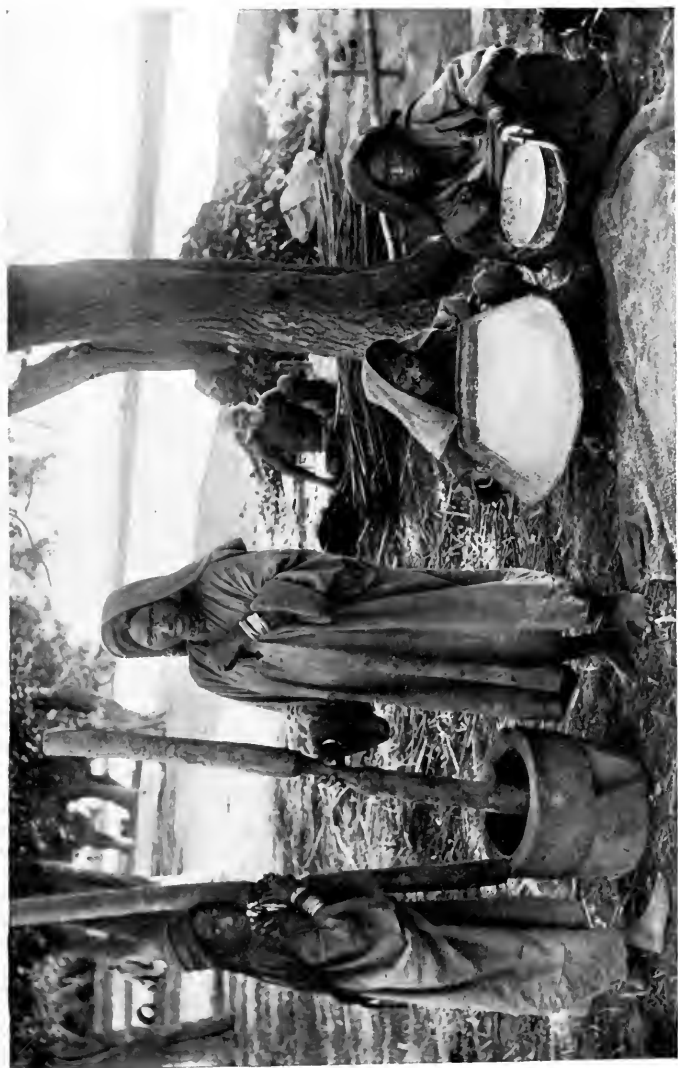
July 22nd.—Early in the morning I drove to the jail. It had rained again in the night, and everything was sparkling and glittering with raindrops everywhere. Really India is lovely like this. I am so thankful I've seen it. The jail is beautifully kept, makes one almost long to be a prisoner, though they don't seem to like it much. It is wonderful how those English jails are kept, almost cosy and coquettish, yet so sensible and sanitary, without any false luxury. The manager is a charming man, and such an artist. He really has marvellous good taste, and takes such interest in his work. It is a real pleasure to deal with him. He quite entered into my ideas, and was delighted himself now with the colours I chose for my carpets. He was quite wild about them, and I must say myself they are perfect dreams of beauty, and are like rainy India. They surpass my wildest expectations. They were a good bit advanced, and he unrolled them for me, so that I could see the effect. Why do people only choose ugly patterns? He himself deplored that the old carpets were not more copied, and said, "If we got more orders like yours, and people chose such patterns and colours, it would be a recommendation in itself, and we could do a magnificent business."

From there I went to the bank, where there are two exceptionally nice young people, and then to Ganeshi Lal. The eldest brother was there himself this time, having returned from Simla purposely, as he pretends, to "greet his Honour" again. I should never have recognised him. He has got an old, grey-haired man; very likely he says the same thing about me. None of his remarkable good looks of thirteen years ago were left; he was just an ordinary old Indian. Now there is at least *one* comfort in

this, that if one has never been good-looking one does not change so much, or at least people don't expect you to be good-looking, as you never have been. I am very glad now I never was good-looking, I would have hated to get old and plain. As it is I don't mind: everything has got its compensation!

After tea, which for me was cocoa, I drove first to the Tomb of Edmuadallah, which lies on the other side of the river. It was always my favourite. It is small, but so wonderfully proportioned and beautifully executed. A perfect gem as I remembered it. I was not disappointed; it is simply perfect! And especially now, where everything is well repaired and beautifully kept—all the grounds round it—it is lovely. That I must say is a good work of Lord Curzon's, that he has repaired all these treasures, and given them back their garden setting. It was a disgrace the state they were in, and I especially remember how sorry I was for this perfect little gem. The patterns and designs of *pietra-dura* are too lovely for words, the fine marble reliefs exquisite. One can hardly tear oneself away. The only pity is that they haven't put some water into the lake-like symmetrical square tanks that surround it, but have filled them up with lawns. True, the well-kept lawns look very fine filling the tanks now, but when all these ornamental tanks were full of water and the marble gem reflecting its beauty in them, as it did originally, it must have been indeed a perfect dream. The view from the top of the building on to the red fort and over the green tree tops to the Taj was alone worth the visit.

From there I drove to the Taj. Some flower scented the whole country, exactly like Maréchal Niel. It was a small flower in the hedges, but it had a wonderfully strong



CASHMERE WOMEN POUNDING RICE



scent. The drive along the river underneath the red-buttressed and machicolated high walls of the splendid old fort was very pleasant, and at one turn in the road one gets the first glimpse again of the Taj. It lies far away, amongst the rich green fields and the dark and light green massive clusters of trees round it, and the wide view one gets from it here changes the proportions very much to its advantage. The low sun tints it a rich salmon-pink, and the effect is simply lovely beyond description. I stopped the carriage in order to enjoy the lovely sight longer. The heavy masses of towering clouds behind it in beautiful shades of grey, blue, and pink formed a glorious background. I've never seen anything finer. The difference the rains have made to the park, which has been so ingeniously laid out round the Taj, where thirteen years ago dirty slums and cottages were, is simply incredible. It looks lovely and fine, while before, when I was here, it was only pretty. The sun was setting when I arrived at the Taj, and really, seen from inside the gateway building, where the wonderful high arch of the gate frames it, the Taj is magnificent. But as soon as one steps out of the arch into the garden it gets top-heavy, and the minarets seem too low for the cupola. I tried it several times with the same effect. In the frame of the arch it is wonderful, outside it lacks, as I say, the perfection of proportion, which to my taste is everything in architecture. But it is a wonderful building all the same, marvellously beautiful, and the surrounding gardens in their fresh green set it off to perfection, with their dark groups of fine trees in thick clusters. I walked slowly down the middle alley enjoying the loveliness of it all. On the raised middle marble basin, up to which

five or six steps lead, I sat down to enjoy it. There was not a soul there! Before me the majestic, pure, reposeful marble building towered high, a pale salmon-pink, into the dark, grey-blue sky, over which white and pale pink-topped clouds were rolling heavily. To the right of the fountain, which forms the centre of the grounds, stands the fine, small square red sandstone building with its slender turrets and lovely loggia, at the end of the narrow long water-tank, reflecting itself in it with the sky behind, like the building opposite it on the left. On the right side the sky low down was a dark bluish-grey, almost ultramarine, and on the top ultramarine windswept clouds, against which the reddish-brown slender building stood out, shaded into brilliant magenta and orange against the pale leaden blue sky behind it. Everything was reflected beautifully in the long grass-framed ornamental tank in front. To the left the same red sandstone building stretched its slender turrets into an *eau de nil* coloured sky, on which saffron-yellow clouds floated like torn bits of gauze, and on turning round the magnificent entrance-gate building, with its wonderfully toned red sandstone, inlaid with white and black marble, and its exquisite proportions and forms, made an imposing effect on a pale cobalt sky, littered with brilliant pink and creamy-yellow clouds. And all that, each picture, each exquisite colour, was reflected in the ornamental stone-bordered tank framed by flower beds. I sat and turned from one of those exquisite pictures to the others, round and round, only to enjoy each more than the last. I've never seen such a variety of tints in all the shades of blues and purples, yellows and pinks. It was like coloured music!

I sat till it was quite dark and the stars began to

twinkle. I couldn't break that spell! It was like a revelation! How thankful I was there was nobody to tell me, "Come, it is time to dress for dinner," or "You'll catch a cold, etc., etc.," or some of the horrid trivialities people dash over you like a bucket of cold water when you are in your happiest, most elevated dreams. Thank God! those times were over. I stretched out my arms in thanksgiving for all that this journey had given me of beautiful sights, and all it had taught me and made me to understand and realise and enjoy! But whatever of beautiful things there are in store, it will be hard to beat this waning day in the garden of the Taj, and I thank God for having seen it. Even in the deep blue night the buildings were wonderful, and what I most of all admired was that the architect, who decidedly wished that, had expressed a wonderful effect of utter repose and restfulness in this tomb of the jewel queen. It is not grim and ugly death which frowns at you, but a lovely and sacred sleep that leads you to serious reflection and thanksgiving for the sure and beautiful awakening yonder! The whole thing is like an eternal prayer.

July 23rd.—In the early morning I drove to the fort, which is indeed wonderful, especially now it is so clean, repaired, and well kept. But my memory, I'm glad to say, is very good, and it does not come up in fineness of detail to the fort at Delhi, though it is larger and resembles it a good deal. I'm sorry the heat in April, when I was at Delhi, made it impossible to go and see it, because they tell me that an Italian was for five years at work repairing it, and it is simply wonderful now. Well, one can't see everything, and what I saw last night is

enough for anybody. Those colours and effects and lines will dance before my eyes for a long time.

This morning it is hot, for it hasn't rained, and heavy storms are coming up, and so the atmosphere is heavy, but there is none of the melting heat that people told me about. Then I'm told I'm uncommonly lucky (as if I wasn't always that!), and that it is unusually cool. For ten years the rains haven't set in so early and so abundantly.

The stonework in the palace of the fort is lovely. What lovely material red sandstone is! The pavilion where the poor king (who built the Taj for his favourite wife, and whom his son kept a prisoner for years in the fort because he wanted to build a black Taj on the other side of the river for himself) died, looking at last on the Taj (his son had kept him in prison where he couldn't see the Taj), filled me again with sadness. To have planned, executed, and enjoyed such work, and then in one's old age to be deprived of even enjoying the sight of it, even from afar, must be terrible. What must the poor man have suffered all those years in the narrow little space which they show, where his son kept him, while he thought of evenings like the one I saw yesterday perhaps, and knew that he was shut away from them and his own creation for ever? When the old man was dying, the son ordered him to be carried here so that he might once more look at his marvellous work. And here, casting lingering eyes on that white marble beauty, he expired. If I had had flowers I would have laid them down for him here, so that his spirit could come and smell them as the spirits do.

Of course almost everything is spoilt by the guide one

has to take with one, and his matter-of-fact gabble in parrot-like English. I managed to get mine a good way ahead of me, so that I could return for a short undisturbed moment to the poor prisoner king's death pavilion and have my little reverie undisturbed.

The two Benares silk people came to see me off and garlanded me with a jasmine garland and jasmine bracelets, and, feeling rather like a prize bull, I left the station at 3 P.M., just as a tremendous thunderstorm broke forth, a perfect sheet of water coming down from heaven, drenching the ground and swelling all the rivers, but making it delightfully cool for the journey.

Everywhere it is green, and in all the fields they are ploughing, if they haven't already sown, while in some places the seed is already coming up. The rivers I always saw before as dried-up stone beds, are mighty torrents now. It is a pleasure to see the transformation. Not that I think the country which one comes through is pretty. Not even the rains can make it that, nor can the rain make trees grow where there are none. But the endless stretches of land look less hideous than when they are parched a grey-brown. Everybody is delighted with the rains.

Tim hates the railway. She is terrified, poor little mite. It is true the trains in this country do make an infernal noise, but of course she doesn't believe a word of what I tell her that in Europe they are not as noisy, and that she is mostly going to travel in a motor. She doesn't care one jot. Especially when one passes rattling bridges and viaducts, or flies past stations, clattering and shaking, she flies for my lap, and even sometimes crawls up behind my head on my neck, then looks at me reproachfully as if it was my fault. Well! in a way it is, because if I had turned

her out into the bazaars at Leh, she wouldn't be undergoing these terrors. So that soothes her again, because she is very clever and open to a reasonable argument—at least until the next rattling bridge!

The compartments are very comfortable. I have taken a whole first-class compartment, and have Duenker with me, so I can do what I like, and above all I needn't dress, but after the wash in the adjoining toilette (one is attached to each compartment), I can remain the whole day in my thin galabia, as I don't go into the dining car or the refreshment room, where I'm sure only to get horrid peppered and curried food. I had my tiffin basket well filled. A box with ice wrapped up in a woollen blanket for the drinks is in the toilette, and I travel like an emperor in my private saloon carriage. At night the beds are made, and I can sleep as long as I like. For instance, I slept on the morning of July 24th till 10 A.M.; it was very nice.

I arrived at 6 P.M. on that same day at Bombay. It hasn't been at all hot the whole time, just pleasant, and the nights even rather fresh. Tim and I took a cab and went for a drive. That I learned from Mr. Healy, and I really think it is an excellent plan. I felt like a regular tourist, only the Baedeker was wanting. Consequently everybody stared at me. Tim aroused general astonishment. I can't say, with all my love for her, that she is *en beauté*, because all her tangled coat has come out after the baths and the brushing (one really couldn't leave her in her Lhasa state, it was too creepy-crawly), and although the new coat is growing splendidly and luxuriantly, it will be at least three or four months before she is respectable again. At present I think she looks only ridiculously

funny and common. I can't help laughing when I think of myself, of all people, having a dog whose breed is not—well, let us put it politely—in the registered classes of an English show-bench! She, of course, in her utter impudence, says that the Royal Princesses of Thibet don't go to show-benches, these being beneath their station. It is a good way to get out of it, and as she deftly tells me when I smile incredulously (not to say ironically) at this, I've never been to Lhasa, so can't contradict her. The old Empress of China in person couldn't give herself more airs than this little upstart.

Bombay made the same favourable impression on me as it made thirteen years ago, only it has grown still more into a really smart and fine city. The buildings are quite remarkable for good taste and "monumentality," and one should send the German architects here, so that they might see how one can build a modern town, and make it look fine and stately and grand. The preference for the Gothic and the Roman style of architecture is striking. The railway station impresses me just as much as years ago; it is a very fine building. It looks like a magnificent old cathedral fit for Venice.

Every second person one sees seems to be a Parsee, so easily recognisable by their quaint headgear. I didn't remember that there were so many here. It seems actually a population of Parsees. Another thing which is just as striking is that more than three parts of their women folk, often very pretty and handsome in their coloured embroidered saris, wear spectacles. It really is striking. That the men should do so one thinks is on account of their well-known studies, but do the women study as much? Or is it the effect of in-breeding? As I say, it is striking.

After a pleasant two hours' drive through the streets and round the sights, and a walk along the bund (shore), we went back to the station for dinner, and at 9 P.M. took the train for Madras. They sell quite good peaches and excellent grapes at the station, but for peaches I'm spoilt through Australia. I'll never eat such peaches again, I'm afraid, unless I return there !

XIV

COLOMBO, PENANG, SINGAPORE, HONG-KONG, SHANGHAI

Madras, July 26th.—I arrived here this morning at 6 A.M., having travelled two nights and one day. But it wasn't a bit hot, the nights were even rather fresh, and my books were very interesting, which one could not exactly say of the scenery. It rained a lot, but one was pleased for the country. They had had such bad droughts these last years, they want seven fat years badly.

In Madras the trees were scarlet with their flowers like a sheet of flame. It was, I expect, the only smile of Nature on this otherwise unattractive place. It doesn't seem to have kept step with the development of the other towns here in India, which in these years have smartened and embellished themselves so much. It looks dilapidated and untidy as it did thirteen years ago. It was hot too, but nothing to the heat people talk about. I quite believe, though, that it can be very hot. It has as yet rained very little about here.

I left Madras the same day at 6 P.M. from the really fine and practical new railway station. It is an uncommonly pretty building, and fits well into this very exotic-looking scenery, with its palms and half-naked people. It is altogether striking what has been done in the thirteen years since I was here as regards, for instance, railway

lines and stations, and the carriages themselves. The improvements are very great. There is no doubt the English are wonderful colonists and administrators, and everything they do is practical and business-like, which is most delightful.

We had a pretty hot or rather close day, as it hasn't begun to rain in this part of India yet (which really, I think, is a very ugly part), and a hot monsoon was blowing, and as soon as I opened the window Tim's tongue hung out to her feet, so of course I immediately closed it again. It was actually warmer with the window open, but it was nothing to what people have told me, and by no means intolerable.

At 4 P.M., on July 27th, we arrived in Tuticorin, and were taken by a small tender about an hour's sail out to where the steamer lay, which wasn't big at all. But the cabins, though small, were clean, and the captain was uncommonly nice, and so was the first officer. I thoroughly enjoyed the evening in his company. There were only two more first-class passengers besides myself, one of them being an old Frenchman, an awful old gabbler, who bragged about himself all the time. He was undoubtedly a half-caste, although he pretended to be from Lyons, and spoke with a strong accent, but we all thought he was a French half-caste from Pondicherry or somewhere, his father most likely having been from Lyons. He was so silly and infatuated I couldn't help "pulling his leg," which he didn't notice a bit, and which almost convulsed the young officer with laughter. The night was pretty rough, and as my bed was really stone hard, when lying on my back for longer became impossible, as it was so painful, and the strong rolling of the beastly little boat made sleeping on the side impossible, I got up. Tim, however, slept like a

top, and told me she preferred a boat a thousand times to the train. So do I, if the bed is comfortable.

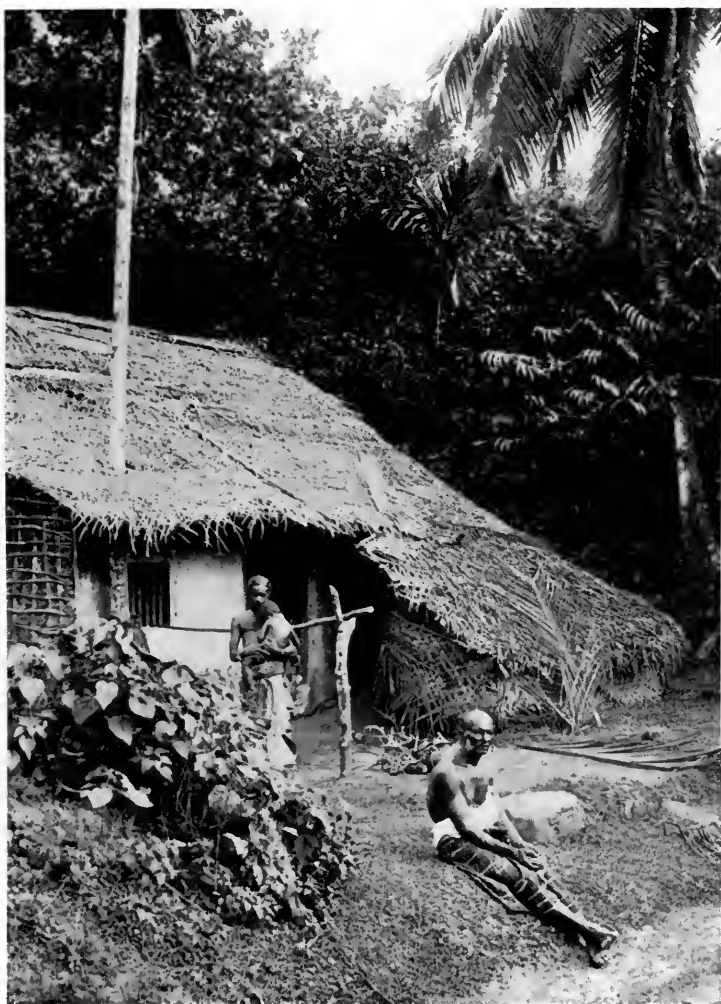
We landed at 7 A.M. this morning, July 28th, at Colombo, which I saw for the first time under a completely covered sky. It was quite cool. The trees were all out, one blaze of scarlet flowers, most lovely. I went this time to the Galle-Face Hotel, because I thought it would be cooler, lying so close to the sea, and the large lawns in front of it would be nicer for Tim, and no danger of mangy piedogs, as it lies so far away from the town. The hotel is very nice and excellent, and, just fancy! the manager was born in Salzbrunn, near Fuerstenstein, my father's watering-place, and he sang as a school-boy in the choir at my mother's funeral. And yet people still say the world is large!

In the long run the eternal wash and splash of the waves one hears just underneath the windows would get on my nerves, as I only like the sea to travel on, but not to live near it. I think it is depressing so close, and its noise is intrusive. But the hotel is delightful.

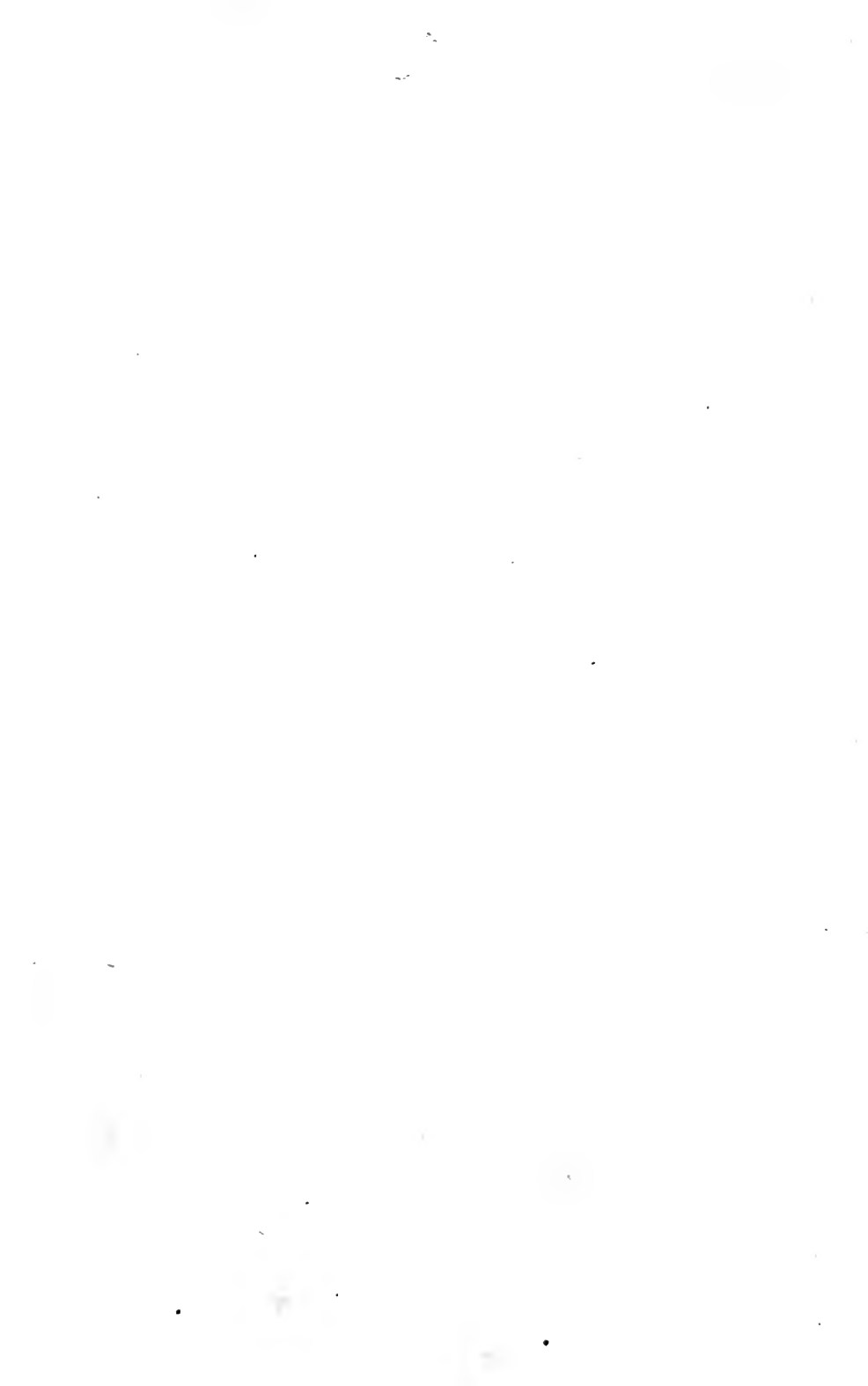
I quite forgot to say that the day we left Murree we met two motor-cars going from Murree to Pindi (how far back that all seems now, and yet it is just a week ago yesterday). The one was pulling the other up the little hills. All downhill it puffed proudly past our wretched, half-starved animals, to be overhauled by us again at the next little elevation. It seemed almost a farce. This lasted for over two hours, but what I wanted to say is, that I really found that these motors smelt good! Yes, laugh! I don't mind. I mean they smelt good, because they "smelt of civilisation." One connected the smell, if you know what I mean, with well-kept houses, or hotels (not

that I find that well-kept houses smell like a motor-car), with thick nice carpets, good food, nicely laid tables, with shining plate and glass, and fine linen, well-kept gardens and lawns, intelligent and cultivated people, clever talk—not that one always gets that in the well-kept houses either, but yet! I expect you know what I mean, and so I found that the motor-car smelt good. Civilisation after all *is* very nice, and it is not a *bit* easy to return to the savage state in the woods for a long time. At least that's my experience, it is not at all easy to return for months to the original life of the nut on the tree or the apple. I'm sorry to say I'm for motor-cars and the consequent civilisation; therefore, I found that the motor-car smelt good. It is 11 P.M. I am going to bed!

Colombo was very pleasant, as the cool monsoon blew all the time most pleasantly, and it was not at all hot. But it has a sort of steamy climate, which I personally don't care a bit for, and the vegetation, luxurious as it is, is somewhat tiresome; it is always the same, and even in the greens, those rich hothouse greens, there is so very little variation, they are all of the same luxuriant, emerald greenness. The cocoanut palms are, I must say, marvellous, with their magnificent, huge, graceful leaves; and, of course, all the other trees in their abundance, luxurious growth, enormous foliage, flowers and creepers garlanding everything everywhere, the ferns, the crotons with their gorgeous brilliant colourings, the huge hibiscus bushes covered with enormous, brilliant red or pale pink lovely flowers, are lovely no doubt, and are magnificent, but rather monotonous, *à la longue*; the total colouring is not varied enough, there is no great contrast. And what is it that makes life so pleasant but contrast! Even the ugly



CINGALESE HUT, CEYLON



thing is wanted, if only to show the pretty ones to advantage. In the Colombo vegetation everything is too much on the same scale. It is a pity. But it is lovely, no doubt magnificent. The palm groves are really unequalled. They are superb, far, far finer, I'm sorry to say, than the so much beloved date palms of precious Egypt.

On the first morning I was so tired from that terribly jolting night on board the little steamer, that although I *only* lay down on the couch for as long as it took to fetch my shaving water, I fell asleep at once apparently, and slept till almost twelve.

Then in the afternoon I spent some time in some shops, scratching, like an old hen in the manure heap, in heaps of precious stones. I will say this for them, that their stones are far better cut than they were thirteen years ago, but I must say as well that their prices are twice what they were. Although it was the dull season, they were very obstinate, and I came to blows with my old friend de Silva—that is to say, the real old friend is dead, he who *always* gave in, and who presented me with the Cape ruby for Christmas, and there was only the other and the obstinate brother left, who couldn't see a joke. I really think the business has gone down, apart from my not getting my way and the prices I wanted. So, indignantly, with Tim tucked under my arm, I stalked out of his shop, never to put my foot into it again. Opposite, the broad initials of Don Theodoris stared in my face, and although I had never been there, I remembered that Brandeis had pointed this shop out to me years ago as most reliable, telling me that for years he had bought all the stones the old Dowager Empress of China had commissioned him to get

there ; so why not try him? Besides, as the de Silva people, still imploring, had followed me to the door, and were all standing there, they were bound to see that I entered the shop of their bitterest enemy, so it served two ends.

In I stepped delighted. The Theodoris man is younger, and much more business-like, I really must say that, and we came to quite sensible terms. He had some really lovely stones.

Then the next day I had to get Tim's outfit, her chain, her harness for leading her, for if she wore a collar her frill, which is growing so nicely, would be all rubbed off, her sponge, a dandy-brush, etc., etc., and I have to go to the Agency to get my tickets, and see whether there are any letters.

In the afternoon I drove out to the so-called Cinnamon Gardens to call on our Consul, Herr Freudenberg, who was out. I love driving to call and not finding people in, especially people I don't know very well. One's conscience is so nicely cleared, without one's brains having to bother to make conversation. He, of course, promptly returned the visit next day, and as the boy told me he was waiting in the hall I had to come down, and found him very pleasant. His father, whom I remembered years ago, was for the summer in Germany, and this eldest and really very nice son was managing the business in his absence, and was Vice-Consul besides. A polite, well-mannered, gentle young man of thirty-one. My God! I'm forty, what in Germany is called *ein Respects person*. But as it is, I have learned and realised a lot on this journey, and so have settled down quite happily to nice middle-aged respectability, and rather like it. It is very comfortable.

Over the tea I offered him he asked me to "do him the honour" of dining with him to-morrow, and he would come earlier with his motor to take me for a tour, so I asked him to come and dine to-night with me as he is alone, which he accepted with alacrity. The hotel is really very nice, and far better, I must say, than the G.O.H. The rooms and all the dining-rooms are so much larger and newer, and the situation is much quieter and pleasanter. If I stopped here longer I would not like the rooms I have now, facing the sea, because the eternal splash of the waves, just underneath one's windows, is, I think, rather annoying and so intrusive, but otherwise this hotel is far better than the other.

So young Freudenberg came for dinner, and proved quite a success, and we got on splendidly together, and spent a most pleasant evening.

The next day he came with his large Benz motor (that is nice of him, too, that he has a Benz motor), and we spun along. The roads were excellent, but as there were such a lot of people and bullock-carts about, one couldn't drive very fast. So one could enjoy the sights all the better. The old bungalows of the Portuguese and Dutch time are very pretty, with their simple colonnades and respectable solidness, but alas! they are being demolished everywhere, and horrid modern villas, with fantastic gables, turrets, balconies, and other senseless projections, are replacing them, taking away much of the character of Colombo, and much of its charm. The gardens everywhere (in their way) are charming, being very large. I say in their way, because to our idea they are not real gardens. Nearly everything is left to Nature, which is so luxuriant and abundant here. They are mostly a vast wilderness, but a

wilderness which is for the greater part very pretty and attractive, and very artistic-looking. The magnificent, slender palms, the high hibiscus bushes, with their masses of pink or red flowers, the blaze of the croton hedges fencing the main drive generally, with their brilliant reds, oranges, yellows, and greens, the many creepers on all the colonnades of the different bungalows garlanding from tree to tree, from roof to roof, all that is very pretty, though if you have seen one, you have seen them all. It is everywhere the same ; each is alike, just as the soft-eyed beautiful-featured people with their naked upper body, some reddish striped saris wrapped tightly round the slim hips, the tortoiseshell comb in their pitch black, cocoanut-oiled hair, which the men wear in a big knot at the back of the head, are all the same. What I dislike in the Cingalese is that they are so effeminate-looking, though they are a nice, kind, and amiable people.

Mr. F. drove me to places where I had never been before, not that they differed much from what I'd seen, for in Colombo there is little variety, but the drive was very pleasant, and beside the river, bordered by big barges, it was even prettier still. Then we came through a finer village, where all the people have been Roman Catholics from the time of the Portuguese, and where there are some very picturesque-looking absolutely Portuguese churches, with their rich stuccoed façades, studded with saints, making a pretty and gay contrast to all that greenness.

In a large curve we returned to the harbour, the new docks, passed through the main street again, and spun out towards Mount Lavinia. This had always been a favourite drive of mine, because one passes through such thick cocus



ONE OF THE OLD DUTCH CANALS, CEYLON



groves, and comes through some of the nice typical old villages, unspoiled and untouched yet by the new craze for the monstrous buildings. Here the road was emptier, and we could let the machine spin along, which was most pleasant. It is a very pretty drive round the lake also, which the ingenious Dutch, who in their time have done so much for this colony, created out of the swampy meadows which made the place very unhealthy. The greater part of their old canals, which were so useful for the transportation of various goods, and which lately had been neglected on account of the railways, have been re-opened again, and are used a good deal now.

Mount Lavinia was built by an English governor as a summer residence for his wife, but the Home Government at that time wouldn't allow them to live out there, as it was too far away from Colombo! *Tempora mutantur*, now the governor stops the greater part of the year at Newralia and Kandy, which are in the hills, and with a good express train now fully seven hours from Colombo, whereas you may run out to Mount Lavinia in a quarter of an hour by motor, and drive there with a fly in half-an-hour or forty minutes.

So the little nice house, lying on a slight elevation, which is called by the pompous name of Mount, was sold, and has been turned into an hotel long ago. It is prettily situated on that little promontory, surrounded by thick palm groves, overlooking the sea, and the waves beating the high-cliffed shore.

We paid a visit to Mr. Freudenberg's young and pretty sister-in-law, who was stopping out there for the hot weather, and after that drove home, as it was getting late. Freudenberg sent the motor to fetch me again, and I had

a very nice dinner in his spacious, airy house, which was surrounded by a well-kept, large garden. There were two other young men there, a German and an Englishman, and the evening passed most pleasantly. The dinner was very good.

Next morning I got a note from Freudenberg telling me my boat was not coming in till 3 P.M., and wouldn't sail till next morning at 7 A.M., and would I let him know at what o'clock I would want the carriage to take me to the harbour, and the launch to take me to the boat. Having still the terrific heat well impressed on my mind, which I suffered in the cabin with all the portholes closed on account of the coaling, I decided to get up early and go on the boat in the morning, and so after the bulk of the luggage had been taken there the evening before and installed in my cabin by Duenker, and Cocky had been handed over to Mr. Peter, who offered to keep her for me till I came back, which was very pleasant, as I haven't to drag her all over Japan, Tim and I started next day at 6 A.M., and duly arrived at the boat at a quarter to 7 A.M. She really started punctually, that is to say at half-past 7 A.M., which for a boat was surely a lot. She was a nice clean boat (the *Derfflinger*, N.G.Ll.), making her first voyage, and very comfortably arranged, and with an excellent cook. What was charming was that in the dining-room there were only small tables, so that if one wanted, one could have one's table to oneself, which of course I did. My cabin, being on the upper deck, was very nice and roomy. The only thing that was a pity was that in spite of my "honniest" visit to the nice captain, he was sorry he couldn't allow me to take Tim on the promenade deck. I was allowed to walk her on the lower

deck, and he graciously made an exception, and let me take her on his special deck, but there was no railing there, and I was afraid with her liveliness she might tumble overboard, so we could only walk in the third-class ; but of course I was allowed to have her in my cabin.

There were only twenty-five first-class passengers, so that was very pleasant ; the boat was practically empty. I hate a crowd. The sea was very smooth, and a coolish monsoon was blowing, which made it pleasant enough.

We started August 2nd. The heat in the Red Sea, it appeared, had been something terrific, hotter than ever before, and one steward had died of heart failure ; and a first-class passenger, a lady who was going out to Shanghai to get married, had a heat attack, and was dangerously ill for days, and indeed still laid up. It appeared she went off her head, screamed frantically, and finally dropped in a dead faint on the deck. Yesterday a Chinese stoker died of heart failure too ; they say he drank too much ice water. Maybe !

On August 5th we arrived at Penang, and left on the morrow morning at 9 A.M. On the first morning, after my bath and change, I had just settled in my deck chair, which, with the embroidered Cashmeri cushions, looked like a throne, when a young man, evidently a German, came up to me, his elbows well stuck out from his body, and walking stiffly, he clapped his heels, bowed stiffly, and said—well, some name I haven't grasped yet, but it doesn't matter—by way of presenting himself. He had a paper in his hand, and pompously, and with lots of "Sie werden guetigst verzeihen," told me about the steward, and that they had started a collection for his widow and children, and so on. After I had handed him my humble share we talked together, as he looked nice,

and was obviously anxious to talk. He was a Saxon, knew a lot of people I knew, had actually the presence of mind, when I answered a question of his by saying I travelled to paint, to say that he had seen (and of course admired) my exhibition at Dresden last year. He was going out to Japan to the Embassy for two years, and was quite amusing and nice. So I saw more of him. Last night he told me a very funny thing that had happened to him.

There is, it seems, an American on board the boat (German-American), an awful creature, who wears his hair long, and seems never to wash, and stalks about the deck with hurt dignity at being treated like the other passengers, as he is a professor of natural history. Kuehne (that, I think, is the Saxon's name) pretends he saw him catching fleas on the dirty poodle which lives on the third-class deck, and belongs to the American Consul's wife, who is going out to Japan: the professor put them into a small box which he carried in his waistcoat pocket. Well! this most odd-looking creature has the same name as the laughing Saxon. The latter had ordered some white suits, as everybody does who comes out to Colombo (Healy ordered himself seven, as if he hadn't enough already as it was). Kuehne, the Saxon, was called one morning at 5 A.M. by two awful-looking bearded ruffians, who stood in his cabin, saying "Master! Master!" He sat up in his bed, half-drowsy still, as he had made a night tour through the gambling and drinking hells of Colombo the night before with some other youngsters on the boat, and seeing some large bundles on the floor of his cabin, thought of course they were his clothes. "Show them to me," he said. He had the feeling, though, that the bags moved, but of course attributed that to the after-effects of the larky night he had had.

"One very large one, very rare one," the man said, diving his hand into one of the parcels, which proved to be bags, and pulling out an enormous long, thick, wriggling snake, and before the half-sleeping man could say anything, he held it up for inspection close to his face.

"Master want to see the other ones?" said one of the men.

But Kuehne says he never jumped out of bed so quickly in his life, and perched on the sofa in pyjamas, furiously cursed the people, and asked what the dickens they had brought him snakes for. He had never ordered any snakes.

"Isn't master's name Kuehne?"

"Yes! but what the——"

"Here is the order for Kuehne," and they waved a paper at him in one hand, in the other holding the wriggling snake. There undoubtedly was the name Kuehne, though not in his handwriting, and an order for several snakes. I forgot to say that he never knew before that the tousley man's name was the same as his, and so, perched on the sofa of his cabin, draped only in his pyjamas, he ordered the ruffians to catch the other snakes, which by now wriggled happily about the cabin floor, having escaped from the bags, and so this little story ended.

The professor of natural history was, it appears, greatly indignant when he heard the story. I told the Saxon Kuehne to be careful, as the tousley Kuehne leaves the boat at Singapore, that the baggage master does not make a mistake about the luggage, handing out the wrong trunks there, so that he will arrive in Japan, and instead of finding his uniform ready to dress for presenting himself at the Mikado's, he will only find boxes full of fioles with fleas, snakes, and other reptiles in spirit.

August 7th.—We should have arrived to-day at twelve, but of course it was 3 P.M. before we got in, and now we are only expected to land at 5 P.M.

One sees already lovely islands dotted about, but the sea hasn't the lovely blue-green colour it generally has, although the sky is quite clear. I have just seen a large shark. Horrid-looking animals I think they are, with their disgusting oily, greasy-looking skin. I remember quite well the first I saw, not knowing what it was, and how horrid-looking I found it and its clumsy, ungraceful movements; it was disgusting!

Miss Schmidt, the Shanghai bride who had the attack of heat, and has been ill ever since, and who two days ago was already half dead because the heart was not working properly (they only revived her again with icy douches), is better to-day, and they brought her on deck. Her bridegroom will have a nice surprise when he sees this washed-out love of his—if ever she reaches Shanghai alive.

Tim gets every day nicer and more original. She hates the Yankee dogs, although as a rule she likes to play with other dogs. But I must say these are both very badly mannered, and both being males most inquisitive, and she hates flirting. They are regular Yankees. Duenker tells me as soon as she sees them come, she insists upon being taken on his arm. She is a funny little independent beggar.

My table steward has a strong squint (he's a little bit deaf besides, as a matter of fact), and I study with a certain interest how he tries to put the plates in front of me so that the initials should be straight before me. It always takes him quite a time, and each time I watch it with the same interest, and each time it is with the same wrong effect. It is always at the same crooked angle. Poor devil! Now

he squints with his physical eye. What about the people who squint morally? Why, that might exist! They think they are putting their plates in life at a right angle, the wretches, according to their squint, and it is at a wrong angle according to the moral standard of the unsquinting majority. Naturally nobody pities them. Whatever they do is at a wrong angle.

Last night the band played a resumé of Tannhäuser, and played it even very well. Three of the musicians have been for three years in the Dresden Opera Orchestra. I noticed how people talked at the top of their voices. It was awful. Really, average people are pigs. I think it is bad taste to play serious good music at dinner, one ought only to play waltzes and such light things; it is almost a sacrilege to play a thing like Tannhäuser. Of course one cannot expect the poor waiters to serve roast turkey and stewed green-gages in tune and feeling to the "O du mein schoener Abendstern." But the feeding public might at least have the decency to be quiet. However, as I say, the average people are pigs or animals, which comes to the same thing practically. How few have raised themselves mentally above the animal state? Most are materialised brutes, in no way better than an animal; worse even, because they ought to know better. They pride themselves on having "thoughts," whereas in the animal it is only "instinct." This seems to be the only great superiority of the *bête humaine*, as Zola so well calls it. But where does the difference come in, for instance, between the arrogant "thoughts" and the "instinct"? Does the man, the crown of creation, not go into the dining-room for his food instead of into the bathroom? That's nothing else but "instinct," or is it "thought" in the animal that makes it

go to the pig-trough instead of to the dressing-bag for its food? Bosh! People are not an atom better than or superior to animals—at least the majority are not. Here on board, for instance, are professors of natural history and chemistry, officers, lawyers, students of law, captains, rich merchants, planters, of all nationalities, and what do they really do the whole blessed day long, *all* of them without exception? They raffle and drink and play cards, “to pass the time!” Not a single one of them ever has a book in his hand. In Penang, where the Botanical Garden is really lovely and a sight to be seen, none of them went to see it, although they were all there for the first time. “But what is there to be seen? Only Nature? Oh no! that doesn’t interest me!” *La bête humaine!*

This entrance into the harbour is really very pretty, with all the islands scattered about under the already setting sun. I’m going up on deck to watch the entrance into the harbour, although I’ve seen it already five times. It is too pretty to miss.

Singapore was not very exciting, because it was too hot. We could only go on shore at 5 P.M., as I had predicted. When did captain keep his time? As soon as I had put foot on shore an idiot of a policeman came up to me asking for a doctor’s certificate for Tim, and began his stupid talk with the idiotic question, “Is this dog yours?” Do I look like a man who clips dogs? Isn’t it astonishing with what stupid things people start a conversation? Well, this ended with my having to take the poor little Tim back to the boat, as I hadn’t a certificate. People in Singapore, consequently, in my eyes, are d—— fools. And we had both looked forward so much to a nice run in the Botanical Gardens! So I rikshahed alone to the bird

shop, where they were very pleased to hear that my Cocky was so well, and they promised to get me some really good Chinese geese for January. First of all I love geese; I think them awfully attractive and so clever (perhaps I had something to do with the Capitol in a former incarnation), and then these Chinese geese are especially pretty, fascinating indeed, and make such a curious wild noise. Then they lay a lot of eggs, hatch well and rear easily, and are very good to eat, and as it is very cold in China, they will do very well at home. Besides, I know they do well in Silesia. The greedy thoughts are really only the second thoughts, first comes the goose mania. They will look so pretty on the Tschrine and on the lawns, especially as the Chinaman is only going to get me grey ones. His shop is a real Zoo, and he keeps and treats all his animals so well. The lovely birds and parrots he has! And then he has, too, some baby monkeys of the variety of Flossy at the Beach View Hotel. If Healy had seen them he would undoubtedly have bought them. I must say myself they are most attractive-looking little beasts. Those salmon-coloured cockatoos are not, as I thought, from Australia, but from near Malacca.

Then I drove to the stick shop, but they had no good ones; they promised to keep some for me so that I might have them on my way back. I wanted still to drive to the Botanical Gardens, but my coolie was so stupid as not to speak English or German, or I so stupid as not to speak Malay or Chinese. I could not make him understand what I wanted, and he drove me in all sorts of directions, but I didn't get to the Botanical Gardens, and as it got dark I had to return to the hotel to change for dinner.

The night was very hot and the situation of the hotel

very noisy, and I was sorry after all I hadn't gone to the quiet old Van Wyk Hotel. But Singapore remains a fascinating place, with all its many nice Chinese and many other different nationalities, its big squares and lawns and fine buildings, its well-kept, prettily laid-out grounds, and especially the amusing life of its streets. One has not eyes enough to take it all in, from the ambulant barber to the ambulant restaurant—everything in the middle of the traffic. The rikshahs, the bullock-carts, the pedestrians, etc., etc., are all picturesque, novel, and amusingly fascinating. It is a real circus.

Duenker, who had had to sleep on board on account of the poor Timminette, came ashore in the morning with the news that the boat was to leave at 10 A.M., so one could not do much; besides it was terribly hot, so I dressed and drove back to the boat. The captain was in such a hurry, that he might have had contraband on board.

A lot of new passengers have come on board, which is not agreeable.

Half-an-hour after we left Singapore it was already cooler, on account of the north monsoon. Timmchen was delighted to see me again, and so was I of course to see her. At Hong-Kong we stopped only one day, so I didn't take her on shore, but I bought a basket for her there, so that at Shanghai, where we stop two days, I can smuggle her on land unnoticed in case there too they have the idiotic quarantine.

August 10th.—The heat is great in spite of the north monsoon, and in spite of our going north all the time. One can make the most interesting studies in "undress." It is astonishing how grotesque and unæsthetic people mostly

are in this state. Most of them are of course only horribly vulgar, and if one thinks how universally the human being clashes with and spoils the perfect harmony and glorious beauty of Nature, one wonders that people have not more sense than to get themselves up so grotesquely. Take, for instance, an Arab. Does he ever clash with the landscape? Never. He is clothed from head to foot, and is artistic. Take a European with a stiff collar, billycock hat, and a tweed suit, and how monstrous he looks in his long trousers. And then when people begin to let themselves go, and come to the undressed state! In this they imagine themselves quite artistic (the stupidity and vanity of the human race is boundless), but the European has such an utter and total lack of the æsthetic and the artistic sense, that when he attempts anything of the sort it is generally an utter failure, and he is only grotesque. Even in a pair of bathing drawers one can appear smart and elegant (not that I mean to say that our passengers have come *so far* down in their *déshabillées*), but it is a fact. Even a pair of bathing drawers can be put on smartly or unsmartly, and if I were not afraid of shocking my kind readers I would give a little sketch of the two different ways, but for propriety's sake it is perhaps better that I shouldn't. Here we have come only to the collarless and tieless state; waistcoats have been discarded, but belts and sashes are thought superfluous as well, and monstrosities appear, which make me pace the deck with double energy. Yesterday the chief engineer stopped me and said, "Count, according to your height you ought to be at least twice as fat. I believe you walk too much." I could only smile down on the enormous excrescence he carries about with him, and thank God that I haven't to drag such a bundle with me through the world.

What would my horses say if I returned with a tumtum like that? I expect they would kick me off at the first ride. I must say that a bathing suit would be most appropriate to this muggy heat, and as far as surprises go, there would be none at all, for in this horrid undressiness, in which the passengers parade about, there is not the least doubt, not even the possibility of a doubt left, about the human (and sometimes inhuman) shapes of the greatest number of them. They are beauties!

The "petit Moise" (I don't know his name, and therefore christened him like that) has spoken to me to-day, to the great delight of the whole boat. I was simply dumbfounded, but, after all, why shouldn't he? Don't we travel on the same boat, and isn't that a sort of "free pass"! Besides, it is too hot to be stand-offish. I'm morally *en déshabillé*, therefore I was too weak to snub him. Then he touches me by the almost childlike *naïveté* with which he said that he had longed, had indeed been dying all this time, to make my acquaintance. (He's a Jew.) His simplicity had really something disarming about it. I like natural people, and if I hate anything it is to pose. Well! at least he didn't pretend anything. Besides, I quite intend to use the letter I've got for the S—— at Shanghai, and can one be more "mosaic" than they? So why not a little preliminary canter with "le petit Moise"?

I hope the typhoons have blown themselves out by now, although it is the season for them. In Hong-Kong one is actually not allowed to eat fish, as 700 Chinese have been drowned in this last typhoon. Sea fish are always dirty things. One never realises it, but they are disgusting, and when during the Japanese war a troopship was sunk, and 2000 soldiers were drowned, people laughed at me

because I would not eat sea fish. Now at Hong-Kong it is forbidden by the police, and for a similar reason.

August 13th.—Yesterday, at 2 P.M., we arrived at Hong-Kong. The muggy heat was awful. It was as if you sat in an overheated bathroom, but all the same it is a fascinating place, and I'm awfully fond of it. Besides, Tim was allowed to land too, and thoroughly enjoyed it.

After booking a room at the Hong-Kong Hotel, and, oddly enough, having got the room Miss Elliott and Miss Christal had, beside Healy's and mine, Tim and I started for a shopping expedition. They had made the grass-cloth napkins very well, exactly copying the Canton model I had given them, and the fat man beamed at my praise. The other affairs proved satisfactory too, and so everything was all right—"pour le mieux dans le meilleur des mondes possibles!" But I simply steamed and dripped with the heat all the time, even though I walked slowly and in the shade. It was overwhelming, and altogether not an advantageous moment for Hong-Kong, for I've seen it look much prettier. It was as if Nature even had drooped in the steamy heat, and the recent terrific typhoon had of course broken lots of palms and trees, and pulled down branches and torn off leaves. It must have been terrible; another 3000 people perished in it, and 500 sampans were sunk. No wonder one is not allowed to eat any fish. The nice English hotel manager told me he had never before been in such a terrific typhoon; it lasted for four hours, and the whole huge building of the hotel, which stretches in one solid mass over a whole block, with four streets round it, had swayed and rocked. He had finally thought it would fall

down, as lots of houses did. Of the big vessels only one sank, as they had all had warning twenty-four hours before by wire from the north, and all the boats in the harbour were under full steam. I only hope we shan't meet another on this journey. I don't trust our captain a bit; so let's pray for calmness, and peace.

It rained now and then yesterday, but the rains haven't made it a bit cooler; on the contrary, they have only made it more steamy, and therefore hotter. Towards six, when it had got a little bit cooler, or rather a little bit less hot, I took a rikshah and drove with Tim as far as the racecourse, and walked home from there along the Kennedy road, which runs along so prettily half-way up the hill, and allows you such a lovely view over the town and the lovely harbour. But my thoughts wandered to the pleasant walks we took here last winter. Only Tim enjoyed herself thoroughly romping about, the little mite. In town she was very good too, but there I had her on the chain. I thought it would be safer. She was so cheeky with other dogs, and there are such a lot of horridly mangy dogs in all Chinese towns. The night didn't cool down a bit.

Yesterday, just after we had landed, poor Miss Schmidt had a wire telling her her young man was dangerously ill, and laid up in the German hospital in Shanghai. One can imagine how the poor girl, just barely escaped from death's jaws herself, was upset by this bad news. The wire was dated August 7th, so as nobody had enough initiative to do anything, I wired, answer paid, to the chief doctor at Shanghai to inquire, and late at night got the answer that he was hopeless. It was too late to send the message to

the boat ; besides, the nice young doctor had agreed with me that it was better not to tell her anything of the sending of my wire till we had a *good* answer, and if it was a bad one, one must prepare her gradually to bear it. I think if it had been a good one—no, I'm sure about it—I would have gone myself to the boat and brought her the good news. Alas! this was not possible. All this tragedy has impressed me greatly, it is so awfully sad. She is quite alone in the world, having lost both parents and four brothers. She has been engaged for several years, he has now a very well-paid post in China, and she came out to get married to him. Now he is dying, and when she arrives most likely will be already dead and buried. She doesn't know a soul out there.

This morning we were due at 11 A.M., so I went to buy her some flowers. The flower market is lovely, and so picturesque, in a narrow side street going steeply up the hill, like those little steep streets in Naples. The vendors have all their flowers daintily arranged in huge baskets in front of them, thus lining the narrow street with one coloured garland of flowers.

When I arrived on board and brought her the flowers, I found her crying bitterly, poor thing. The doctor, whom I took aside and showed the wire, agreed with me it was better not to show it her, but to chuck it into the sea. He had gone to the North German Lloyd boat, which had just arrived from Japan and China, where he had spoken to the doctor, who had told him the case was a hopeless one, as the young man suffered from tuberculosis of the intestines, etc., etc., and was through and through tuberculous. So they were letting him quietly die. Perhaps, almost certainly even, when she arrived, he would be dead and buried. My

rage flamed up at this again afresh, and I must let it out in a few insulting newspaper articles. To think that the serum exists that will save all those poor devils from a horrid death, as it saved me, and that through savage jealousy and partiality, and lust of gain, the doctors won't use it or let it be known. Of course it would ruin so many rich doctors! They are the most unscrupulous, hard-hearted, selfish, commonest set of people that exist, and it is really time that the public should emancipate itself, and refuse to stand any longer the old-fashioned medical nonsense these vultures of humanity impose on human society. Mind, I know perfectly well what I am talking about. I have been for eight years in the claws of these unscrupulous and mercenary brutes, whose only interest is their own vanity and their purse. I had the pleasure of testing the medical men of four different nations. I got, alas! to know them intimately during daily intercourse, and so my high opinion has been formed of this unscrupulous, mercenary, vain, selfish, and heartless gang of charlatans. Of the minor doctors I don't speak; they are generally poor creatures, who have to make a living somehow, and, after all, medicine is as well as another profession, though it requires less intelligence than most people think. The average country doctor is just as ignorant as most vets. He has studied when a youth, passed several exams with more or less luck, and so he settles down comfortably somewhere in the country or in a small town, is pompously called "Doctor," and kills people respectably to the end of his life. Most of them have no finer senses, no intellectual understanding of the origin or the character of the patients, no "psyche" whatever. They treat everybody alike according to scheme "f." If the case is the slightest

bit above the average tooth, stomach, or headache, or a cold, they put on an important face, talk of interior complications, and let the patient die. I've had a lot to do with these ignoramuses in my country place, and you English people, don't you carry your insular noses any higher. I've been in England enough to know quite well that the case is just exactly the same there, not an atom better; while in Italy and France it is worse. Of course I know that there are a few exceptions, really marvellous, clever people, intelligent, kind-hearted, disinterested, and all that, but there are devilish few of them, believe me. Unless the right medicine of thought is taught, there is no real help. But it makes me furious to see that simply on account of this beastly selfish lot of professionals, over a million people die every year of tuberculosis, of whom at least one-third could be saved, if not more.

The little Italian navy doctor, who is going out to join his boat in Japan, just came up at that moment of my wrath, and as I was just beginning to talk to the nice little doctor of our boat, I let all my sudden fury out on them as being the first doctors I could insult. Of course I began quietly, but they had the rashness to want to argue, and came in with that beastly word "professional," etc. So then I flared up: "Hang your professional secrets and standards, etc., etc."; and poured out my illness, my experiences, my sufferings, and what I had learned of their "professional rot," and left them at last, mouth and nose open at such vivacity and faculty for insult in one otherwise so amiable and quiet, to digest their "professional" humbug, and smooth each other's ruffled, if not plucked out, feathers. It is to be hoped that for all the heartbroken sorrow and tearful grief these brutes without any conscience bring on

so many people whom they bereave of those most dear to them, for all the intelligences they crush, all the splendid futures and worthy existences they murder, they will suffer in other lives for years and years to come. It would be the right punishment for their utter lack of conscience.

Yesterday I met the nice stewardess from the *Prince Sigismund*; very smart she was, and she seemed very pleased to see me, and asked a lot after the others, and to-day Count Schwerin, the purser from the same boat, came on board to see me. It was nice talking of that pleasant time. How wee and small the world is!

There were two young Chinese students here on board, dressed in European clothes, and as nobody talked to them, and they appeared rather lost, the poor things, I had spoken to them now and then. The other day one of them asked me if I had seen Macao, and I said yes, I didn't care much for it, the only pretty place in it I thought was a lovely garden belonging to a rich Chinese banker, with lovely tiles in the wall. At that moment I had really forgotten all the poor tortured plants, clipped into crippled grotesqueness, and my enthusiasm was genuine. He smiled, and said it was his father's place, and produced photos of the garden and his whole family. He hoped that whenever I returned to Macao I would come and stay with them. I promised it firmly, all the more as I have not the slightest wish or intention ever to return to Macao, which I think is most disappointing, and secondly, because if I really should by any chance go there again (does one ever know what one is going to do?), I have the firm intention to go and stop with them there. It would be rather interesting to see a real Chinese interior. I hope they won't treat me to rats and worms fried in castor-oil!

Of course we have more cargo to take, as the captain thought, and we don't start before 1 P.M., but the harbour is so fascinatingly interesting with its busy life, that time flies. It is very lucky I don't live here; I would do nothing all day long but watch those fascinating Chin-Chin-Chinamen load and unload, and all the delightful life on the charming junks and sampans.

A fine misty rain fell incessantly, that did not make it any cooler by any means, but through it the harbour looked like a fine gouache painting, with all the misty hazy distances, the half-hidden, often entirely washed over, distant hills and islands; the many mediæval-looking junks and sampans, with their high prows and tattered tan-coloured sails, the busy steam-whistling little launches hurrying to and fro, the large imposing steamers towering above all that smaller crowd, were an amusing, interesting sight. Then, finally, the exit from the harbour too is very pretty, with all the different green islands making a charming contrast in the blue-green sea.

As soon as we were on the open sea the sun shone, and the north monsoon cooled the air most pleasantly. Before the boat left, the Manila people who had left our boat here came on board to say good-bye. Their boat, the *Prince Sigismund*, was sailing this afternoon. Mr. Redfern was quite normal, nice, and well-mannered as ever; the young German assessor had better have kept away instead of displaying his parting feelings, strongly mixed with wine. When he was sober (and I had only seen him like that) I rather liked him, but with glassy eyes he was awful. He leant in his, shall I call it intoxication?—quite close to me as I was leaning over the parapet of the boat, watching the fascinating Chinese loading and busying themselves, and as

I was afraid he would fall, for he apparently steadied himself against me, I had an opportunity of looking at him closely. I thought he looked awful, and from a distance he had looked rather nice and clean, and well-groomed. Everything was so vulgar and thick on him, his hair, his skin. I think people are seen more to their advantage from a distance, and even a very large distance. There are very few only who can stand very close inspection. Those, of course, are then all the more attractive the closer you see them. Well! this was not the case with Dr. Nord-something. He was from Cologne.

Tim was greatly admired by the Chinese, who all said "Chin, chin!" but I think it was more on account of her coat, which is growing so strongly now, and she looks so fat, and they thought perhaps what a good fat joint she would make.

Late in the night we passed through some enormous fishing fleets, which sailed quite close past us, and howled and yelled in an infernal way. I thought at first they were pirates, and was happily excited at the prospect of a little skirmish, but they turned out to be harmless fishermen. They looked fantastic enough in their bronzy nakedness, lit up in flashes by our lights as we passed them swiftly.

Now it must soon begin to get cooler, as we are continually going north, and then I hope my valet (German) will get normal again, as apparently he can't stand the heat. It is astonishing how little uneducated people can stand. In this instance I must say the Englishman stands more than the German; the latter collapses at once. I honestly think the Englishman has more nerve and pluck. How the stewards perspire I cannot describe. Altogether

the service, which otherwise is so good on the Lloyd, is very bad on this boat. It is a pity they haven't Chinamen, who are such good waiters, and are otherwise so wonderfully attentive, almost better than the Arabs. Only the food is really excellent.

Shanghai, August 17th.—Now we really have a typhoon. This comes from all the stupid people having wished to be in one. At least we are in the tail of one, which is stupid enough. One does not know yet properly what typhoon or which. Since yesterday it has been announced. All the typhoon signals are drawn up, not one junk is to be seen, and all the other big steamers are under full steam, ready to go to sea at once. We, of course, are the same. The sea breaks in high yellow waves, which wash on one side over the upper deck, and at lunch the storm howled and whistled so, that one had to order the things from the stewards by pointing them out on the bill of fare, it was impossible to understand one word.

Yesterday at 8 A.M. we arrived at Woosung, which is the anchoring place of Shanghai, at the yellow-watered mouth of the Yangtse-kiang River. An enormous sandbank here stops the large vessels from going farther up into the river, which otherwise would be easily navigable for several miles up-stream, even by the largest boats. We had to lay-to the whole night still farther out to wait for the tide, having arrived the night before at 11 P.M. We are supposed to have moved on then at 3 A.M. I slept of course. It was ages before one could go on the tender, on account of that stupid quarantine business, and finally we only went at 11 A.M., although all the people were ready at 7 A.M.! I appeared last of course, as I know these tricks, and was

very much envied by all for having slept, and not hurried unnecessarily.

Fräulein Schmidt I found in floods of tears, Miss Ullmann stood not far away from her leaning over the railings, and as I appeared on the deck, which was empty save for these two, she spoke in a low voice to me, saying, "Excuse me, Count, look at poor Fräulein Schmidt; you know her, please go and talk to the poor thing; she must have had very bad news, and there is nobody to comfort her."

I must say this touched me, and I thought it was very kind of the lady. I thought, of course, Fräulein Schmidt had the news of her young man's death, but she told me he was still alive, but *in extremis*, and had wished that they should be quickly married. She would go straight to the hospital, as they had to be married at once. In face of such a tragedy one is speechless, but it seemed to be a comfort to her that I sat beside her, and so I remained with her and the little doctor, and I accompanied her to the tender. We sat so that we had her between us, and tried to screen her from the many curious gazers. How tactless people are! Nobody knows it better than I, having been trundled about the world in bath-chairs and on stretchers, when people would pass quite loud remarks about my "not going to live long," and so on, after they had stared unabashed at me as at an animal in the Zoo. We tried to make her brave and pull her up as much as possible, but I personally don't think she was quite right in her head. Everybody said she was so changed since that heat attack. Of course I didn't know her before. She did sometimes say extraordinary things, which some people on board misinterpreted, and seemed to me to be rather

hard on her. At the pier the chief doctor's wife was waiting for her ; she looked very nice and sympathetic, and they drove away together.

The whole way from Woosung to Shanghai, up the Yantgse-kiang, is ugly. It is quite flat country, without any trees, and reminds one rather of the ugly parts of Galicia. Besides, the pea-soup river !

In Shanghai itself it was awfully hot, and as it was Sunday the principal shops were closed, and comparatively little life was going on in the streets, as always in an English town on a Sunday. But Tim was allowed to land, so that was something to the good.

I had promised Mr. Kuehne, as all his other friends had left at Hong-Kong, and he knew nobody here, to show him as much of Shanghai as possible, and so he followed me about like a little dog. He is a nice and funny young man. I got to like him, and we had long talks and walks on the boat together. First we drove to the Astor House (the hotel) to take rooms. Through Miss Schmidt I had made the acquaintance of Miss Ullmann, and then she had patted Tim, after having asked if I allowed it, and so one word had led to another. But, in fact, the conversation had first started because I hadn't been able to keep serious at a story she had told so very funnily near me that I couldn't help bursting out in an uncontrollable fit of laughter. So she had turned round, and when she saw how heartily I laughed, she laughed herself, and as I apologised we commenced to talk, and she told me the story again, which made me laugh again, though in its way it was not at all laughable, but then she told and mimicked it so funnily. Besides, I had read a chapter in *Prentice Mulford* the evening before, which had made me take new resolu-

tions. It was about my neighbours. It is really a wonderful book ; I don't know what I would have done in life without it. The oftener one reads it the more it helps and works.

The story (not *Prentice Mulford's*, but Miss Ullmann's) was, that in the night a man came into her cabin. She woke up, and felt somebody creeping on to her bed and trying to lift her nightdress, as (she is so frightfully outspoken in such a natural funny way one cannot help laughing) it had been hot, and she had slept without her blanket. She jumped to her knees, and found herself kneeling opposite a man in her bed, and of course she began to yell. She says she was not properly awake, as she had slept so soundly, but when he heard her yell he rushed out of the cabin, she after him, but lost him in one of the passages ; and although Mr. Holle had rushed out of his cabin at her shrieks, and had tried to get him, they had not been able to catch him. So they complained about it to the captain next morning, and as she said she was certain it was one of the stewards, an investigation was begun. Then the nice fat stewardess who always looked after Hugo heard it. She came forward and said she thought it might have been the same steward that had come on the same night into Fräulein Schmidt's cabin. She had recognised him distinctly. As the doctor wanted somebody to watch with Fräulein Schmidt, the stewardess had slept on the sofa in her cabin, and had been awakened by a steward coming stealthily into the cabin and going towards Fräulein Schmidt's bed. She had sat up and said, "What are you doing in here?" upon which he had rushed out. She supposed it might have been the same. So the man was called, and, after denying it at first, finally confessed. So

now he is locked up and handcuffed. And who do you think it was? Nobody else but my squinting table steward, who had been removed from my table, thank God, as I had taken such a violent dislike to him, several days ago. He is married and has several children. But I must say it is a long time since I have laughed so much at a story as I did at Miss Ullmann's, as she really told it too funnily for words, and mimicked wonderfully well. And then all the nice Viennese expressions made it still funnier; so we struck up a friendship, and Tim sealed it!

Of course if a thing like that had happened in poor Italy, all the virtuous Europeans would have indignantly talked about the perversion and sensuality of the Latin races. But in Italy a thing like that would not happen. The captain wanted to hush it up, but I urged Mr. Holle to be firm, and we kicked up such a row, and propagated the story so much, that he found it impossible to hush it up. I told him he might consider himself very lucky that it had been a strong-minded woman like Miss U. who was the victim, because had the brute sat on Fräulein Schmidt's bed, that hysterical female with her weak heart might have had a stroke and died there, and then what a nice fix the company and he would have been in!

After lunch Kuehne and I drove to the hospital, as I had promised Fräulein Schmidt to try and speak to the chief doctor, as it had been said it was tuberculosis the young man suffered from. Perhaps one might induce him to use Marmoresk serum. The rikshahs drove us first to an awful Chinese hospital, as they must have misunderstood us, and it is a real wonder that we didn't get the smallpox, plague, or cholera there. We saw some disgusting things, and the smell was terrific, almost as bad as in that hospita

in Florence opposite Muenstermann's pharmacy, where I had to go once on account of Cora's dead coachman, and where the dirt, the sights, the outrageously insanitary arrangements made me incapable of eating meat for a whole week. I'll never forget that dirt. Well, this Chinese one was almost as bad, but the Italian one was worse.

When I reached the chief doctor, passing monstrous sick beds and horrid wounds, and awful half-naked, disgusting bodies, we found to my relief that we had come to the wrong place. So we tried further, and arrived finally at the German Hospital, which is large, spacious, and very well kept, with a large garden, nice English nun-nurses in it, and the chief doctor is German. He was out, but the nice old Mother Superior told us all we wanted to know. Mr. von Jaminet was *in extremis*, quite beyond any hope. It wasn't tuberculosis, but a sort of dysentery special to the Chinese tropics, and he had come into the hospital in a really too advanced state. They had expected him to die every day, and had only kept him alive at his special wish by all sorts of artificial things, so that he might see his bride once more and could be married to her ; but they had all doubted of success. Yes, they had been married ; he had been quite conscious, although he was unconscious all yesterday. No, he couldn't live over the night, if he lived even so long ; but he was quite quiet now, though slightly unconscious for moments. Fräulein Schmidt had been awfully upset. If I wanted to see Professor Krieg, I was sure to find him at his house. So we drove there, but he had gone out. It is a lovely house, close to the German Consulate ; so I felt I had done my duty, and left my card with my address. I really couldn't do more.

We then drove to the silk king, where I wanted to

order the yellow silk for my new room, and at Kuehne's request I made them show me all sorts of silks, although I hadn't the slightest intention of buying. He was in raptures. I must say they had lovely things—crêpes, satins, taffetas, moirées, shot-silks, etc., etc., everything one can think of in woven silk, passed before our admiring eyes in the loveliest shades of mauves, pale blues, greens, purples, greys, etc., etc. It really was a rare display of lovely tints, and a pleasure to see so many pretty things. Finally, we tore ourselves away and drove to the Chinese city, for the silk king has his shop in the mixed European part of the town, where Chinese and European shops are mixed. It took quite a long time to get there, and as the greater part of the shops were shut, it looked rather dull. We saw a lot of interesting things though, but of course if everything had been open the picture would have been much gayer.

At the Chinese town we had to get out of the rikshahs, as the streets are far too narrow to allow a rikshah to pass. The outer wall was surrounded by a large moat, full of the dirtiest, stinkiest water I ever saw. Here again I was astounded that they didn't all die of typhoid fever. Across a wide, long bridge we reached the outer wall, buttressed and with old-fashioned guns on the top. Round it were piled up those large porcelain and earthenware bath tubs one uses everywhere in China, as the shops for these are here. Through a low archway with a heavily nailed and hinged door we got into the inner walled part between the two walls. The thickness of these walls is immense. Past the outer wall we came to a small square where the guard was stationed, looking more than mediæval in many-coloured costumes, with the most extraordinary spears and

lances, with long coloured horsetails hanging down from their tops. I was sorry there was nobody in the blocks, a thing you can see very often here. This little sort of square is held entirely by ironmongers. The guard looked much as if they had just stepped out of a cheap pantomime or a circus. Through a second porch or archway, just as deep, though of course not in the same line with the first one, so that, as in all fortifications, one shot would not pierce both gates at once, we got into the real town, which is a regular rabbit warren of incredibly narrow streets lined by low houses, hardly more than first floor, and where the first floors or balconies almost touch. Then the many sign-boards in wood and paper hanging down from the roofs and balconies make the streets almost dark and cool and shady, but very close and smelly. It is very interesting, but one can hardly describe it. The shops all open to the street, are all on the ground floor, and have prettily carved and gilt banisters or railings to separate them from the streets. Inside one sees lovely things, all nicely arranged and much to their advantage. All the wares are in glass cases, especially the curios and the jewels. These shops are real museums of vases, jades, ivories, rock crystal, ambers, boxes, cups, spoons, figures, gods, porcelains in all colours, and paintings, embroideries, and old brocades, delightful old snuff-boxes in jade, amethyst, rock crystal or glass, limoge or topaz, etc., etc. Everything is so well arranged, and with so much taste, almost daintily. Behind the cased counters with their many treasures sit on chairs the slim pale Chinese, their foreheads irreproachably shaved, their pigtails minutely plaited, the upper body quite naked, and down below the quaint wide trousers of black calico, or white linen, grasscloth, or lavender-coloured silk gauze.

There are fat Chinese, and incredibly slim ones, with very intelligent, well-cut faces, narrow, long, oval faces, with thin, well-cut noses, Napoleon like, with arched eyebrows over their large, clever, fine eyes. In the narrow, beautiful hands, with the long nails and thin, dry wiry fingers, they hold either a pipe or a pen brush. In the jewel shops are lovely pale sapphires like deep water, pink-rose quartz, lovely cut jade ornaments, beautiful pearls unfortunately all pierced, quaint gold trinkets and ornaments. Then the fan shops, the chemists', where everything is preserved in spirit, from the scorpion and the snake to the small child, as this spirit is sold as medicine for all maladies; the barbers' shops, with beautiful pigtails and ladies' chignons, which would be the delight of any bold old Chinaman, beautifully black and shiny; the paint shops, the picture shops, with their Buddhas, their flowers or people painted on rice paper; the horrid public kitchens reeking of disgusting fat in which things are fried, and the greasy smell of which makes one almost sick, and all the wretched mangy dogs waiting for the chips and refuse; the pipe shops, the shops with *exvoti*, from the life-sized paper man to the gold and silver beglued paper money, everything for burning in the temples as offerings; the lottery shops, the incense shops, the cutters of seals, the dentists with cups full of old teeth in disgusting grey-ness and grinning new râteliers with shining white teeth and coral pink gums; the compass shops, the fish shops, with baskets of live tortoises, the counting machines, the dominoes, the bootmakers, etc., etc., the lantern makers, etc., etc., the carpenters, the coffin shops, the tailors, the washermen—everything side by side in a wonderful mixture. We dawdled for hours through all these fascinating streets, went into many shops, but bought nothing because

I found the prices very high. I only purchased a very pretty spectacle case of green snake-skin. Kuehne couldn't resist some things, like every one coming out to the East for the first time, and why should I have hindered him if it amused him? I know how annoying it is if people who have been here before continually tell you about everything you find pretty: "Oh! but that is rubbish, wait till you see," etc. It is aggravating. Sometimes the rubbish shops are just pretty in their rubbishiness.

Then we went into a temple, in which there was nothing interesting except the life of the dealers and to watch the people, because just to-day there was a sort of a fair there, something after the Florentine *grillo*, and they were selling green grasshoppers which sing exactly like the *grillo* in all sorts of cages—of wickerwork, wood, glass, paper, some very prettily manufactured. Everywhere it was almost impossible to pass because of the booths made of bamboo sticks and mattings, where they sell, besides the grasshoppers, all sorts of European rubbish, porcelain, cotton ware, enamel things, etc., etc., and the whole place was noisy with the many grasshoppers' song, an almost deafening noise. It is rather touching if one thinks that they take these wretched infernal grasshoppers into their dingy, stinking homes and feed them there on rice and lettuce for weeks, so that they should sing, and thus give them in their stinking, crowded, gloomy dwellings the idea of sunshine and of a blue sky and a green meadow with lovely summer flowers. How strong in everybody is the craving for God's free, beautiful Nature!

Behind the temple was a large Chinese garden, with most grotesque rockery. How totally different are these Chinese gardens from the Japanese ones! The Chinese

garden is chiefly a tortured, inartistic crippledness, while the Japanese gardens are mostly artistically-copied miniature Nature, often so well copied that the average European thinks nothing of it, as it is so natural that he thinks it quite natural that it is there, and never thinks that it was all created artificially in this little spot. All the same, originally the idea came from China to Japan, the idea of these dwarf landscapes, like the porcelains and the silks. But it is the same with these as with the rest: the wonderfully artistic Japanese, who to my idea beat any nation in artistic conception, have emancipated themselves from the stiff, tortured, formal *stylisé* original, and their marvellous love and conception of Nature, their subtle cleverness and graceful, refined taste, have led them to work, to conceive, to create in this unparalleled free, ingenuously bold, and daringly clever way an art of their own, and with such wonderful results. Under Louis XIV. and Louis XV. Japanese art influenced greatly French art. There was hardly in that time a castle that was complete without its Chinoiserie and Japoniserie. Look even at Chippendale, how many Japanese and Chinese motives he introduced into his carvings, especially in looking-glass frames, and now again the "Art nouveau," the "Jugendstyl," is absolutely influenced by Japan. I don't say that I find the latter pretty. It is copied or imitated in a heavy, stupid, senseless way, but most of the people don't even realise that it was inspired by Japanese art; yet it is the same at bottom, only utterly distorted and misunderstood.

In the middle of the tortured garden was a large tea-house, with indescribably bored-looking tea girls in their long coats and trousers, with their dull, expressionless faces and ugly way of having the hair cut straight on their

painted foreheads. Here, again, is a striking contrast with the Japanese—these bored, dull, stiff creatures here, and in Japan the daintily-arrayed, little graceful girls with their sweet manners and fascinating smiles. Of course in Japan you stop to take tea, although you never wanted any at the beginning.

The heat was really awful, and the air frightfully stuffy. In one shop where Kuehne wanted to buy through me a painted Buddha, I felt I was melting down in all directions. We might just as well have been in a steam bath. Kuehne looked beamingly at me and said delighted, "Ah! now even you commence to perspire! Now, thank God, now even you commence to perspire!" What there was to thank God for I couldn't quite see, except that he was pleased not to be the only one to continually wipe his face.

At another shop where he stopped again for an endless time, I bought myself a cheap fan, having left mine at home, because I was literally melting; and I noticed, thank God (this time really), how the rikshah coolie, who had followed us smilingly all the time, wanted to wipe my face with his handkerchief, which I had just seen him pull out of his small bathing-drawer garment, the only thing he had on besides a huge pointed straw-hat. I stopped him in time, thank God (really), with a smile and a kind gesture towards my own handkerchief without hurting the commiserating soul's feelings. I couldn't help laughing, all the same. We still wandered a long time through the narrow streets. I had promised K. to make him enjoy himself, and he was like a child; and so, though I began to be tired, and the stuffiness was awful, I let him enjoy his first Eastern outing. He was so thankful, said in the other places he had seen nothing of that interesting kind, his friends had only taken

him to bars and music-halls. That's generally what the young European travellers do.

The old mandarin castle in its large pond-like moat, even if it is filthy, looks lovely, with its curved roof and lovely old blue-tiled windows and fine bronze window-gratings. The big tea-house, besides, to be reached over a long zigzag bridge, swarming with people to-day, looked lovely in the full sunshine with the green reeds round it. But I was glad, all the same, when we finally returned to our rikshahs and trotted back to the hotel, where I undressed myself entirely, and was just about to step into my bath with a big lemon squash in my hand, when the room boy came and announced Professor Krieg, the chief doctor of the hospital. I couldn't have dressed again for the world, and I didn't know where my valet was, and I couldn't keep the man waiting; so I slipped on my galabia and asked him to come in. He told me at once of the wedding near the sick-bed, etc., etc.; and after he had poured out all his news, it came out (what the nurse had already told me) that Mr. von Jaminet had not tuberculosis at all, so his case was really hopeless. He, too, thought he was going to die that night; they had really kept him alive artificially for the marriage all this time, and now the body was collapsing entirely. I expect the strong will and wish had still more to do with keeping his wretched body alive than all the medicines. Now his wish is accomplished he will die. The spirit gives up the struggle, it has nothing to remain in the outworked body for. But I can't help it, I find the whole thing frightfully tragic; it is all like a novel.

After dinner we went with a guide into a Chinese theatre and the opium-houses, and I must say I was aston-

ished how clean these latter were. I expect the guide (an extraordinary mixture of nationalities, having been born of Russian-German parents in Constantinople and being naturalised a Turk) took us to the respectable ones. I am very glad, because I think one can see interesting things just as well without going, like some people do, to the worst places. He was a very nice man altogether, and spoke German fluently, which he learned during the Boxer War, as he had a canteen then with the German troops. What odd existences one finds out here in the East!

Kuehne was delighted, as he of course had never seen anything like it, and his genuine thankfulness was really nice to see. The theatre was very good; all the actors were girls, even those that played the men's parts. They had lovely embroidered costumes, and the lack of scenery was just as funnily amusing as the noisy music (if one can call the infernal noise they make music) was trying, and the smells were worse; but it was so full of a local tonality, that one took it all into the bargain.

Punctually next morning at 9 A.M. the tender left. We were there in time, and as it just began to move away from the pier the Holle-Ullmann ménage appeared. They ran as hard as they could, and frantically waved umbrellas and parcels. No use! I tried to stop the boat, but the man wouldn't listen; the chief engineer was even very rude, and said that they had orders to leave punctually. At that moment the tender turned slightly, and the prow of it almost touched the pier, and to my great astonishment I saw Fräulein Ullmann make a jump, and she cleverly reached the boat and threw me her parcels, while I pulled her up. Mr. Holle had swiftly jumped on board too. I must say we were all astonished at her agility, because she

was by no means slim. I couldn't help laughing as she, once safe on the now fast-moving boat, only said, "Good heavens, my eggs!" and opened a pink paper parcel she had tightly gripped all the time and peeped in. They were chocolate eggs for Hugo she had bought, as he had gone to her at Hong-Kong and showed her the chocolates I had brought him, saying, "The Count brought me these! I expect 'Du Gnaedige Frau' has forgotten me!" She was very pleased to see that her chocolate eggs were unharmed. It was only a pity that nobody photographed her, she looked too awfully funny. Everybody laughed.

Hugo is a little boy with whom I made great friends over my typewriter. He is four years old, and is going out with his mother to join his father in Yokohama, a Captain Pohl, who is something there of the Lloyd. He is supposed to be naughty, though I don't think so. The other day he said to Fräulein Schmidt, whom he hated just as much as he did what he terms "her doctor" (the ship doctor), after gazing intently at her for some time, "You are really just as stupid-looking as you are ugly."

She told it me furiously, saying she couldn't understand how I could play with this horrid child. Well, he has the bad taste to find me neither stupid-looking nor ugly, and we get on very well. The mother is a living Rubens, the type of the monumental blonde, healthy female Teuton; she is from Hamburg. The four eggs were really all right, but if Hugo's stomach is the same, I shall be surprised.

The Shanghai papers had announced for this morning a typhoon, and an awful storm raged, it is true. Everywhere the typhoon balls were hissing, no junk was to be seen, the pie-coloured river had high waves, so that we got quite wet on the tender, and had to change on the *Derfflin-*

ger. When we finally reached her after an hour's sail, we were told that we shouldn't leave before night, since, on account of the heavy storm, they couldn't unload. It was aggravating, because one might have spent the day more pleasantly at Shanghai. During lunch the storm raged terribly, and a lot of the people were terrified. We and all the other boats were under full steam, so as to be able to go out to sea at once if it got worse. There was no possibility of taking or unloading cargo; the cargo boats had to be tugged into safety, and, besides, they were so jammed against our boat that they would have injured her, and the sea washed over them continually, so that they took nothing in but pea-soup from the Yangtse-kiang. To go on land was impossible, because no boat could or would take one; so we had to stop all the day where we were, being allowed to enjoy the dreary view of flat and ugly Woosung, with its few houses and chimney-pots, and the railway station, the other steamers, and the turbid pea-soup.

It was heavy, hot and thundery, close and oppressive, and one was tossed slowly, swinging about at the anchor chain from one side to the other by the howling storm, which sometimes drove the yellow waves over the upper deck, so that all the sun sails had to be put up.

We only left, after all, on August 18th, the day we were due to arrive at Nagasaki, at twelve in the middle of the day, after the real danger was over, and we had been able to take in and unload some cargo, but of course not half of what we ought to have had.

In the afternoon the captain, whom we hadn't seen all these days, came past me in oilskins still, and said, decidedly grateful and pleased, "Well, now, we are out of the typhoon! now the danger is over!" I had noticed yester-

day how nervous they all were, although they wouldn't admit it. The chief engineer had been on the *Prince Sigismund* in that typhoon two years ago, of which the nice captain had told me when I crossed from Australia to Hong-Kong in February, or whenever it was. This typhoon lasted for forty-eight hours! and the compass went wheeling round continually, and with it of course the boat. He said he had never experienced anything like it. The captain was tied to the bridge, but he said none of the crew were nervous, as they all knew the captain was such a wonderful steersman.

So to-day, August 19th, we were swimming happily along over a slightly-moving blue sea towards the land of the Rising Sun. To-night at 6 P.M. we are expected to arrive at Nagasaki. To-morrow morning we shall go on, as we are already late. I hope Jinija will be at Nagasaki. Duenker is grand at mending socks, but as a travelling servant or courier he is hopelessly continental and stupid. If beloved Hendschel was with me everything would be perfect. Then I would doubly enjoy Japan. Well, one cannot have everything.

XV

JAPAN

WE arrived at Nagasaki unfortunately so late, that we saw nothing of the lovely harbour but the lights. But even these are pretty in this artistic country. It is impossible to believe how artistic these people are, even in the arranging of quite trivial things, as, for instance, the putting up of their lanterns on their sampans (little rowing-boats), which of course at once swarmed round our boat. My delight was really great when I saw Jinija's cheerful, boyish face coming up to me beamingly, and he was just as pleased as I was I could see, because, if one knows the Japanese a bit, one can see at once whether it is only the formal smile of politeness or genuine pleasure. His delight was really genuine, and it was like old times. He couldn't get over my looking so much stronger and stouter, and so well, as he amiably puts it, "so much younger-looking." He himself looks exactly the same. The years have passed him without leaving a mark, and as Miss Elliott, who was so satisfied with my recommendation of him, wrote, he is like a naughty schoolboy who is always cheerful. What a blessing it is not to see a sulky face!

As I had promised the Ullmann couple to show them as much of Japan as possible here, we went ashore in spite of the late hour. Kuehne sulked. He was offended about some rather risky, joky remark of Miss Ullmann's, and

although I told him she hadn't meant anything serious, his dignity was ruffled. He said quite reproachfully he wouldn't have minded if she had told him it privately, but before Mr. Holle and me! "And you," he added scornfully, "laughed!" Well, I couldn't help laughing! I admit it was going rather far, but I'm convinced she didn't realise what she said. Then she was so awfully funny because she mimicked him, how he had walked round the deck, and last, but not least, she was right. He had tried to attract her attention, he had told me so before we knew her, so of course his feelings were rather hurt at her imitating his efforts to make an effect on her. She really ought to go on the stage, as she says she almost made up her mind to. She would have an enormous success.

So Kuehne sulked and cut off his own nose to spite his face by not coming with us. We went ashore in the launch, then took rikshahs and drove for an hour through the almost sleeping town. The shops were hardly open by then, as it was too late. But a toy-shop was still open, and we entered to buy something for the little Hugo. On this drive through the half-sleeping streets, almost dark with their lampions (paper lanterns)—the wooden or paper shutters of the low houses closed—throwing a vague light and some still vaguer silhouettes, we saw people in the deepest undress sitting in front of their houses fanning themselves or bathing, others stalking about on their clattering wooden sandals in the short linen kimono, the towel over their shoulders, just returning from the public bath. Still others were playing *échec* on the raised platform of their houses, sitting on the spotless matted floor under the shade of a paper lamp. The peeps into the neat interiors of the houses now and then, showing an

old gold screen, a dwarf tree in a porcelain or bronze pot, an old pale-coloured kakemono, and everywhere the incredible cleanliness, everything shining, sparkling, the light-coloured woods of ceilings and pillars and frames, etc., etc., were charming, and a soft feeling of sympathy and homeliness crept over me, stealing on me as though somebody had softly pushed his hand in mine. No! I shan't be disappointed, as I had feared at first; on the contrary, I shall like it all the better. It will say still more to me, and I shall understand it better. A charming, reposeful atmosphere surrounded me, and very happy and simply delighted I went to bed that evening.

August 21st.—I got up early in order to see the pretty harbour. We were supposed to start at 4 A.M., but of course it was much later, in fact we only started at 10 A.M., but one is not allowed on shore any more. It was really a lovely sight this harbour of Nagasaki, and nobody has described it better than Pierre Loti in his charming book *La seconde jeunesse de Madame Prune*, which I think altogether is the best book he has written on Japan. It is full of that exquisite mystic charm which pervades this graceful country. All these green hills and mountains, with their many little houses and villas, surrounded by pretty gardens, the curved roofs, the quaintly shaped pines, the clean sampans with their clean, muscular people. Even the coaling coolies in this blessed country are clean.

The coaling finished, everybody changed at once after washing himself or herself, for here women coal as well as men. All donned clean clothes, which had been stowed carefully away, the boats were scrubbed, and the coaling clothes washed at once too. And everything went on so

cheerfully and gaily, that one felt cheerful and happy merely from watching them.

After we had left the pretty harbour we passed some very prettily-shaped little islands, with their twisted artistic gnarled pine trees, but the stupid captain went so slowly that we only got into the real inland sea after it was dark, so that we saw nothing of this really lovely scenery for which I purposely stopped on the boat. It was such a pity, because it is really lovely and quite one of the sights of Japan.

August 22nd.—Jinija called me as soon as it was daylight, and I made the steward call Kuehne as I had promised. It was 4 A.M. and nobody was up yet, and so we could be on the deck in galabia and pyjamas. Of course we passed the best part of the inland sea at night, but it was pretty enough still. The lovely scenery, with the many small islands crowned by gnarled, twisted old pines in fantastic shapes, reaching with their long branches far out over the sea, sometimes almost touching it, hanging on the side of the rocks like swallows' nests. The bays, near which, half hidden in thick clusters of camphor trees, in camellia and bamboo groves, the many fisher hamlets were nestling under the hill, with their gabled and thatched curved roofs, and the promontories, on which the lovely temples stood, flights of mossy old stone steps leading up to the sanctuary through the thick pine woods, were beautiful. In the more distant valleys the mists were still rising snow white, and everywhere the spick-and-span clean sailing-boats, with their naked bronzy crews, sailed about like gulls. The shore was still covered with the filmy bluish morning mist, like a thin veil, opalescent, and it softened

down everything as in a mezzotint. Here and there the high, thatched, curved roof of a temple stood out of it, or the upper part of a large tory (a sort of gate), the tops of gigantic, fantastically shaped old pines, while in the foreground the waters were sparkling in the first rays of the rising sun, making long trembling reflexes where a sailing-boat emerged on this rippling, glittering surface. Everywhere something new and prettily fascinating was to be seen, one never got tired of looking; and Jiniya's soft, harmonious voice talked and explained, like the murmur of a brook, in his friendly, cheerful way. Kuehne asked why all the boats were new, and was very much astonished when we told him that they were not new at all, but only so cleanly scrubbed and kept that they looked like new. I remember I thought the same when I first came here. One can really not believe the cleanliness, or get oneself accustomed to the idea of it, unless one has seen it. They are wonderful people.

Towards 7 A.M. we were again in the open sea, which was uninteresting, and there was nothing to do but return to our beds.

At 11 A.M. we entered the harbour of Kobe, which seemed to me greatly changed since I left it. It has got prettier.

Until the quarantine doctors had come on board nobody was allowed to go on shore, so we lunched on board, and we still had plenty of time. We were all standing on deck waiting to be able to land, when all of a sudden Messrs. Assuma, Hikkonesan, and Nogaki rushed up to me beaming. Really for a long time I haven't seen people so delighted and genuinely glad to see me again. They almost kissed me, and wrung my arms almost out of





HARUNA TEMPLE, IKA.

my shoulders. Jinija of course had brought them up, and joined again in the chorus ; and they laughed, and talked, and smiled, and patted me on the back, and caressed me as if I were a child, beaming on me all the time. It really was touching and delightful to be welcomed so heartily. They were delighted, and all agreed that I looked ever so much better and stronger and fatter, so altered and changed to my advantage. I admit that, although I am not vain, I prefer this to being told, " But how old and ill you look." I think nobody has the right to tell you that ; one should always make the best of a greeting.

They were so excited and gay that the whole boat assembled to see this ovation, and some passengers said, " Well, Count, there is no doubt at least that you left a good memory in Japan."

In triumph I was then escorted down to the tender, and we almost fell into the water, as each of them wanted to hold my hand, and Nature had unfortunately provided me with only two. Each coolie and each Japanese was told beamingly who I was, whereupon they in their turn beamed on me, and bowed with the particular hissing note in drawing in their breath through their teeth. It sounded as if one was in a stable where they were grooming horses. Thus I was escorted to the tender, and from there again to the pier.

Here a gentleman, unknown to me, bowed and whistled up to me, and told me that he had come from the hotel proprietor who used to manage the Yaami Hotel. He, it seemed, had unfortunately scorched his foot, and was unable to do himself the honour of coming and welcoming me personally on the boat, but he hoped I would do him the honour of using his carriage and honouring his hotel with

my presence, and taking tea there till my train left. So we all scrambled into his carriage, and were first driven a little bit through the streets of Kobe and ended at the hotel, a fine building with quite a nice garden behind it. Here was the proprietor and several of the old boys from the Yaami, and the greetings and the delight began over again. The cocoa and the fruit were excellent, and he wouldn't hear of payment. This time I had to accept it as his guest ; if I would only be so kind as to sign my name in his book—thank you !

Kuehne accompanied us as far as the station, and then returned rather sadly to his boat. The train started at 6 P.M., and it soon got dark, so that one saw very little of the lovely landscape, which was a pity, and towards 8 P.M. we arrived in beloved Kyoto.

As I stepped out of the compartment Messrs. Assai and Benten were there to welcome me, the latter obviously nervous of how I should receive him. But I was in such a rosy mood that I couldn't cut him or be stiff to him for anything ; besides, it is not my nature to be vindictive. I always forget the nasty things and only remember the nice ones, and then it is so long ago, it is almost no longer true. He was delighted that I was so nice to him, poor thing, because four years ago we parted in wrath—that is, on my side.

My old rikshah coolie was there too, and simply kissed my hand all the time and bowed. It was all too touching for words and too nice and delightful, and went straight to my heart. Several railway officials recognised me, and bowed smilingly. It got to be a regular ovation, this arriving at Kyoto, and Miss Ullmann says I was received like the Mikado in person.

In a landau with two long-tailed greys we were driven to the hotel through the delightfully lit-up streets, where one looks in at all the fascinating shops and houses, but would like best to go into them at once and buy and admire. No! What was it that was all so fascinating and lovely? By now I was again quite mad about Japan. What was at Nagasaki still like a vague feeling had by now already become the reality of wild enthusiasm. Nippon Banzai! Nippon Banzai! I find it above all description fascinating, attractive, and lovely, and am again enchanted with it. What I am thankful for is that I am not disappointed. I didn't know the hotel, but the hall was full of old, well-known faces, and the delight and pleasure of their greeting was really almost fanatic. Honestly, I nearly cried, I was so touched. Who had expected such a welcome?

There were almost all the boys from the dear old Yaami Hotel. I had the same room boy, the same bath-room boy, the same table boy, I needn't order anything, everything was done as by enchantment; the smallest of my fads was remembered; it was as if I had come home. I was surrounded by love, affection, care and attention, and cheerful friendliness, and I was really deeply touched and affected. I can't be so bad a person after all as some people want to depict me, or these people here couldn't be so pleased and delighted to see me again! And they must have kept a good and kind remembrance of me, otherwise it wouldn't be possible, and they would not be so attached to me.

My rooms were real flower exhibitions; all the tables were covered with magnificent flower arrangements with dedication cards on them. No world-known actress or singer could have been more feasted. It was really a sight!

In the evening I fell asleep with sincere tears of gratitude in my eyes. Nippon Banzai! Nippon Banzai!!

August 23rd.—One thing only is missing to my entire happiness, and that is that beloved old Hendschel is not with me, she who appreciates everything so much, is so capable of enjoying it all, and would have been so proud and pleased to see my welcome here. Alas!

In the morning I went to Jida's silk store, which really in these four years has improved beyond description. He carried out my advice, and has made in his wonderful embroideries, cut velvets, and needle paintings only the good old Japanese designs, instead of the European rubbish which was unworthy of his art gallery. And in these things he has reached an artistic perfection which even surpasses my wildest expectations. A good oil-painting or a fine water-colour is really nothing compared to them. They are wonderful pieces of art, not only mere clever technique as when I was here before, but real marvellous art. Where are we in Europe? We can pack up! These people are really astonishing and of the highest interest, and to my taste the most artistic nation I know. In Europe one really only sees the rubbish made especially for exportation, which no Japanese, not even the poorest, would put in his house. The best, the really beautiful things all remain in the country; they don't make them at all for other countries. Some few collectors have such pieces, especially in Paris and Hamburg, but the public in Europe only sees Japanese art paper fans, thickly embroidered satin screens, and gaudy gilt vases.

I spent at Jida's really heavenly hours, a real treat. He was delighted with my enthusiasm, and promised to show

me another time things entirely made for the Japanese, and some of his old kakemonos, which he had in the godown, and must have taken out for me, which always takes some time. It is such a pity that he doesn't talk any English, and I am so stupid as not to talk Japanese, because he is such an artistic old man, and I would love to talk to him. As it is, everything has to be interpreted.

To drive along through the streets is a pleasure, and makes one happy and gay : this cleanliness, this harmony in colours, dresses, movements, these lovely buildings in their taste and simpleness, nowhere anything that forces itself vulgarly or clumsily on your eye, everywhere the plants, trees, flowers, up to the most touching little tree in the shabbiest shop, the lovely stalls, all open to the street, which are all arranged with so much taste ; the fish and the fruit shops, real *vivre morts*, looking like a Rembrandt painting ; everywhere the polite, clean, cheerful, gay population, with its incredible charmingly courteous manners and forms. One is bound to feel happy and cheerful. Even a funeral here has something amiable. All the nicely robed priests, following the two bearers of enormous artistic bunches of flowers, in measured dignity, then again two flower bearers carrying tree-sized flower arrangements, long loose branches, half trees, not the horrid, tortured stiff wreath, sometimes indeed carrying whole little pine trees mixed with long stalked flowers ; then the little coffin (they are buried here in a sitting position) covered with a pretty bit of silk or brocade, carried by bearers, while another holds a large red parasol-baldachin over it, then the mourners in their best kimonos with white handkerchiefs on their heads, reminding one of those the Campagna peasant women wear. There is

nothing hard, nothing gloomy, nothing lugubrious in such a funeral; amiably they lived, amiably they are carried to their last resting-place. In Europe everything must be as gloomy as we can make it, and all the same every parson in Europe teaches us that this world is but a valley of grief and sorrow, and that it is a blessing and deliverance to be free of this sinful body and to get out of this wicked world to heaven, which they picture to us as a place where we shall sit in a long "nighty" with goose wings, playing on a golden harp and singing "Alleluia" to all eternity. But when we have departed from this sinful, wicked world, the valley of sorrow, and have, or, according to their teaching, ought to have, reached the happy state, everything is made as sad, lugubrious, and mournful as possible, instead of—well! I won't say exactly gay, but at least pretty and nice.

This afternoon I've been in the gardens of a monastery which I knew already, but I always like to see it again. These gardens have on me an incredible mystic attraction, an indescribable charm. They are so well kept, and their luxuriant greenness and mossiness are delightful. I have copied this garden in my Japanese garden at Halbau, only there it has still to grow more together. But I see that we copied it very well.

In the evening Benten had arranged an entertainment for me. He had first asked if I would accept his invitation. It was a sort of harvest dance for the coming rice harvest, which only takes place once every year in the month of August, and is performed by the peasants who work in the fields. Of course I accepted with alacrity.

After dinner we trotted there in our rikshahs through the faintly lit streets and avenues that led to his new country

house. One who has never driven at night through these Japanese streets, especially through those farther out, where only country houses and temples lie, cannot know what poesy is. The pale lamps shedding a fairylike misty light on nature and buildings; the creepers hanging down over fences and walls, and throwing fantastic shadows on them like an old Korin screen; the bamboo sprays, gracefully swaying above the wicker fences on which thick cucumbers and vegetable marrows climb up, as if an art gallery or a clever theatre decorator had draped them there; the curved roofs and graceful porches are infinitely charming. Now and then in the dim light of his paper lantern a silent walker, or a graceful woman stalking along on her high wooden sandal shoes, passes you, everything in the vague, artistic half light of the paper lampions, the absolute quietness everywhere amid the soft smells of flowers, leaves, and damp earth, is of such a harmony and poesy, that it almost seems impossible to describe it. One must see it and feel it for oneself. Of course in such a country artists can grow, everything becomes art here, even the commonplace things.

Then one comes again to long pine avenues leading towards old temples in mystic gloom, and this flimsy darkness is lit up vaguely by old mossy stone lanterns. Everything is like pretty stage scenery, almost too pretty to be reality, too artistically fine; but in this country it is reality all the same. One lives in art. I think these wonderful people have grasped the great problem, and are right. They create round them an artistic atmosphere in every little detail of their daily surroundings.

Benten's new country house is very pretty, and surrounded by a large garden, which is lit up entirely by huge torches in iron baskets, while the whole house is illumi-

nated by paper lampions all of the same shade and colour, because the bad taste of mixing all sorts of colours and shapes together the Japanese in his high artistic sense leaves to vulgar Europeans. Of course the total effect is much better and finer through the lampions being all of the same form and colour. They are all in the hakkama—that is, the dress of ceremony, reminding one of a divided skirt; but I don't think I make a mistake when I say that the divided skirt was copied from the hakkama, as the hakkama was the old court dress for hundreds of years—I almost said long before Europe was invented, surely before these emancipated, unwomanly sort of creatures and females were invented who want to outdo men in every sport and thing. The hakkama is very becoming.

After I had been conducted to the seat of honour the dances began, which indeed were very pretty and quaint. They were only executed by young men, really those who worked in the rice-fields, dressed in light-coloured cotton kimonos of the same pattern, and they danced with little drums in their hands, which they beat in time to their steps, and accompanied by weird, melancholy, but not unharmonious-sounding flutes. It was just as graceful as quaint, and the steps, measured and dignified, were very pretty, and they made very pretty groups. The skill with which they beat their little drums all together as if they were but one while they danced was wonderful, and the whole thing must be something like the war and sword dances of the old Greeks. It reminds one very much of these old pictures and friezes.

Finally they executed the famous dragon dance. Four men danced this, always two and two, making one dragon in a long, most naturally arranged cotton dragon, with



THE DRAGON DANCE



weird-looking, wonderfully modelled head and movable jaws, tongue, and eyes. One makes the fore the other the hind legs, but it is not grotesque, as is so often the case when animals are represented like that in European pantomimes. They worked so well and in such harmony in all the movements, that it looked most uncanny and life-like. One was red, the other a vivid green. The dear little meikos, who had all sat in front of us at the beginning of the dance, like graceful butterflies, all fled screaming behind us when these monsters appeared, and were not to be persuaded to come out again as long as the wild dragon-dance lasted. Several children began to howl at sight of them. I must say they were the most life-like and uncanny-looking things I ever saw.

As it was quite one of the sights of the year, and usually only performed in the temples, I had told Benten, who had asked my permission, to let the people from near his house by all means come in and witness it too; and so the house, open on all sides to the lovely warm summer night, was thickly surrounded by a crowd of eager faces, of women, girls, men, and children, and it made a lovely picture, the crowd in their varied garments enjoying themselves thoroughly. What, again, struck me was the charming manners and respectful decency and quietness of all that crowd. If I think of a European crowd, how loud and vulgar it is! But this lends to the whole performance still a special local character and relief. The dragon-dance really was an acrobatic art-dance, and graceful and pretty. I was only glad that I hadn't to dance it myself in that heat, covered up in that tight hood. It must have been suffocating. Sometimes in the animated battle they stand either on their fore or hind legs, gesticulating with the

other part of the long body in the air frantically, and all our circuses could have learnt from them. They were wonderful, and besides, all the movements were measured, snake-like, graceful. It was hardly to be believed that it wasn't a real huge reptile, but two people. At the final struggle they cleverly threw long thin white paper cuttings over themselves, which looked exactly like the saliva of the fighting animals. It is really incredible what they were capable of doing. The music of drums and flutes accompanied it all most weirdly, with a pastoral chant.

Then we were all photographed by flashlight in a group, and then the little meikos began their dances, accompanied by the geishas. I am not going so far in my Japanese enthusiasm that I pretend to admire this sort of music, but the dances were really lovely, so graceful, the movements so pretty and harmonious and dignified. It looked like an old painting. Of course it was all conventional and *stilisé*, but very pretty. I had not remembered it as so pretty and graceful. But there was one dance especially, executed with two fans (one in each hand), that was uncommonly pretty and charmingly graceful. Some of the girls were very good-looking in their vividly coloured costumes and rich fine obys (sashes) made of magnificent silk brocade. They made lovely pictures, and looked like shimmering graceful butterflies.

Afterwards there was a supper on the first floor, with champagne and excellent fruit, when the little meikos couldn't get over my eating peaches with fork and spoon, and each wanted to learn it. I had a great success and had to teach them all, and they each of them came and perched on my knees to be taught. It is astounding how clever and nimble they are with their little hands. Charm-

ing little things they are, and with such good manners. If one thinks of European dancing girls, how vulgar they would be! Typical again was the position of the wife in Japan (which seems to me the only country where they keep women in their real place). Benten's old mother did not appear at this supper, although she was in the house. She sent now and then up to inquire if I were enjoying myself, but she would not dream of coming up herself or showing herself. This was by no means (don't think that) because she thought the society of the geishas and meikos beneath her, not at all; now and then they went down to see her, but it is not the fashion in Japan for ladies to mix in entertainments given to men.

After the table had been cleared and removed the little things asked to play blindman's-buff, and it was lovely to see how gracefully they glided about the matted floor to evade the blindfolded man. They really looked then like charming butterflies with their long voluminous obys of magnificent material, some interwoven with gold and silver, fluttering behind them as they ran and slid like huge wings.

After some time, as I had got so animated that I had joined in the game to the universal delight, I asked if they didn't get awfully hot in all those kimonos and thick heavy obys, because although all the windows, or rather paper shutters, were wide open, it was very hot out of doors, and in the house worse. I was told they kept them on out of respect for me. When I told them that as regards me they could take them off a shout of delight filled the room, and immediately all the little dainty butterflies glided to the centre of the room, ending in a sitting-kneeling position, like water-fowl landing in the lake after their flight, and

they began to undress. It was awfully amusing, although I had seen it all before, how neatly they went through that performance. All their finery was taken carefully off bit by bit, folded together neatly and heaped in one bundle. They displayed a grace and decency in this undressing such as no European woman would be capable of. They took the flowers and filigree ornaments carefully out of their elaborately dressed hair, and everything was tied up in a large silken handkerchief. One took a long, last glance in the little pocket looking-glass every girl in Japan carries on her, a last touch of powder to the nose or forehead, a careful dab with the little handkerchief to the reddened lips, readjusting the hair with the little hand, turned to the little neighbour meiko and asked if everything were in order, who glanced at her critically, then with a little smile and courteous reverence got up and glided back to the outer circle to the men, who in their turn had taken off their hakkamas and ceremonial kimonos and were in the thin, light-coloured under kimono of crêpe, looking nice and cool. The little meikos had all the same under kimono, these being of white silk crêpe from the waist upwards, and down below a geranium-red, and the ends of the long sleeves from the elbow down were geranium-red too, so that the slim little figures were quite white on the top and red from the waist downwards. The gorgeous, shimmering butterflies had emerged from their undressing process into slim, wee little children, figureless with thin little arms, and no forms whatever, almost touchingly childlike. Well, they were nothing else but children, being from twelve to fifteen years of age only. Miss "Dragon and Lightning" looked exactly like Valentine Cora when she was that age. Of course now the merriment and gaiety were redoubled

as one was more free and cooler, and the laughter and happiness and wildness were charming. But it didn't get for one instant vulgar. If one of the men now and then got perhaps a trifle risky the little things put him quietly in order at once, and in such a nice, natural, graceful, quiet manner that he didn't recommence again. This nation is not vulgar; I really think they can't be common, they are too artistic and æsthetic for that. I often think what an example our European, even so-called well-educated, young ladies could take from these little girls of the people. In Europe they scream and speak like dairymaids when games like that are being played, and the prettier they are the more they scream. Here everything goes on gaily, but nicely.

We parted only at 2 A.M. I had enjoyed myself thoroughly, and Benten, the poor thing, was delighted that we were friends again.

August 24th.—I paid several visits to people I know, and had to show the photos of Halbau and the Japanese garden, which all interested my friends very much. I had to explain of course everything. They were delighted when I told them that they were to write their names on those they wanted to have, and that I would order other copies for them in Germany.

In the evening we had a large dinner at Mr. Jida's, who had asked me to invite Miss Ullmann and Mr. Holle too, as they had arrived with me, and he thought they were my friends. The dinner was in an old, well-known and very spacious tea-house near the Yaami Hotel, with a lovely little garden behind it. But he, Holle, behaved like a *blasé*, stuck-up idiot; he turned up his nose at everything,

knew everything better than any one else, had everything better, and criticised everything and everybody. He would get on my nerves tremendously if we had to be together much, whereas Miss Ullmann gets nicer every day one knows her, I must say that. She is loud, yes, but really very funny and naturally amusing, and witty and gay, and very good-natured. They make a very bad couple, and I think this ménage won't last very long.

The dinner was a great success and very gay and good, and even grumpy Holle began to melt and enjoy himself. The essentially Japanese dinner was excellent, the meikos danced very charmingly, and we were all very gay. My special young friends were there too, and it was all a great success. I really did enjoy myself immensely. They were all so nice and natural and gay.

Several of the geishas recognised me again from four years ago ; already yesterday I had met some old geisha friends, and we had heartily renewed our acquaintance, and the delight on both sides was great. I'm even getting two offers of marriage ! I really think with the modern sort of European females (one can hardly call the modern, up-to-date sporting creature a woman) a man who likes his home and wants to have it made nice and comfy, and to have a loving, tender wife who cares for him personally, and will look after his comforts and pleasures and happiness, instead of a tom-boy and a bodiless creature, a sporting youth who only thinks of her own amusements, sports, bridge, etc., etc., and wants only to amuse herself the whole day and have no responsibilities whatever, only a "jolly time" or "lots of fun," such a young man, I think, does a very clever thing if he marries a Japanese wife. They at least are still "womanly" women, and here in Japan the woman has

still her proper place. She is her husband's wife! In Europe, and in America especially, the husband is nothing else but the unpaid servant of his wife, a necessary, mostly unwanted, incumbrance, who is useful to pay bills and back the wife up and enable her to be more free. That's why she gets married. And his acquiescence is stupidly called "chivalry!" In what does the "chivalry" consist? To sit in your office all day long and make money so that your wife can spend it without you being even present and enjoying it, or her pleasure at least in spending it; to have to look after the house yourself and everything else, so that My Lady may follow her sports or play unmolested, her bridge, etc., etc., or travel about, etc., etc. No, I really do not quite see it. And it is not chivalrous, it is simply nonsense, and a distorted situation, and women must not complain if the divorce courts are filled. If they would keep in their place instead of wanting to outdo the men in every possible thing there would be more happy marriages. Other people seem to be of the same opinion too. In Murree we walked once from the Parkers' rooms one evening along the general verandah, on which rooms in Indian hotels always look out. Of course the doors of all the rooms stood wide open, and as the rooms were lit you could look into them and see what was going on without even wanting to be indiscreet. You couldn't help seeing what was going on. In one room adjoining the P.s' apartments a young, handsome man sat, of decidedly the military type, under a lamp reading a book. P. asked me afterwards if I had seen him, and he told me that he was one of the "too many modern married men." He was not well enough off to keep a nurse for their baby, and so he (an officer in one of the regiments) had to sit up every night

and watch the baby while his wife went to balls or bridge parties. Such are thousands, I'm told. Now, where does the "chivalry" come in there, for instance? It is only stupid, nothing else. With a Japanese wife a thing like that would be impossible.

I take the following from a newspaper :—

AN ENGLISH LADY'S LETTER TO A JAPANESE

"America a World of Women"

The *Yorodzu's* correspondent Kwazansei, writing from Edinburgh, sends to the journal the following letter received from an English lady friend of his who wrote it on board the German steamer *Princess Alice*, on which she was travelling to Europe. Some of the passages of the letter will be read with interest, though much of the original charm has no doubt been lost in the process of the double translation :—

"These lines are written in the middle of the Atlantic on the fifth day after leaving the 'Devil's Gate.' Yesterday one of the European steerage passengers was confined with a child. Although we are used to such things, it may prove interesting to you. From your point of view it may appear strange that a woman about to become a mother should set out on a voyage across the ocean. But we Europeans are so accustomed to and so fond of travelling, that we do not think much of these things.

"I will tell you as an instance a curious fact. A certain man and his wife, who are both Scottish by birth, and have never seen London, have a son who is registered in a London parish. But although a registered Londoner,



KYOTO FROM YAAMI HOTEL.



he, like his parents, has never been to London. He calls himself an Australian. The fact is that he was born on board an English steamer while his parents were emigrating to Australia. And, in accordance with the custom at the time, the new-born baby was registered in a London parish. Now, this Scottish-English-Australian gentleman married a lady of Irish extraction born in America, and therefore the offspring of the union should, as a logical sequence, be Scottish-English-Australian-American-Irish. . . .

"I observe that the gradual disappearance of home life is more pronounced in America than in England. I know of a couple in Boston who, in order to get rid of the annoyance incidental to housekeeping, disposed of their residence and are now living at an hotel. This class of 'civilised nomads' appears to be steadily on the increase. There has been a marked increase in the number of divorces in America of late years, especially among the upper and moneyed classes.

"America has now completely become a world of women. The premature decay and death which is increasing among the men in America should largely be attributed to over-work in their efforts to make money for the women. In fact, it appears as if Americans are working solely in order to please women. The latter can secure a large amount of alimony in case of divorce, and obtain by legacy all the property of their husbands in the event of the latter's demise. It is said that an American millionaire, being advised of the serious illness of his daughter in Europe, instructed her medical advisers to bring her to America at once. When remonstrated with as to the danger of a sea voyage across the Atlantic,

the millionaire haughtily intimated that his wealth was equal to buying any quantity of oil with which to quell the waves of the Atlantic, in order to prevent the rolling of the ship."

August 25th.—To-day I took the Ullmann couple to Jida as I had promised them, and here even Mr. Holle got enthusiastic and was satisfied. He admitted never to have seen anything like it nor to have dreamed that such things existed (he has taste, there is no doubt about that, but he criticises too much), but here he was quite speechless, and thanked me afterwards for having taken him there.

In the afternoon we drove to my garden, or rather I took them there, because it is not open to the public, and only my old friendship with the proprietor allows me to go there. I call it my garden because I always found it the prettiest garden of all the gardens in Kyoto, and it was touch and go then whether I bought it. I love that garden. They were both in raptures about it, and I must say myself it is lovely. Mr. Holle wanted to take a Japanese gardener to his plantation at Java to lay him out a Japanese garden and to keep his other gardens in order. In spite of all the other people it was to me like a dream of olden times that I was really here again, able to see it all again, and to enjoy it all, and I was really astonished that dear little Molly did not come trotting up or Anlauf did not appear round one of the corners. How many times have I been happy in this delightful garden, and as I saw them all only after the E.s' party had left Japan, no unpleasant memory attached to them. This garden has really been laid out for dreaming. Benten wants to try



CRYPTOMERIA AVENUE AT KOYA-SAN



to hire the house and garden for me for a month when I come back from Koya San, and I really could imagine nothing more charming; I'm getting more Japanese, it is growing on me every day, I can't help it. I mean to say I understand the people and their amiable ways, which makes life here and with them so pleasant, and their art, every day I begin to know better, and especially the wonderful fineness of it. I am indescribably happy, without any special reason—happy to breathe, to be able to enjoy it, to be able to admire it, and to understand it all. To live! It is enough. I think it is a wonderful country this Japan. It does one good in every way, mentally and physically. It is so soothing to one's nerves; I'm sure the damp atmosphere has a lot to do with it, but the artistry of the people makes everything pleasant both to look at and to live with; their charming manners, too, affect me in the most pleasant way. . . .

The Holles have left, and I'm glad that he has gone. She had put on a kimono for the journey, as it was terribly hot still. It was a ready-made one she had bought, and of course it was much too tight, as she is rather portly and well-developed. In front the lace petticoat came out because it was much too tight for European forms and movements. She looked awfully funny, and I couldn't help laughing, but she didn't mind a bit, but laughed too. A kimono, even if it is made to measure, is a most dangerous thing for a European lady to wear, and they mostly look just as grotesque in one as the Japanese lady looks attractive in them. It wants, apart from the great slimness, special movements, and then the European woman is always bent upon showing that she has a waist,

and pulls the kimono as tightly round her waist with the oby or a thin crêpe sash, which gets twisted like a string then, and of course makes all sorts of forms stick out like grotesque globes. I never could understand why the average woman does not leave something of her bodily form to be guessed at, why *everything* must be accentuated. Well, there it is, they all do it.

During the first days it was very warm, but it has begun to get a little bit cooler now. One evening we went to the theatre. It was really very amusing. They played an old fairy tale, in which a charming boy dressed as a white fox (one saw nothing of his face) played the main part. The changes of scenery were exceedingly pretty, and the transformations the little fox underwent, who once came on as an old warrior, once as a little geisha, and so on, were delightful. The ladies' parts were of course all given by men, as it is supposed to be immoral here for men and women to act together. But they get themselves up so well, that one hardly believes they are men. In Italy and France some hundred years ago, not even so very long ago, this fashion was the same, especially in Italy, as one can read in Casanovas' most interesting *Mémoires*. The difference between the Chinese theatres and these is enormous and typical. Here everything is clean and nice, and the decorations are pretty; there it is nothing but dirt, awful smells, and a total lack of decorations.

The play had begun at 9 A.M., and went on till twelve at night. Most of the spectators bring their food with them, and of course their children, even the smallest babies, who are fed by their mothers there and then, quite simply as a matter of course, without unnecessary false bashfulness. The bigger children play about if they are tired of watch-

ing the acting, and everything is most happy and gay, and everything goes on so charmingly and amiably that nothing clashes.

After the Holles had left I gave two dinners here in the hotel. The first one to Mr. Benten, *alias* Nomura, the next one to Mr. Jida. The first day the boys had arranged and decorated the table very prettily with laid-out flowers and little German and Japanese flags. The mantelpieces and looking-glasses above them were all garlanded with flowers and little flags of the same nationalities, and the ceiling garlanded with long garlands of creepers and red paper lanterns. It looked all quite nice and very gay, and in the corner of the large private dining-room they had put up a real huge Christmas tree, which was all decorated and illuminated. This was the *clou*, and had a great success with all of them. They really are exactly like children, and one of their chief charms consists in that. And I really think that keeping one side of their nature so absolutely childlike, harmlessly gay, gives them a lot of their strength when they want it, with which they beat the Russians. They have in this partially childlike, natural part of their beings, then, the natural mental strength and powers, uncrippled by excess and so-called civilisation, which gives them that immense power and brings success. It is a sort of reservoir or accumulator where they store their strength and their force. When they enjoy themselves they enjoy themselves thoroughly; they don't carry their worries of every day with them into their pleasures; they become happy, thoughtless children again, thus resting their business brain, and gathering through it fresh strength for new work.

The little meikos had all donned their best kimonos

and obys, and the whole thing really was a great success. I had said they should serve the geishas and meikos too, because, of course, between each of us one of these little things sat (we were Mr. Nomura, Assuma, Hikkone-San, Jinija, and I), and this form of European courtesy, which apparently nobody before had had, pleased them enormously, and they were at once natural, unceremonious, and not a bit stiff. When I then raised my glass and said "Nippon Banzai!" (*erriva* Japan), the joy and enthusiasm were universal.

As I was dressing for dinner there was a tap at my door, and as I called "Come in" the door opened, and in filed all the gaily dressed little meikos, smiling and bowing courteously, their long, thin, slender necks curved and bent with the peculiar little curve and smile and sideways turned head the ceremonious greeting demands, bowing deeply, both hands on their knees. The ceremonious courtesies and greetings once over they all became harmlessly gay children again, while two minutes before they were dignified little ladies with powdered faces and rouged lips, and after having inspected my galabia from inside and outside, one delighted in a close inspection of the dressing-table. All the bottles were opened and sniffed at, the brushes and other utensils inspected, everything with an amiable "Excuse" accompanied by a little smile and "Thank you" (in English) when they replaced the object. My rings and chains were tried on, each had to do what the other did; of course each one had to put my watch round her arm, and the monocle proved a great attraction. They were too funny for words standing in front of the looking-glass or sitting on my lap trying to fix it in their eyes, because, as all the Japanese have the eyes

built rather prominently, they had the greatest difficulty in keeping it in, and made most awful grimaces, trying to press it in with their little soft fingers, etc., etc. Then one discovered the bathroom, and they wouldn't give me any peace until I came and explained it to them and made *jouer les eaux*! and then each of them had to try it too, to their great delight. They are after all mere children, not more than twelve or fifteen years of age. Dear little things really.

But I must shave, my dear little ladies, so if you will just let me do it in peace I shall be glad, otherwise I'll keep my guests waiting. So they all clustered round me and watched with the greatest interest the shaving process. They all wanted to help, and that I didn't cut my throat or their fingers is a mere wonder. I could have played for hours with these dear little girls. We were just in the midst of shaving when the door opened and Jinija came in. This time I did almost cut my throat, because we all began to laugh so much at his petrified face.

"But what on earth are you doing?" he exclaimed.

"Well," I answered, "as you see *we* are shaving," so he joined in the laughter too. It is all so harmless and nice in Japan. It is all so natural; life really is easier here than anywhere else, and much more pleasant.

When I wanted to take my bath, however, he thought it better they should leave the room, and he had the greatest trouble to make them leave it. Miss Dragon and Lightning (the one that looks like Valentine Cora) had perched herself on my bed and defied him. She pretended to have a right to remain there, because we were special friends, and I had always preferred her to the others, and

flirted most with her; and, besides, when she had just now asked me why I had such a large, wide bed, I had answered, "So that there may be room for you," so it was her good right to stop. She looked at him so cheekily, defiantly, the painted, decked-out, little dainty creature, one couldn't help laughing, and Jinija implored me to tell her to go with the other ones, it really was better. So, with a grimace at him, she sulkily went out of the room into the adjoining sitting-room, from where I heard their merry talk and laughter. They are fascinating little things, and never get vulgar, which is so nice.

In the morning Tim and I had been at Nakai's, the photographer's, and after dinner he came and took flash-light pictures of us all sitting at dinner, which delighted them all highly. Afterwards the coffee was taken in another room, and then we returned to the now emptied dining-room, where a juggler and a marvellously clever "Taschenspieler" (I don't know how one calls them in England) gave, at my request, a performance which delighted them highly. Finally the meikos danced some very pretty dances, and the whole evening really was a great success. I was astonished to see how neatly they all ate with knife and fork (I mean the little girls), and how cleverly they managed to get the food into their little rouged mouths. They are really people of surprises!

The next day the dinner with old Jida, Nogaki, and Assai was a little stiff, and if Jinija hadn't been there, I don't know how it would have gone on at all. He is always so cheerful, which is a great help. The others, I think, were rather impressed by the greatness of the function, and not as natural as usual. Then old Jida

(very likely he would be furious if he heard me call him old, because, although he is over fifty, he is a great admirer of the little singing girls, and spends a lot of money on them) always makes me feel rather stiff, I don't know why it is. The table was decorated with pale-coloured silk, flowers, and the little flags, and I thought not as pretty as yesterday. The Christmas tree had been relit, and had the same effect of delighting them all. The little meikos enjoyed their dinner just as much as Mr. Jida (the cook is really very good), but not as much as Hikone-San yesterday, who asked if he could make his oby a little looser, as he had eaten such a lot. He had been so excited with the prospect of this coming dinner and the delight of being asked, that he had not slept the whole night before. For these people at least it is still worth while doing something; they at least are not *blasé*, and have the courage of their opinion to admit that they enjoy themselves. We were photographed again, as Mr. Jida had specially asked me, then the little meikos danced very nicely, and everything was satisfactory and everybody pleased. It is really nice to entertain people like that. At least one sees that one has not taken all the trouble for nothing. Of course I am enchanted with them. How should I not be? And again I must repeat and repeat it, their charming cleanliness, their politeness, amiability, and charming, courteous manners are delightful. The European is rude, and is proud of his rudeness and his bad manners, pretending they are a sign of honesty, manliness, and straightness of character.

The other day, one afternoon, Jinija came to tell me that a lady wanted to see me. She was shown into my drawing-room, and proved to be the wife of the iris

priest, the priest who grows the finest iris kaempferi in the whole of Japan, and undoubtedly the finest and rarest in the whole world. He will not sell any of his plants even at the highest offer either to Japanese or to Europeans. But as I had made a great friendship with him four years ago, and had so wildly admired his really glorious blossoms, and had painted some of them, he had presented me with his whole collection, giving me a young plant of each of them, and of course Anlauf has taken great care of them, and we have multiplied them. We are, however, not allowed—I had promised him that—to sell or give away any of the irises. Since then I hear an American gentleman has been to Japan, and has coaxed the old priest into giving some of his plants to him too, which, after the same promise had been given, was done. The Yankee, with the lust of advertisement which possesses his vulgar nation, has published a long illustrated article in an American garden paper, which the priest showed me, in which he says that “the United States of America had the *pride of being the only country in the world that would henceforth have these unique Kyoto irises from a temple, and that no other country could boast of such a rare and royal treasure!*”

So the little priest's wife bows and smiles herself into my room with the perfect little manners of her charming nation. They had read in the papers that I had arrived, and her husband having been unable to come, she had taken the liberty to call on me, as they were so anxious to see me again and know that I was well, and would I accept this box of sweets, etc., etc. This amiable way of courteous thought and kindness really touched me, and the way it was done was so nice, I was really deeply moved. No

other nation would dream of doing a thing like that, and in such a charming manner. One must see the pretty little woman, or, better said, lady, so gay and cheerful, in her grey silk kimono, how perfect her manners are, how graceful, and courteous, and natural. When I think of one of our little parsons' wives, how stiff and awkward she would be, it really is a pleasure to watch the charming manners, the polite gay conversation, to look at the clever, intelligent faces and expressions here. Of course I had to promise to come as soon as possible to see them. The whole thing left me with an agreeable impression for several days. It was so amiable and charming, and proved that these simple people had kept a good memory and remembrance of me. They can't get over my having become so much more Japanese, and much gayer and nicer, much more natural. Before I had often been very stiff and not half as gay; maybe! Then I had stupid things in my head which I would have better left undone, now I am free, and live entirely with these delightful, unprejudiced people, and am not afraid of being criticised and laughed at for my harmless enthusiasms. And Japan should have opened my eyes!

So I went a couple of days later to the temple to pay them my visit. I had wanted to show them my gratitude, had tried to choose at Jida's some nice kimono for Mrs. Priest, as I can't give him anything, it is against etiquette. As we didn't know how old she was, and what sort of a kimono therefore she would have to wear, Nogaki very cleverly suggested I should send her a "bond" they have got specially for this affair. It is a printed "bond" on the Jida business up to a certain amount (they have got them in all prices and one can choose), and for which

they can buy at Jida's whatever they like for the sum named. They had such bonds, Nogaki said, and it helped one a lot out of the difficulty, as one never knew the taste of the people one wanted to give a present to, and if one gave money it looked like alms or a sort of charity. The bond looked more polite than money given straight out. Please, Europe, learn! the refinement of sentiment and feeling!

So I sent her a box (that is the right thing to do) containing the bond, which was, of course, tied up ceremoniously, with my card on top of it, and a box with sweets for her child.

When we arrived at the temple I was told the priest had just gone to the hotel to see me and bring me a present, but wouldn't I come in and see her and wait till he returned, he couldn't be long? She hurried away, and returned after a few minutes dressed in the new kimono she had bought with my bond. She was simply beaming, and no child at Christmas could have been more pleased. It was a lovely kimono, of pale grey crêpe, with a pattern in it of a darker shade; one could not have chosen a more perfect or more tasteful stuff. These people are artists, and have an exquisite taste. I beg you to think again of the solid European parson's wife; what a monstrosity she would have bought!

On the wall of their room hung my photo, framed in the same frame as one of my water-colours of their irises I had had done. They didn't know of my visit, so it has decidedly not been put up for the occasion. Chattering gaily (Jinija interpreting) time flew; we were, of course, offered cakes and green tea, and after some time the priest arrived, carrying a huge bundle and

dressed in his best clothes. Great greetings! He, too, couldn't express his delight at seeing me so well and much fatter-looking. Then he undid his parcel, and as I was told it was a present for me, my confusion was really great when I saw emerge out of this wrapper a lovely old black and gold lacquer cabinet. I was really mortified, but Jinija says I must accept it, as it would be very rude and "bad form" to refuse it. It really is lovely, and he gave me besides a mat made out of different coloured twisted paper, which is several hundreds of years old. It used to be the fashion in each temple when the chief priest came, who has to sit on one of these red lacquer chairs, while the other people sit on the floor, to spread such a mat at his feet, because a woollen one would have been an offence and rude, having been made out of animals' hair. So for this special occasion they used these mats made out of paper. It looked exactly, from a distance, as if it was made out of wool, but when you inspected it closely you saw that it was plaited out of different coloured rice-paper which had been rolled up, and thus formed a very pretty pattern. A German professor, I was told, wanted to buy it for the Berlin Museum, but they wouldn't sell it; but I, who appreciate real Japanese art so much, I should have it as a present. Really, I was mortified, because after all they are poor people, and to crown it all they are still delighted that I accept it. Really I must say! And then there are still stupid European people who pretend and tell one everywhere that the Japanese have got intolerably impudent and cheeky since the war. First of all, it is not true, there is absolutely not one word of truth in it; they are just as nice, amiable, polite, and nicely modest as they always were; and even

if they swaggered a bit, and even a good bit, would they not have a certain right? Wouldn't it be justifiable, to our Western ideas even justified? Which other nation, as far as history relates, has beaten Russia? None! not even the emperor of warriors, Napoleon, the justly called Great Napoleon, before whom all Europe trembled and stood in awe, not even he could beat Russia. It was reserved for this wonderful, artistic nation of polite, charmingly mannered people to teach Europe the lesson that a well-disciplined, energetic nation with true, uncorrupted leaders can beat armies three times as big—in spite of all the unfair weapons of modern stratagem like mines, submarine boats, and all the hellish, cowardly inventions of so-called civilisation, invented to kill and destroy thousands of people, while you yourself are hidden in a safe place. I am astonished that they are not more swaggery. There would be no European Power, depend upon it, which wouldn't swagger after such success, just as there has not yet been another Power which has erected a monument to their antagonists as the poor dear, little Japanese have done to the fallen Russian soldiers at Port Arthur! And yet everybody seems only too anxious to say nasty and spiteful things about them, which looks, it is true, very much like envy and jealousy. Has England erected a monument to the Boers? Has Germany erected one to the French?

Of course I had to tell them all of my Japanese garden and my house, as it all interests them vividly, and how the irises are. He has created some new hybrids, one quite scarlet one, and he is going to give me some plants this

autumn. Nobody but he has got it, not even the American gentleman. Then I had to tell him all about Anlauf and Halbau, etc., etc., and we talked garden and hybridising till it got quite late and almost dark. Then the little lady took me into the lovely little gilt temple with its wonderful reposeful, peaceful golden Buddha, and everything so nice and clean. If only our parsons' wives would learn in this way too from what they call "the heathens"!

Another day Jinija, Hikkone-San, and I went by train to Yamasaki, thirty-three minutes from Kyoto, where a very famous old pagoda is. After leaving the train we walked up a hill through lovely, high, dense bamboo woods, in a delightful green shade, such as only the giant bamboo can make. What a country! Then one got higher into lovely woods formed by cryptomerias, camellias, the undergrowth being azaleas, low bamboos, wisteria, all sorts of lovely ferns and mosses, the wisteria creeping up the stems and garlanding the trees. Everywhere were the clear little waterfalls, the crystal-like rippling, murmuring brooks; it was like fairyland! The pagoda is very fine, three-storied, and a very old building, and looks lovely with the old gnarled pine trees that stand round it. What a pretty building such a pagoda is, and how artistically adapted to the landscape, almost grown like a tree itself.

The young priest came to salute me, robed in champagne-coloured silk gauze, with a clean-shaven head, and the rock crystal chaplet in his hands, the gold brocade stole round his neck. He was an interesting-looking young man, with a clever, energetic-looking face. He accompanied us to his temple, which is spacious, simple, and very pretty, and took us then to a smaller side temple, where in a lovely

little lacquer pagoda an old wooden hammer is kept which is over 1500 years old. One gets a paper on which a prayer is written put into the palm of one's hand, and the priest beats one's palm with that old hammer after it has been taken out of its brocade wrapper twice, then one has to clench one's fist and put the paper thus squeezed in one's pocket. For people who believe in the Buddha's teaching this prayer is fulfilled after seventy-seven days, and one has great fortune and happiness.

Then we went to the priest's house near by and had luncheon, which we brought with us. It is a charming house with a pretty little garden, on one side giving on to the lovely wooded mountain looking into a shady greenness. Of course everything is, although decidedly poor, minutely clean. While I was lunching, sitting on the spotless matted floor, the nice young priest fanned me. He had been in the Russian war as a soldier, got wounded twice, and showed me his scars. One was on the chest, and it is really a wonder that he didn't get killed.

Then I had to sign my name in a book, because I'm told I'm the first European that has ever visited this place, and so of course the interest in me is great. Besides, the newspaper people in Kyoto have got hold of me, described the dinners I gave, and talked about my Japanese garden, and my father's and eldest brother's properties in Germany (I expect they got all this information from Jinija), then that I love Japan and everything Japanese, that I love and understand a lot about Japanese art, etc., etc., and so everybody is of course anxious to make the acquaintance of so illustrious a personage! Then the priest presented me with his photo as a soldier, and a post-card where he is photographed as a priest in a procession, after he had asked

me for my photo and I consequently for his. Three old gentlemen came in dressed in the ceremonious hakkama and made low polite kowtows, then sat down on the floor at respectful distance. They were, as far as I could make out, a sort of churchwardens and two old shopkeepers. No, one had to look after the rice-fields of the little place near by where we got out of the train. They too came to present their respects to the "illustrious foreigner," the first one that had ever come to their humble village; and again it was astonishing the dignity and charming manners of these simple country people. What nicely educated, civil, gentlemanly mannered people they are! If one thinks of the same class of people in Europe! what clumsy shyness there, and here these perfect manners, such as, alas! not even all so-called educated and cultivated people in Europe have. They are not shy, but in no way arrogant and cheeky or familiar. I must repeat it, with such people it is easy to live. I almost wish I hadn't come to Japan again; I shall always be homesick for it ever after, and for its charmingly clean, nicely mannered people. If dear old Hendschel were here I would never return again to Europe.

Then we all walked up the hill through lovely woods to a temple, which was situated still higher. The peeps through the slender, reddish stems of the fine pine trees in the lovely landscape underneath one were beautiful; and at the temple, from the terraced platform in front of it, where are the huge fountain and big stone and bronze lanterns, there is an exquisite view over the delightfully green valley, in which five rivers join from different directions. Opposite is the pigeon temple on a pine-treed hill, and all the different villages scattered about with their thick tufts of bamboo, camellias, and fruit trees. In the

distance one sees even as far as Osaka. Happy, beautiful country!

After waiting for a shower to pass, which came down like a sheet, we ascended still higher up the mountain, through lovely thick bamboo and pine tree woods, with continually lovely peeps into the beautiful valley, till we finally reached an old Shinto temple hidden in the dense woods. If we at home had such parks, yes, even in England, we should be proud about them. And how these roads round these temples are kept, and all the vegetation! Of all conifers the cryptomeria is to my taste the finest by far, and all these bamboos, tujas, yews, azaleas, camellias, the camphor trees, the ferns, the mosses! Good heavens, it is all beautiful! Of course they have *just* placed some old mossy-topped stone lanterns at the *only* place where just these lanterns would make a wonderful artistic effect and a perfect picture in this green beauty of Nature. What fine feeling artists they are! I must come back here and paint.

I went to several other gardens in Kyoto, which of course I had seen already, but one is always glad to see these little treasures again. They are not as pretty as what I call "my garden." That is the pearl. It is a pity, though, that it is no longer so well kept; it has changed its proprietor, and to think that I could have bought it, house and all, for a mere song! It would have been a good deal cheaper, and not as unpleasant anyhow, as the other folly I committed, and the folly of buying the garden here would have stopped the other one.

I went to many entirely Japanese shops—I mean places which only manufacture for the Japanese, and not for exportation and Japanese wholesale places. As Hik-

kone-San is comprador for Benten they all know him, and therefore let me have things in detail at wholesale prices. None of these stuffs ever come to Europe. It is almost incredible what magnificent stuffs they make, simply wonderful. I've never seen their like, real art treasures, especially the things made for the Imperial Court. I saw there one oby (an oby is about four yards long by the ordinary silk width) which was the most magnificent bit of brocade I had ever seen. On a pale creamy ground of a peculiar texture, interwoven with thin golden thread, there were fine "ramages" of golden creepers with pale-coloured vine-leaves, tinted the palest shades of green and purple, shading into pink and pale brown, fading into pinks and palest blue; the whole so wonderfully arranged and beautifully designed, that one could not look at it enough. Colours, patterns, material, were unspeakably beautiful and perfect. It was fit for a museum. They *only* asked 1600 yen for it! (The yen is 2s.) Such things of course only the Court buys. They make this sort of thing almost entirely for the Court. It was the finest bit of stuff I ever saw, a real piece of art. One could have imagined nothing finer for a European Court-train. They make me laugh! They make all the really good things only for Japan, and talk about it quite openly, and say that they make for exportation only "rubbish."

The other day Benten, Hikkone-San, Jinija, and I went by train to Giffu, about five hours by train from Kyoto. The party was Benten's, we were his guests. The whole route of the railway takes one through lovely scenery, past Beva Lake, and through high wooded mountains, with lovely valleys and exquisite rivers, pretty villages, green rice-fields, old temples hidden in large clusters of crypto-

merias and camphor trees hundreds of years old, in front of which red painted or old mossy stone torys and huge stone lanterns stand. The lotus flowers were still in full bloom everywhere, and looked lovely with their large pink blossoms standing high above their huge plate-like blue-green leaves, and swaying gracefully in the soft breeze. Then everywhere there was a tree in full pink blossom whose name I have forgotten (it grows in Italy too, and its leaves get a brilliant scarlet-red in the autumn). Here they were already a mass of pinky-red lovely effects of colour against the rich, many-shaded greens.

We arrived at Giffu at 8 P.M., drove to the hotel to deposit our things, and went on at once to the river, as we were told we would otherwise miss the cormorant fishing. I took my little cook again with me, who four years ago accompanied me on my tour afoot round Chojoy, as they were afraid my stomach might rebel against entirely Japanese food; I'm very glad. Arrived at the very spacious boat with a high roof of matting to it, we were at once punted up-stream by two muscular, naked bronzed men, and the cook began at once behind a little screen his cooking, and so we soon had an excellent dinner, and enjoyed ourselves immensely. Arrived at the place where the boats await the fisher-boats which come down from far up-stream, there were already a lot of other boats assembled, all illuminated with paper lanterns most gaily, and with singing girls, and dinners, and merriment going on in all of them. On one there were fireworks, and the time passed in all sorts of harmless merriment.

Towards 11 P.M. the fisher-boats began to come in sight, down-stream, with enormous torches lit, hanging in iron baskets over the prow of the boats, the fishers beating

on the sides of the boats, and shouting so as to excite the cormorants to zeal. All the paper-lantern lit boats with all their merry passengers at once turned round down-stream, and got one between each of the six fishing-boats, thus going down-stream with them. It was a lovely, lively-coloured, and animated picture; no Venetian gala night on the Canale Grande could have been brighter and finer and more animated. The flaring torches, the naked, bronzy fishermen, exciting the agile black birds by hoarse wild cries, beating besides on the sides of the boats so that it sounded like weird big drums, the clever, gracefully diving black birds (on each boat there were twelve or fourteen) diving cleverly into the beautifully clear and transparent water, which was lit up by the torches to such an extent that one saw the pebbles on the very bottom of the river, and could easily watch the slender birds dive and fish under water, shooting along like eels, the many coloured-paper lanterns on the other boats; all formed together a rare, attractive, animated, coloured, artistic picture.

About 12 o'clock we were back at Giffu, where freshly caught trout were bought and fried in the boat and eaten; they were excellent. These cormorants are specially trained for several years before they can be used for the fishing. They take them out of the nests when they are quite young, and bring them up by hand. They have a ring round their necks so that they can't swallow the fish, but can only take them into their crops, and they are tied to a long string. As soon as one of them has his neck full he is quickly pulled out of the water. A swift movement with the hand up his neck makes him retch, and thus secured, the fish are emptied in special baskets. Then the bird is promptly put back into the fast-flowing stream, and starts

fishing at once again. I can't understand how the man who holds all those twelve or fourteen strings never mixes them up, because the whole process goes like blazes, and there is not a moment lost.

At half-past twelve we were back at the hotel, a charming large Japanese inn with lovely things, where everything is Japanese and delightful. One sleeps under green mosquito-nets, braided at the bottom with red, on several soft mattresses spread on the floor, the big paper night-light-lantern beside you on the floor, of course, too. In the morning the nice big wooden tubs are full of warm water in the public, spotlessly clean bath beside the kitchen. Everything is so neat and clean and charming. I find these Japanese hotels delightful, and don't find any more that the rooms look bare; on the contrary, very cosy in their tasteful simplicity. As you see, I'm getting more and more Japanese. It is quite true that we have too many things in our European rooms; the Japanese are quite right, they say our houses look like shops.

At 9 A.M. we rikshah to look at a factory where they make lovely silk crêpes and gauzes; all the work is done by women. At 10 A.M. our train left for Yoro, where we arrived half-an-hour later. Here we took tandem rikshahs, as the distance was very great and partly uphill, and trotted through lovely scenery, always the wooded mountains in front of us, for an hour and a half. It is astonishing what these Japanese rikshahs can do. They only once took a short rest of perhaps ten minutes. We passed through all sorts of pretty villages, with lovely orchards and fresh, clear water bubbling up in fountains in front of each house. Large wooden bridges spanned the rivers between reedy banks, and flat boats were punted up

and down by naked, bronze people with wide mushroom straw hats. Finally the road ascended steeply; I wanted to get out and walk, but the honour of our coolies, with real herculean legs, wouldn't allow that. I had to be pulled up even that steep hill. In a lovely village at the top we finally stopped and got out and walked up many steps through a steep, pretty garden to a restaurant (thank goodness quite Japanese), where they had got rooms ready for us on the second floor, with a glorious view over the broad, lovely valley and the distant, hazy, bluish hills. At the back of the hotel the mountains rose, still covered with magnificent cryptomerias and maple woods.

While the cook was preparing our tiffin I made a little water-colour sketch, and after the excellent tiffin we still chatted for some time, and then the three Japanese having undressed and donned linen kimonos, we started for the waterfall. I didn't undress, because I had eaten too much lunch, and especially too many excellent pears, and an extraordinary sort of pear quite round like a large apple, looking like a silver rennet, but excellently juicy and good. I must take some plants home with me. The waterfall was the main attraction of Yoro, and many people come here in the summer months for picnics, as it is supposed that if one bathes in this waterfall one gets very strong and lives long. Of course one gets happy too.

We walked up the hill through lovely cryptomeria wood in a cherry and maple avenue, which both in spring and autumn must be lovely. But as it was it was a lovely spot, and we decided to come back here for several days to sketch. We met a lot of people all dressed in the light-coloured linen kimono, either going up to the waterfall or coming back from it. It is quite a place

for pilgrimage, and, besides, well known for its sanitary effects as well as for its prettiness. Of the effect I can't as yet judge, but if it is as great as the prettiness of the scenery, one must get at least a thousand years. It is simply lovely, honestly; I think there is no second country for landscape effects like Japan. It is simply exquisitely lovely. I wonder if I shall be able to give it in my sketches. The waterfall, falling down from a considerable height over a steep perpendicular rock between cryptomeria and maple branches in the thick wood, shady and cool, was quite simply beautiful. There were at least twenty to thirty people there, male and female, but, thank God, all Japanese. My European clothes and tall appearance frightened them rather, and they covered themselves up again or stopped undressing. Benten did not want to get into the water, as he said it was too icy-cold and deep, and so I undressed at once quickly before all the people. A nice old nun lent me a linen kimono, took my rings and chains, and was only in great anxiety about my spectacles lest I should lose them; but she laughed when I explained to her that without them I couldn't see where I was going. Of course the kimono just reached to my knees, but the effect was grand. They all undressed and unwrapt themselves again; the whole charming, childlike, amiable gayness of this nation is most winning. One led me by the hand, led me along, laughed, made nonsense, patted me on the back; we were the best of friends. The water was very cold, but lovely, and so I first passed underneath the waterfall to show Benten that it was not too deep, and then went and stood under the shower like some of them. If one turned round and let the water fall on one's back

it beat most awfully, because it rushed down from a pretty good height ; but if one faced the waterfall and stood close to the rock, as they all did, it was most pleasant. The little cook was afraid and wouldn't go in, so first we tried to drive him in, but he was so quick, he always escaped us ; at last I caught him, lifted him up, and carried him, under a roar of applause, into the water. At the moment I didn't really realise that it was the cook, he was simply a naked creature like the others, and we had got so excited playing and fooling about, that I never thought of it. Afterwards I thought, with what cook in Europe could one do such a thing (not that I mean that I expect it from a cook to be carried by me into his bath), but about the cleanliness I mean? He had just cooked us our excellent lunch, and was as clean as few European gentlemen, or of course I couldn't have carried him, as I had to hold him tight to me, because he struggled like a snake to free himself and escape the cold douche. The delight was great, every one wanted to bathe with me, and go under the waterfall with me. I think we played about almost for an hour. I enjoyed myself immensely, and can't remember for years to have amused myself so well and in such a happy, harmless way. Such a charming thing is only possible in Japan, this charming, clean-bodied, and clean-minded nation. I was as happy as a schoolboy, and felt quite young again. The waterfall had already its effect. Was it only the nakedness, or was it the harmless, gay, and nice-minded people? Both, I expect. There was no stiff collar, neither physically nor morally. These people are incapable of a dirty thought, and one feels that instantly and instinctively, and therefore one can be natural and harmless with them without being

afraid that this or that might be misinterpreted. In Europe such a thing would be impossible; it would become at once vulgar and common, for both sexes were mixed here. Really, for years I haven't amused myself so well, it was heavenly. They all wanted to know my name, and said they had never seen any European that was so gay and so much like a Japanese as I. They thought I must have lived a long time in Japan very likely, because I was just like a Japanese.

Finally Jinija photographed our party; but then we really began to chatter with the cold, because, of course, in the dense wood there was no sun; he had to make time exposures, and naked and wet as we were, we had to sit quiet. Between the different photos Benten and I beat our arms and backs for one another to get warm again. It was very good. What a delight harmless people are! People of whom one knows that they are through and through clean-minded and naturally harmless, and that no nasty black thought comes to them, and that one can simply be as one is. I already love the Japanese on account of this, because they are so true and respectable and clean-minded in this one way, without any stupid, hypocritical false shame.

On our way back, trotting down the hill happily in our rikshahs, we met a lot of our new bathing friends, who shouted out to me gaily "Seionara" (*au revoir*), and waved handkerchiefs and hats to me at each turning of the road.

At 8 P.M. we were in dear old Kyoto. Those were two lovely, happy days. On the same train was one of the Imperial Princes, a young sailor returning to his garrison near Nagasaki, and he changed at Kyoto into

another train. There was no special fuss made about him, except that at all the different stations where the train stopped policemen stood outside the compartment, and when he got out the people standing next him, of whom I was one, took off their hats to him, that was all. When I think of the fuss that is made over even the smallest princeling in Europe, how all the traffic is stopped . . . no wonder it creates Socialism. He was small, but very strongly built.

Tim was beside herself with delight when I came back.

September 10th.—I have spent the most happy time during these days, so happy that I haven't found time every day to write my diary. I am so happy, and it is all such a natural, harmless happiness. It does one good to live in this delightful country amongst these charming people. I really can't understand what so many people mean when they talk about the Japanese having got cheeky and insolent after the war. I have already said once that it would be quite natural if they did swagger; for what other nation has ever accomplished what they have done, and in so short a time? They revolutionised their old feudal, mediæval systems and customs in forty years which took other nations centuries. And the war with Russia! It does not lessen in my eyes the merit of their success in arms when people say, "Oh, but the Russian army was so corrupted! Its leaders were so rotten! It was so badly fitted out, and the war was so unpopular in Russia!" Did it lessen the Prussian prestige that Austria's army was badly trained and stupidly led in '66? or that the French equipment and leadership in '70 were rotten? Everybody who was in the war has told me over and over

again that the French soldier as a soldier was splendid, but the poor devils were badly fitted out, barring their rifles, and carelessly led. It is all right to have a better rifle than your antagonist, but when you are not sufficiently clad, and the shoes are falling from your tired feet, and your stomach is empty, hang the better rifle. The solidly clad, shod, and fed man then gets the better of you, which is quite human and natural. Look at the confidence it gives people to know they have a nice, clean, warm, well-cut coat on. Look at the poor devil who shivers with cold, and knows his to be patched, torn, and dirty! And that is in ordinary life. How much more must that be so in war, where every faculty of a man and nation must be at its highest point to be able to succeed? It is natural for people to want to live, especially young people, and all soldiers are young, and naturally every soldier wants to live, wants to remain alive. It is human nature. No one fights and gets killed willingly. Therefore to bring them up to this ideal effort of getting killed for their country (that means for some stupid diplomat's failure to keep peace and a good understanding) they must feel themselves physically at least fit. Then the moral and the ideal will follow.

But with the poor, little, dear Japanese everybody seems only anxious to run down their incredible adaptability and brilliant faculties, their remarkable cleverness. It makes me almost angry to hear people say they were like monkeys in copying everything. A monkey "apes" a thing, it does not copy it. It might try to imitate, but it does not carry it out with any success. And didn't all other nations copy something, everything? Did they all invent their own things, systems, state arrangements, inventions,

etc.? It is nothing else but a universal and much-to-be-welcomed mental exchange. Was not the Verni Martin under the mighty Louis of France nothing else but a copy of the Japanese gold lacquer, only it never was as fine and good as the original? No, no! it is all rubbish. It is a sort of envy and jealousy, and I think the Japanese ought to be proud. Who isn't envied who has succeeded in something, has accomplished something, has got to the top of the ladder? It is sad, but it is a fact. And in a way it is a compliment, because people who don't accomplish anything and don't succeed are not noticed, and therefore are not envied.

It strikes me much more that in these four years the Japanese nation has made quite another enormous step. Not that they have got cheeky, but just the contrary. They are just as amiable, courteous, charming, and modest as I at least have always found them. But they have, through the adoption of Western ideas, begun to change lots of things, which still perhaps appear irrelevant, but which show the thoroughness of their whole system, and the marvellous ideal which carries them all to accomplish the task they have set themselves. They are but details I am going to quote, but they are really of the greatest importance for the future, and show that it is not only a monkeyish copying of everything, but the minute, thorough moulding of a new and wonderful nation. The guides here, for instance, were entirely uneducated people, often frightful rascals, drinking and swindling you, as all guides do all over the world. They were of the same class of people as in Europe, old kicked-out servants, people paid by the shops to drag travellers there—people, in short, too lazy and too rapacious to do any other work. The Japanese

Government has found out that this was to the discredit of the nation's honour, and has made the strictest regulations. The guides have to pass very strict and difficult examinations now, otherwise they do not get their license, and the smallest fault will cause them to lose their license.

The Japanese police and Government do not *badiner*, as one says in France, and, as a consequence, young boys of a good class and with a good education are now guides—sons of samurais (the old warriors), brothers of doctors and lawyers, and the effect is most pleasant. Then the commercial point of view is undergoing to an extraordinary extent a considerable change. Europeans used to complain, and with cause (nobody experienced that better or worse than I), of the apparent total dishonesty and lack of commercial honour and honesty in the Japanese tradespeople. The Chinese were always quoted as models of mercantile honesty and correct strictness. That may be, and I do not doubt it. But, dear people of Europe, consider, please, this one fact: that up to forty years ago, when this social revolution upset Japan's old feudal systems like an earthquake, the merchants *were the most despised class* of people in the Empire; they were almost outcasts; it was a disreputable thing to trade, and yet you could not get out of this class or caste of people once you were born in it. No samurai, no daimio, none even of their servants and attendants would have dreamt of sitting down at the same meal with a tradesman! They were worse than the Jews in the Middle Ages in Europe, who had to live in certain parts of the town (the ghettos), where special gates were closed at night, and who were not allowed to wear clothes like the ordinary respectable citizen. And even now, in spite of the dance round the golden calf even by

Royalty, when the social standard is so levelled that to have money opens everybody's doors for you (I mean in civilised Europe), there is still after all the undeniable contempt of the Jew. They go to eat his dinners, shoot his pheasants, drive in his motors, sit in his opera-box, yet at the bottom of their Christian hearts, in the privacy of their dressing-rooms, when their maid or valet is gone, and they are really quite alone, and the highly-bred dog some Jew has given them, perhaps from his priceless breed, is sleeping soundly and will not look at them, they own So-and-so *is* a Jew, and they accept all the pleasures of his riches with, at the bottom of their Christian hearts, the sense of doing him a sort of honour, of bestowing a favour on him. He remains a Jew after all these centuries, the ghetto still sticks to him in their Christian minds. Oh, they won't acknowledge it openly, but why, for instance, has no aristocratic girl ever married a Jew? Does she want to be a Mrs. Samuelson or a Mrs. Seligman? Aha! there you are. Yet they marry otherwise and worse, and they marry even black people who have a shade of a sort of a title. There is no doubt that being suppressed brings out the bad qualities of people. It is all over the world the same, it will be the same, it always has been the same. Look at the Armenians! They are the worst lot of blackguards living under the sun! Yet they are Christians! Why are they so rotten? Because they are kept suppressed, and have been suppressed for generations by the Mohammedans. They are mistrusted, and only thought of as capable of any sort of blackguardism, and, consequently, they *have become* blackguards really! It is almost impossible, and requires a rare strength of character and superiority of personality, to keep honest if everybody

round you thinks you are a swindler and a pig. It is a fact. It is the unalterable effect of the power of thought which, alas! so few people yet realise. One gets influenced by the thoughts of others, especially weak-minded and uneducated people do. They cannot help it. I do not say that every Jew in the Middle Ages was a swine. Surely there were as many honest, superior, noble characters amongst them as in any other nation (the Jews to me are another nation), but there is no doubt that they were a low, swindling, cheating lot, and many people therefore were prejudiced against them, and still are prejudiced. I know many people in Germany who will not buy from a Jewish shop, because they are afraid of being cheated or dealt with dishonestly. But this, too, has changed in the last century enormously in Europe, and nobody hardly (I mean sensible people) will admit that the moral standard of the Jew merchant is not as high, if not higher, than that of the Christian. Why? Because they are no longer mistrusted and suppressed. But the Japanese merchant has not had time to develop into a respectable class of person. It is coming rapidly, and I find an enormous change already in dealing with him—it is really quite striking. It was very good and easy for the soldiers. They changed their weapons, but they remained soldiers whose ambition and tradition was to fight for their emperor and their feudal ideals. They took the Krupp gun or the rifle simply instead of the arrow and the spear. It was merely another weapon, but their morals and ideas of honour had not to be changed. But the poor tradesman! he had never done anything for generations except try to get the better of his neighbour, especially the damned foreigner. One cannot expect the whole tribe to take up a new moral

standard, like the samurai took up the rifle. That has to be developed and learnt, that sense of honour, and they are developing it in a rare way, and have already made enormous progress. In fifty to sixty years the Japanese merchant will be the same straightforward, business-like tradesman as the best of any other nation. And who among the Japanese really swindles the Europeans? The curiosity dealer—as if this was not so all over the world. Is there any nation in the whole world who can boast of having curio dealers (taken as an average of course, because I know perfectly well that there are big firms, like Duveen, etc., who would not sell you something for old which was new) who do not cheat, who do not sell copies and imitations to the inexperienced tourist, and are there not large factories of “old” Nymphenburg, Capodimonte, porcelains, etc., etc., where they even put on the authentic mark, that work exclusively for the curio dealer? Jewelleries and brocades are manufactured especially in large factories in Italy and France for the curiosity shops, silver and enamel ware for the same purpose in Germany, etc., etc. And what about the universal selling of horses, which is, if it is not overdone, looked upon even as a permissible way of cheating and swindling for a *so-called* “gentleman”? No! It is not merely the poor Japanese who deal dishonestly, but of them the European expects honesty, when he himself is so stupid as to let himself be taken in. Why buy curios if you are not an expert in them? It serves you right if you get cheated; leave it to the people who understand something about them.

Stupid Europeans say the Japanese have got insolent and swagger since the war. I don't find that. It is merely this sort of European who looks upon the white

man as the crown of creation, and who believes that the fact of having a white skin gives him rights and privileges over any coloured race. Often their brains, consciences, and mostly their morals, are much blacker than the skin of any dark-skinned man. These fellows imagine that the Japanese should stand their outrageous insolence and their ridiculous, uncultivated ideas, when the Japs themselves are much more cultivated and civilised than they. I remember once returning from Osaka to Kyoto by train. The train was very full of all sorts of decidedly young clerks, of English and American offices in Kobe, in white flannels, and so on, going to some sports which took place in Kyoto—some cricket match or something of the sort. On account of the new white flannels they felt very European and very superior. At one station an elderly Japanese gentleman got in, neatly dressed in his dark kimono and black houri (overcoat), with the white coat-of-arms on it, and his spotless white silk stockings, and stepped, begging their pardon, over the insolently outstretched legs of all the superior youngsters to the only seat which was left free. None of these bad-mannered young men dreamt of pulling their legs nearer to them and thus making the passage free. They looked the poor, shy, old thing, who bowed in his amiable, courteous way, indignantly up and down, as if he had been I don't know what. Then they looked at each other, and one of them (there were at least six or seven) said at the top of his voice: "The *cheek* of that *yellow devil* getting into this first-class compartment!"

I saw the old gentleman flush; he undoubtedly understood English quite well. But I flushed too; it made me too angry, and I said quite loudly:

"I beg your pardon, the *cheek* is entirely on *your* side,

considering that we are in Japan and in the country of the 'yellow people,' who are *polite* enough to allow us to come here."

They didn't answer, but got scarlet, and looked down their silly, pale freckled noses, and at Kyoto bundled out of the compartment as quickly and as listlessly as they could. Of course the Japanese won't stand any more such outrageous manners and insolence, and right they are; why should they? And then people say that they have got "unbearably insolent" and "cheeky," simply because they don't allow themselves to be treated by such arrogant, badly-mannered idiots like a half-savage negro of some uncivilised colonial port. In Egypt, too, you can always hear the insulting word of "that black fellow," or such like. But the black fellow is often much whiter in his morals than the white-skinned man with his starched collar. There is no doubt that the Japanese feels himself important, that he steps with more assurance, not arrogance, on the surface of the world, and especially of his country. And it is good and right that it should be so; it is natural. It would be unnatural and undignified if he kept in a half slave-like, admiring attitude, before, or in the presence of, the European, of whom he has nothing to learn, but to whom he even taught a lesson. Natural human pride demands that of him. He would be contemptible if he were otherwise. He has a right to be so through his high cultivation and his successes, not to talk of his wonderful art, which is simply unparalleled in the history of the world. It may not appeal to everybody perhaps, not everybody may understand it, but their art is so universal, has so entered into their daily lives, into everything they do, that there is simply no other

nation which is artistic in such a way. They are artists, not for money or to live, but because their tastes, their natures are artistic, and they love Nature. They travel for miles to see a cherry-tree in blossom or a wisteria or an iris garden. They don't go and pull the flowers off and let them fade in their hands as the European does ; they don't go and sit in a restaurant or a beer-garden, or a bar drinking whisky as our European tourist does, where as soon as a pretty sight is discovered up crop the restaurants, the bars, the beer-gardens, and people go there chiefly for the beer and the whisky, and write, perhaps, some *Ansichtskarten* to their friends, never, or hardly ever, looking at the scenery. The Japanese go there to enjoy Nature. You see them sitting happily, quietly, gazing with delighted rapture at the waterfall, the flowering tree, the garden, taking it all in, enjoying it, and thus gathering strength, with which, if it come to that, no European can compete. Of course he can't; he is stupefied and materialised. His subtle, superior senses are undeveloped, crippled, suffocated.

Of course the principal objects of reform were the army and the navy once the revolution had reversed the situation. They understood that they had to create an army according to European ideas to be able to compete with the other nations, and to prevent greedy Russia ever swallowing them, which it had always had the intention of doing. So all their forces were given to that, how successfully the Chinese and the Russian wars have shown. Commerce came in a secondary line. So the tradespeople are still to a great extent in their ghetto state, and there are still uneducated people who do not trade according to European standards. But that has already changed a lot,

and is changing continually for the better. Government here, too, is very strict, and in a short time the Japanese tradespeople will be just as honourable and trustworthy as all the other nations, perhaps even more so.

The Europeans say, "But at the bottom of it all they hate us all, they are false."

But, dear people of Europe, pull your own noses! Do you love them? Don't your papers continually speak of the "Yellow Peril"? How should we like it if the Japanese made big settlements in our countries? Not a bit! Look at America, who even wants to exclude the Japanese children from their schools. Look at Australia, who will not allow any in at all! Do we love them, although our religion, as boasted of by the priests, teaches us to "love thy neighbour as thyself." Christ did not say "thy *white* neighbour." Why should they love us?

It has struck me very forcibly during all these tramps abroad the difference between the Englishman and the Englishwoman in this matter. Already in Germany this had greatly interested and struck me, in Italy, in France the same. The Englishman goes to another country, either on business or because he can't afford to live at home, life being there too expensive, while abroad it is cheaper, or on account of health, etc.; anyhow he settles in a foreign country. He makes, as has been proved, an excellent colonist, but he settles down where he is for the time being, his heart of course always remaining John Bull, and that is right and noble and good too. He takes up the customs of the country, its ways of living, its habits, etc., etc., and *admits* that *every* country, *every* nation, has its good points as well as its bad ones; that certain customs are necessary on account of the climate, etc., etc.

Not so the Englishwoman. She *always*, and *under all circumstances*, regards herself as the *specially elected tool* of a higher wisdom to pioneer and educate and convert a country and its customs and its people. I don't mean convert to Christianity, I mean convert to her essentially British standard, and be she still ignorant and positively stupid, she is English, therefore one of the chosen tribe, and it is for the *benefit* of the wretched country that she was doomed to spend some of her precious years in it. She is going to teach, to enlighten its people, to show them the proper way of life, and *everything* in this wretched country is judged stupid, etc., etc., according to her plum-pudding ideas. But that the plum-pudding might be indigestible or too heating in other climates she won't see. It is not so, it is only the stupidity of "foreign" people, not her heavy plum-pudding. She will train and teach their insides to digest plum-pudding, etc., etc. She remains British to the last day of her life, not so much in feeling (the man is a much better patriot), but in her habits and customs. She remains plum-pudding, and if she lives to be a thousand, well then, she is a thousand times heavier plum-pudding, that is all, but plum-pudding she remains, and eggs and bacon. There is no getting away from it. Oh! I know two exceptions—they are, Aunt Janet and Daisy. But then they are very clever women, of course; they have not remained plum-pudding because they are exceptions.

I quite forgot to tell, though it has nothing to do with the average Englishwoman or the plum-pudding, to what an extent the Japanese carry out their little artistic daily feelings, which I say have become part of their lives and natures. At Giffu, for instance, well known for its trout fishing, the cakes and biscuits you get are all in the shape

of a trout, large and small ; and in Yoro, notable for its maple leaves, the cakes again have the form of maple leaves. Of course it is a trivial thing I know, but it shows to what an extent they decorate their daily lives. Nothing with them is "banal." Everything has a nice little sense and meaning.

The other day we made a trip to Hye Mountain, near to Kyoto—Nomura, Hikkone-San, Jinija and two friends of his, and I. I think the two friends have large shops here ; anyhow, they are very nice and jolly, but don't speak one word of English.

We drove in a landau for about an hour and a half. The surroundings of Kyoto are really lovely, very hilly, and with magnificent vegetation, bamboo groves, camellias, big kaki trees, camphor trees, azaleas, hibiscus everywhere about. But what is so pleasant and attractive in Japan is that the vegetation looks not a bit, and isn't either a bit, tropical, but quite European. Because *à la longue* one really gets awfully tired of tropical vegetation. And the luxuriance of water everywhere ! Everywhere the lovely clear brooks, the murmuring rivers, the clear torrents and waterfalls driving huge wheels, etc., etc., make up a happy, lovely country. *Che dio lo benedica !*

At a large village we got out, and as it began to pelt with rain we waited some time in a nice little inn and watched the unharnessing and grooming down of the two fat, long-tailed, old grey horses. Then we went to an old bath which is close by, and supposed to be one of the oldest in Japan. Some very famous old Shogun used to bathe in it in the Middle Ages. I suppose it has been considerably patched up since, because, although primitive, it looks in good condition, and I can hardly believe that the beaten clay out

of which it is simply formed would stand many centuries. It consisted of an old ramshackle wooden shanty, minutely clean of course, and attached to it a round thing, which from outside looked like one of those beehive baking ovens which one used to have in the villages for baking bread. This "backofen" was connected with the shanty by a low little opening near the floor, square, and surely not half a yard in diameter. Through this opening one would have to squeeze oneself in order to get into the "backofen," which was heated from somewhere underneath, and used as a steam bath. Inside the "backofen," it appears, one could just stand up if one were a Japanese; as for me, how often I have knocked my poor head against posts, doors and ceilings, roofs, etc., etc., is not to be counted. You can easily imagine that I, who hate underground places, did not squeeze myself through the hole near the floor into the "backofen." I contented myself with the description, and state the fact that the famous Shogun, though a mighty warrior, must have been mighty slim. The chief engineer from the *Derfflinger*, who said I walked too much, could not have got through. The bath-house was surrounded by a lovely garden (the whole village lies in a narrow valley surrounded by lovely wooded hills, from which clear brooks gurgle down), in which, beside magnificent scarlet-red morning glories, an exquisite pure white double-blossomed hibiscus forms hedges. Early chrysanthemums were beginning to flower in yellows and false purples.

We then crossed a little river on some wobbly planks, Tim trotting so close behind me that she shook the planks, so that we almost fell into the water, and on the other side we ascended the mountain. We came at once into



BIWA LAKE.

lovely cryptomeria woods, with bamboo and azalea undergrowth, wisteria creeping everywhere, ferns, mosses, briar-roses, lovely grasses, and oh! the most lovely pale, orangy lilies I've ever seen, in masses, flowering everywhere in profusion. The thin, small, graceful flowers were in clusters on not very high stalks. Exquisite! Of course I howled with delight, and Benten—that is, Nomura—promised to have basketsful of the bulbs collected for me, as I wanted to come here again in the autumn. He has masses of them growing in his own country place. He really is awfully good.

Higher up we went steeply, through narrow gorges, always in the dense cryptomeria and tuja woods. It was lovely. Everywhere the waters descended in happy torrents and formed busy waterfalls over and round mossy stones in the narrow beds, and one looked down steep, almost perpendicular precipices. Half-way up, after an hour's walk, a terrible shower caught us again, and in spite of the dense woods we got wet through and through. But it didn't in the least interfere with our high spirits. We were in regular holiday mood. Besides, by-and-by we got dry again, and when we had reached the summit ultimately, after a very steep and long climb, we were actually quite dry again. Before reaching this summit, however, we passed many magnificent temples, as this hill was famous for its temples. One Shogun, who was a Christian, so history relates, ordered all the Buddhist temples to be burned (what a wicked man he must have been!), and these magnificent temples, with all their treasures, and many gilt hinges and solid copper roofs, were only preserved by the trick of a very smart young priest, who made all the other priests pile huge masses of wood in front of each

temple and lit them. So the soldiers seeing the big fires flaring up high out of the woods thought other soldiers had already done their work of destruction, and passed by that hill without going up.

All these temples are of wood of course, with lovely curved roofs, as I said made of copper, turned to a rich bronzy green, the pillars mostly painted red, and thickly ornamented with all sorts of beautiful brass gilt hinges and nails, making a lovely, rich ornamental effect. They all stand raised high on a wide wooden platform, with a sort of balcony running round them with a low railing, and huge stone or bronze lanterns of lovely patterns and shapes in front of them on the large gravel square, which is cleared out of the dense woods surrounding it. It is of a majestic sacredness and imposing magnificence, which impress one greatly. Whoever said that Japan was only toylike and pretty has surely never seen either Japan's hills and Nature, or its glorious temples, with their grand proportions, and the sense of largeness and of space carried out to an extent we in Europe don't dream of. And the noble, dignified simplicity in its massive richness is so exquisite. These temples are so lofty, so spacious, their surroundings so grandiose in their sweet simpleness, that one can only stand still and admire. And the red of the pillars so well harmonises with the many-shaded greens of mosses, foliage, and pines. And then there is the sacred solitude of it all, the shadiness, the rich, damp, luxuriant vegetation, the glorious artistic forms of the cryptomerias with their red stems, and the gnarled pines with their bluish foliage! I say it is the country of harmony, of perfect beauty. It is perfect. Broad stone steps lead from one temple up to another, where one passes under a sort of archway or

bridge formed by the raised platform of two smaller temples communicating by a sort of bridge, underneath which one passes. The priest's house was delightful, a dream of a cottage, with a gabled roof and perfect porch, everything mysteriously clean and silent, only the birds singing in the dense green woods, where one hears the murmur of the waters. And still higher up one goes by broad, well-kept walks, over mossy stepping-stones and wide flights of stone steps, always along in this shady, lovely, silent, mysterious wood of magnificent trees. It is like dreamland. Surely here the angels come to dance at night on the moon-rays, and the elves at daytime play hide-and-seek in these lovely enchanted woods and greennesses. Isn't there a goblin sitting there on that mossy bank? I almost thought I saw one. One wouldn't be a bit astonished.

One meets very few people—those we saw were Japanese, thank goodness; Providence or my nice Japanese sprite has spared me the odious spectacle of Yankee tourists in tweeds, with blue or green floating motor veils. It is delightful.

Finally we got out of the woods on to the open top, which is very steep and covered with low bamboo grass, and after a stiff climb almost on hands and knees, we reached the summit at 1 P.M., and had a glorious view over the lovely, hilly wooded country to Kyoto in the distance, and across silvery glittering Biwa Lake, with its many bays, islands, the sails of the boats on it, the lovely wooded hills framing it, with lower promontories crowned by old temples, the thatched roof villages hidden in fruit trees close to the sandy shore. It is all a lovely picture of blues, pale hazy greens, purples, and glittering

silver. It was hard to tear oneself away. What a position for a castle this would be!

After climbing down again into the woods we walked still for half an hour, and then had lunch in a dear tea-house—or rather outside it—in the shade of enormous cryptomerias near another fine old temple. We were awfully hungry, having walked since this morning early, and all the time uphill, but it was lovely.

After going to another temple close by, which was particularly imposing in its marvellous grandeur and large proportions, we descended the other side of the hill steeply through dense, lovely wood towards Biwa Lake, and got charming glimpses all along through the high stems on to the silvery lake and the pale blue hills. What a country! At the bottom of the hill were our bicycles, which the coolies had brought; for I have bought a bicycle, and we have been for some heavenly trips about the lovely country, which is great fun.

Tim, who had enjoyed her day out immensely, the dear little thing, and had scampered about and uphill like mad, began to get frightfully tired towards the end of the walk going downhill, and I had to carry her. It was of course in any case out of the question that she could follow the bicycle, so my nice old rikshah coolie, who is on excellent terms with her, and really very fond of her, carried her in his arms as far as the boat, in which they went home to Kyoto.

When we drove in the rikshah Tim amused herself with trying to catch the poor old boy behind, and sometimes nibbled him quite hard, to his great delight. I told her it was naughty, but he said it didn't matter, and it did amuse her so. She is a cheeky little beggar. When

she got wet he wiped her face like an old nurse, and she sat with an air of condescension and allowed him to do it. She is frightfully affected when she thinks it is worth while, but an awful tomboy otherwise. But she gets angry when I call her a Lhasa street arab, what she really is, I am sure. Nevertheless she is a great darling, so what does it matter?

We bicycled back in one hour and a half. Uphill I thought I would render up my soul; I haven't sat on a cycle for a year. But then again downhill it was heavenly, as the machine was a freewheeler, and I never sat on one before; it was like a motor-car. Once one has got accustomed to it, and especially to the back pedal brake, it is delightful. At first I always put the brake on without wanting to, which was most aggravating.

It was a heavenly, enjoyable day all along. Tim is dead tired. She ate her dinner and went to sleep profoundly; didn't even come into my bed in the evening to play, which always happens, whether I like it or not, every night. She slept till next morning, but now is very gay and well. Nomura is half-dead too, and tells me through the telephone that he is so stiff he has had to send for the masseur to massage his legs.

One afternoon Jinija, Hikkone-San, and I bicycled out to the bottom of the rapids. It is like all the country about Kyoto, lovely all the way—seven miles. Once there, it is beyond words. We crossed the river in a punt, and went to a charming tea-house, situated high above the steep banks of the river. Jinija had telephoned and told them to reserve the corner room, which has a specially lovely view over the blue-green transparent river and its many huge blocks of mossy rock round which

it flows, and on the thickly timbered steep hills forming the valley. It is an exquisite spot. One would love to stop there for days. But in which place in Japan would one not like to spend weeks? Yes, in Tokyo! that is, to my idea, the only nasty place in the whole of Japan. Well, here it is lovely.

After we had cooled down a bit, as of course we had undressed like every one else, as they all sat practically naked in all the different rooms which were more or less open to the gardens, we went to the public bathroom. It was charmingly arranged (of course quite Japanese, because it is a Japanese inn), with nice plain wood, and tiles all round the big tub of wood in the middle, sunk into the floor, and fresh water flowing into it all the time, and all so clean. We were handed a towel, and in we went. There were several people already in it, and I couldn't help laughing (this being my first bathe in Japan in a public bath) at the perfect innocence with which everything went on. The girls that gave you the towels, for instance, still chatted gaily with us and the other absolutely Adam-like men. It is such a sensible nation. I never could see anything indecent or improper in nakedness. I never can understand why one should be ashamed to show oneself naked. I am well built, though it may sound conceited to say so—I can't help it, I know it, I'm not a painter for nothing. So why should I be ashamed of showing myself naked? If I were deformed I could understand it, but as I'm not? Well, in this sensible land they are not so stupid as to be ashamed. They are so clean-minded, that they don't mind showing themselves naked. God bless them! The water was boiling, and my not being accustomed to it caused a general amuse-



ON THE ROAD TO THE ARASHIAMA RAPIDS



ment, and we got on friendly terms at once. I couldn't help laughing again as I asked Jinija what sort of people they were, I mean what class, and he answered me quite seriously, "I really couldn't tell you like that. I must see them dressed, then I could tell you exactly to which class of people they belong."

There is a German proverb saying, *Kleider machen Leute*, which is very true, but it never struck me more than here. Here we were all alike, nothing but simple, harmless, naked people. So where is the real difference, unless, thank God, in brains and education, that I admit? But stripped of our clothes we are all alike, and it is almost impossible to tell us apart. How true is that proverb.

Afterwards we again donned our linen kimonos lent by the hotel, walked back to our room in the wooden sandals, and while I had my cocoa and excellent pears the other two had rice with eels, which they ate with their chopsticks with wonderful deftness. They had very good fruit there, excellent pears, which I have described already, nice and juicy and very good large peaches, almost as good as the Australian fruit. Figs were beginning too, but I never cared for them, and not even Japan will teach me to eat and like them; there were also excellent grapes. We sat in that cool, pleasant nakedness quite a long time talking gaily, and looking at the lovely scenery. When it got dark we dressed and bicycled back to the hotel, where of course I had to take another bath as I'd got hot again bicycling.

I have seen several lovely gardens in the town; it is charming the way they are arranged. Only I see I must still put more stones in mine.

The day before yesterday was full moon, and I had

proposed a bicycling trip to Biwa Lake to see the moon there, which was accepted with alacrity. We started at about five and arrived there just as the moon was coming up, a huge red ball, over the old pines that crown the hills surrounding Biwa Lake. It was lovely. Hikkone-San had gone on ahead by train and had reserved us a room, otherwise one cannot get one on such days. In fact, all the tea-houses were choke-full, and singing and dining was going on in all the rooms, wide open to the lake, so that one could see their naked inhabitants having supper. After having bathed we had supper too, but unfortunately the sky had clouded over entirely, and no moon was to be seen any more. But our little party was very gay all the same, and we stopped till 10 P.M., and then prepared for going home. When we dressed I said, "If only I hadn't to put on that shirt with that beastly collar!" And they all immediately answered delighted, "Oh! don't put it on; we are only putting them on on account of you, but if you won't, we needn't." So we rolled our shirts up, tied them to our bikes, and bicycled back in our thin vests. It was delightful. The night was so pleasant and cool, and, although cloudy, still bright enough to show the lovely scenery all the way, and especially the old pine-tree avenues along the shore of the lake looked doubly attractive in the half light, and very fascinating. I wonder why so few people plant Scotch firs as an avenue in Europe! Here one sees a lot of them, and they are so pretty and picturesque.

We arrived at the hotel at half-past eleven, and I don't know why, my valet had not gone to bed; I never want him at night for undressing. But up he was, and his face when he saw me come up in my vest and knickerbockers

was worth a shilling. We couldn't help laughing, but he, I think, was greatly shocked, and I believe begins to fear I'm demented.

Yesterday old Jida had sent to tell me he would show me a lovely garden. Most likely he had heard that Nomura, whom he can't bear, had been showing me all these lovely gardens, and he was jealous. He came at half-past two, a ghastly hour, because, although the nights are getting cooler, it is still very hot in the day. We rikshahed out for fifty minutes, through pretty country of course, and then through a large village where nobody lives but stone workmen, and one saw lovely stone lanterns being made everywhere, in all sorts of forms and sizes. At the end of this village we stopped and walked a bit uphill. Here it was not pretty, nothing but vegetable fields, beautifully kept it is true, but turnips, onions, cabbages, etc., etc., don't interest me especially, unless they are my own. Besides, they had sunk in the ground every five yards huge *conci*, in which they were distilling some manure with which they watered their fields. In some places they were just at it, and the smell was too terrific. I can stand a lot of country smells as a rule, farmyards or so on, but this was awful. Then Tim, who was scampering gaily about the fields, fell into one of these pools before I could stop her; and if I had not been there the poor little thing would have got drowned, as the beastly things are glazed inside, and the disgusting thick stuff being lower than the border, no dog could have got out, but would have died an awful death. Of course I had to fish her out, which I did at once. I wasn't angry with her, poor little dear, it was not her fault, but I was angry with old Jida, because this was what he wanted to show me. This was the spot where

once a princely palace had stood and a beautiful garden had been, and he wanted me, as I was so fond of gardens, to buy this ground and lay out a garden on it again and build a house here. Wasn't the spot beautiful? One had pretty wooded hills at the back it is true, where one might hear a small waterfall, but in front, down in the otherwise lovely valley, they had built a huge cotton mill with many smoking chimneys. Well, frankly, I didn't come to Japan to see smoking factory chimneys and to smell distilled manure. I was angry, for it was hot, and he had disturbed me in my best writing mood. So I was delighted when little Tim, after she had been rescued by me, shook herself violently, and as we had all jumped out of reach of her fountain, which was of course anything but sweet, old dandy-like Jida had been too slow or too dignified to do it, so she shook a good lot of her dirt on his grey silk kimono. Imagine his horror! I was deliberately delighted; it served him right for taking me to such places. I had of course to dip Tim in a clean running stream close by, because her smell was awful, and then she had to run a bit beside the rikshah, which she likes, and has been doing all these days. She was too dirty to take into the rikshah, and at the hotel she was washed at once all over with soap and in a hot bath. It was awful. Of course I had returned to the hotel at once, so as to be able to wash her as quickly as possible. I think old Jida was quite offended.

In the evening Nomura took me to a lovely little garden in the town; small, but beautifully laid out and kept—a regular treat.

September 16th.—Several days ago we left Kyoto by train at 1 P.M., and went first to Osaka, where we had to

change train, get into a sort of tram-car, and change again into a slow train for Wakanoura. Here we had to drive for at least an hour in rikshahs before we got to the hotel, most charmingly situated on the sea, with a delightful view over the cliffed beach, the sea, and many small islands crowned by charming gnarled pine-trees. It was all so thoroughly Japanese and attractive. The luggage had been limited, mostly consisting of linen and Japanese clothes, so that came to very little. Then there was my painting materials and my dressing-bag, over which Jinija and I almost came to blows, as he pretends it is too heavy, and surely I don't need all these things ; but, as I tell him, it is not he who has to carry it (or I either), and this reason won, and it was taken. Then there were the cooking pots and pans, and provisions tied up in different baskets, like everything else in this delightful country. But all the same it was really very little. We had to take provisions, as up in Koya-san, the old convent, one could not get anything but vegetables. Nobody is allowed to cook meat or fish in the convent, so we had to do it on the sly.

It is a pity that my stupid inside stands Japanese food so badly, otherwise it would be much easier ; but I am so easily upset. That's the reason why the cook has always to be taken. I left Duenker at Kyoto, because otherwise one would have to drag European provisions up for two, and, as it is, Jinija allows me very little.

I have taken a Japanese boy called Akida with me. He was in the Yaami hotel four years ago ; very clean and smart, and implored me to take him with me to Germany. I had him to help dress me and lay out my things for a week so that he should get into my ways, and it is really

extraordinary with what rapidity he has picked it all up, considering he has never done it before. I hope he won't get spoilt, or that it won't be a case of "new brooms," which I have noticed so often before. People often appear clever at the preliminary canter, and in the long run disappoint you. Of course, if properly trained, a Japanese valet ought to be the ideal valet, they are so clever, clean, and tidy.

So we started, a very happy family—Jinija, Hikkone-San, the little cook, Akida, Tim, and I. Did I mention that Akida is so nice with Tim, and always plays with her when he thinks he is unobserved?

The sunset was lovely, but before the luggage with the painting things had come it was night. Exquisite pink and mauve clouds, topped with a creamy-yellow, floated on a pale blue sky. It really was too pretty for words. I wished I could have put it down.

The hotel, a Japanese country inn, is charming with all its pretty, tasty things, the quaint rooms and customs. The bath is of course a general amusement again, and all the housemaids assist. It is really, I must say, charming, the utter innocence in this country; it is all so natural and gay, one can't help laughing and enjoying it all. They are such a jolly lot.

It is very warm here still, as it is farther south than Kyoto, and I dine on the verandah overlooking the sea and the little harbour, only dressed in a thin linen kimono. All the matted floors are so clean that I don't even wear slippers, but walk about like the Japanese barefooted. Fancy *me* without my holy ones (I mean my slippers), about which Healy always used to tease me so much! And it is quite true in Europe I hate being without them,

but in this clean country I don't mind a bit. It is as if one walked about somebody's polished dinner-table.

It is most amusing to watch the many fisher-boats come in, because the whole population of this little village are fishers. There are large and small fishing-smacks all rowed by naked, bronzy people, enormous baskets full of all sorts of fish, which they empty out of the tanks they have at the bottom of their boats, huge lobsters, and all the business and alertness make a pretty picture of naked, fresh, healthy life. One might be in one of the south Italian villages in the time of the old Romans, with all this innocent nakedness.

Those who have returned earlier, and have stored their prey away already, have been to the public bath, and return to the harbour stark-naked, their towels slung over their shoulders, to see what the others have caught, or to have a quiet evening pipe and talk before turning in for the evening meal. The others returning do not wear much more clothing, especially the younger men, just some large straw hats or a handkerchief tied over their ears. The children (the little boys) are all of course quite naked too, the little girls only in linen kimonos, the married women mostly naked down to the waist. All this nakedness is so innocent, so natural, so paradise-like, that one would be astonished to see it different. What fools we are to cover ourselves up in this stupid and surely unwholesome way! At least there is freedom of movement here.

On a rock stands a lovely old stone lantern, and near by they have hung all the nets up to dry on high poles, and they form pretty garlands, like graceful draperies of a dark and light tan.

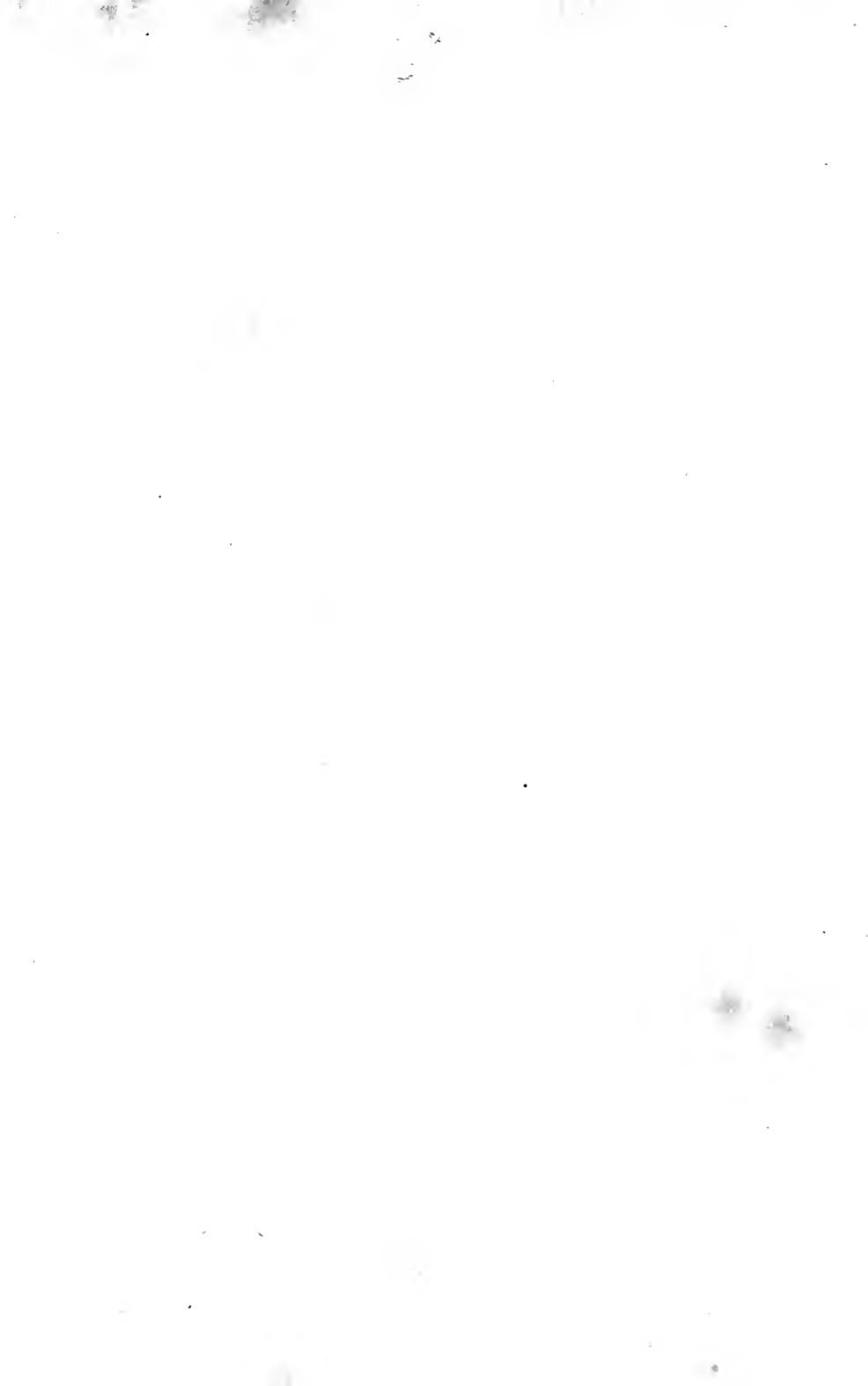
The next day we walked to an old temple, now a

Shinto temple, built by Tokugawa, that is, 350 years ago. It is very pretty, though very Chinese and rather loud in colour. But it stands awfully well on a high hill, to which a long flight of stone steps leads up through the woods, lined by large stone lanterns. The view from here over the sea and the harbour is very pretty. Then we walked to a point which is supposed to have a pretty view, after descending the hill again, but this proved to be a failure. First of all, the walk in the burning, scorching sun, absolutely shadeless, was anything but pretty, and then the view was nothing especial. So after eating some pears, I was all for taking a boat and being rowed back along the many canals which wind about here to avoid the hot, dusty road. Our crew consisted of three boys of about twelve to fourteen years, who, when it got too deep to punt, stripped themselves of their kimonos and jumped into the water, pushing the boat from behind, swimming. We did not go very fast to be sure, but it was always better than walking on that hot, dusty road.

After tiffin we all took a boat, as I had told the cook and Akida to come too, because they were simply longing to do so. None of them had ever been out of Kyoto, and so they were exactly like children on a holiday. We meant to go fishing in the sea, which Jinija told us was great sport and fun, as one caught *quantities* in the shortest time. As I wanted to swim in the lovely blue-green sea I had my linen kimono on as my only garment, and couldn't help laughing that all the others appeared in the same dress. The boat was covered with a linen awning, and we were rowed out by an old man. We passed lots of boats with people fishing like us, and I made Jinija ask some of them if they had caught a lot already,



GOING TO FISH AT BIWA LAKE (JAPAN)



but they all said it was a "bad day" to-day, and one man told us he had been fishing since 5 A.M. (it is now 3 P.M.) and had caught five fish. I couldn't help laughing, because that had always been my experience of fishing, but Jinija was full of hope, and told me not to laugh too soon.

So they all put their hooks out and worked at them as the old fisherman told them, pulling them softly up and down, so that the little shrimps hooked to them should look as if they moved, but it was all in vain. I think (I'm sure) they tried for an hour at different points, always with the same effect. I didn't mind, because it was simply heavenly, and I enjoyed my *dolce far niente* more than I can say, so they were quite welcome to fish. I lay on my back in my thin kimono, watching the lovely distant sea, the green hills, the more distant ones of a hazy-blue colour; the little fisher-boats were going and coming, and all the time the sea lapped gently at the sides of the boat. It was a lovely siesta. The sea looked like some fine vista in a good Alma Tadema picture, without the eternal marble and the eternal red-haired woman. But it was exquisite! That's what I like in Alma Tadema's pictures, the distant sunny sea as the background. He makes it so warm and sunny, really just as it is.

Then when they got tired of their game (I could have lolled on for hours) we went near the land to a lovely little bay, for, except Akida, none of them can swim, and the bathing began. Jinija, of course, had to take photos; he was quite wild about it, and so we had to take attitudes and get snap-shotted. Then I had my swim. It was delightful. I swam out to a little rock in the sea which tempted me. It was much farther than I had thought, and I was astonished that I could still swim so much

farther than I have swum for several years. As I was just perching on the top of the rock Akida crawled up behind me. I was still more astonished, but didn't like it a bit when he told me he was not sure if he could get back again, he had never swum so far before; but as I had come, he had thought he must come too. I proposed to him that I should swim back and bring the boat for him, but that of course his childish pride (he is twenty-two) would not allow. So I persuaded him to rest, and as it was nice and warm, and as I had a large straw hat on to shield me from the sun, we two Adams sat on the narrow slit of rock back to back, for otherwise there would have been no room, and as I asked him about his family, he told me there and then his sad little story. It was quite a romance but a very sad one, and I felt almost sorry I had asked him. The poor boy! life is very hard on some people.

After we had got safely back (I made him swim in front of me so that I could keep an eye on him, and had instructed him what to do if he felt his strength going) I had some rare games with Tim, who enjoyed herself immensely on this trip, and then we started for home. But midway the sea was so lovely and transparent I couldn't resist it; I jumped in again, after telling Akida not to follow me, and I swam beside the boat back to the hotel. It was lovely.

Towards evening I painted quite a nice little sunset—I mean it was all in such pale tints, that's why I call it a small sunset.

That night Tim pretended to die. Of course she was really not ill a bit, in the proper sense. She had gone and stolen all the lobster of Jinija's and Hikkone's dinner

while they kept me company at mine. Their dinner being neatly laid out, as all the dinners are in Japan, on low little lacquer tables, she had taken what tempted her most, and had made a clean sweep of the lobsters. As she had just had an enormous dinner she was violently sick, and really acted as if she were going to die there and then. If her nose hadn't been quite cold and wet, and if I hadn't known that she was an awful tenderfoot and a pretender, and always acted as if she were giving up the ghost, I might have really been frightened. Akida thought me very hard-hearted because I laughed. She was so sick, or pretended to be, that I had to carry her down the stairs and up again for what I call her evening prayers. She pretended she couldn't walk, she is awfully affected. She dropped down on her cushion with a deep sigh, and did not even come to my bed to play. Next day, however, she was as fresh and saucy and cheeky as ever, and pretended it wasn't true at all, and all an invention of mine. But the night before she had whispered to me which way she wanted to be buried.

Next day I got up at 6 A.M., because we still wanted to see the old Daimio castle on our way to the station. The morning was so lovely in its soft haziness that I made the resolution to get up at 6 A.M. (not every day, don't think that, I'm not so rash in my resolutions), but to get up at 6 A.M. once on my way back from Koya-san, when I intend to stop again for a few days at this charming little place, and to paint these lovely fresh mornings. I think though (I'm sorry to say) Japan is a morning country, and that the mornings here are still prettier than the evenings, which would mean getting up early oftener. That would be very sad; 7 A.M. I think is quite a nice reasonable hour,

I hate getting up earlier. But this morning was really lovely, so with many "*Seionaras*" we drove away from the hospitable nice inn, and again through the lovely long pine-tree avenue, between the luxuriant rich fields of rice and vegetables, where everywhere the people are always busy working, including a gang of prisoners in their red clothes. The drive through the little place itself was interesting enough, everybody busy shopping, and everything so nice and clean, so daintily arranged, the vegetable, the fish, and the fruit shops. They are even artists in such trivial things as that. And everybody trotted about gaily with an amiable bow to an equally bowing neighbour and with a smile on the lips. Hideous, though, is the habit still persisting in the country, though fortunately it is dying out, of the married women having to blacken their teeth.

The old Daimio castle stands on a highish mount in the middle of its extensive, finely-timbered grounds, the whole surrounded by the fast-growing town of Wakanoura. It is a pity that so many factories smoke round it, otherwise it would be still prettier. The whole of the grounds are surrounded by a large moat quite filled with lotus flowers in full bloom still, and looking lovely. Their large pink blossoms were swaying high over the sea of bluish-green leaves on which the dewdrops rolled about like large crystal beads. After crossing a fine stone bridge one passes the old fortified walls of massive stone, built of huge hewn squares, almost as large as those in the old Egyptian buildings. Then crossing park-like grounds, in which one could make dreams of gardens, one ascends the broad zigzagging main drive steeply, coming from stone terrace to stone terrace over wide stone steps and past steep fortified walls of massive large blocks, where the

Ampelopsis vichy was already tinted red at the points. Through huge avenues of cryptomerias and camphor trees one reaches then the main entrance to the castle itself, a large gate in a house with the typical curved and gabled roof crowned at the corners by the well-known fish, tails upwards, and looking like a little fortress itself.

Inside is a spacious courtyard, formed by the stables and the outer houses, in which pine trees grow, and at the end of this longish court stands massive and imposing the old castle with its three stories, whitewashed, the grey-tiled roofs looking like a huge defiant pagoda. The curved roofs and pretty decorations, the wonderful proportions, have a marvellous effect, and the whole thing reminds one more of the old pictures of Ravenna than of anything else. If I ever had to build a castle again, I should build one like this massive, simple, graceful, and aristocratic structure. It would fit beautifully in our German scenery. I remember I was quite wild about them when I saw them four years ago, and almost wished then Halbau might burn down (it was well insured), and that I might be able to build such a castle as this. It strikes me again as wonderful and really magnificent architecture, and I can't understand why some European architect hasn't long ago built a castle for some rich man in this style, instead of trying to invent some new atrocity, or to copy the eternal French or English styles. One could really not imagine anything more imposing and grand, and, as I say, it would suit our German scenery especially well.

Inside it is, of course, like all the Japanese castles, very simple and bare, constructed of huge, massive wooden beams. It only served to house the soldiers and the armoury, the palace being at the bottom of the hill in the

grounds. This was unfortunately destroyed by fire several years ago, and the proprietor now lives in Tokyo, being some Court official, most likely in a hideous European villa, for alas! the bad European taste, I'm sorry to say, finds its way even into beautiful, artistic Japan.

The view from the third floor of the castle is magnificent. One looks all round as out of an eagle's nest, well perched on the hills over the smoking factories and the low squat town, over the rich undulating green fields on the wooded hills beyond, and the many rivers and the lovely sea with its pine-clad shores, its fisher villages and harboured boats, and its many islands. It is really a lovely sight, and one could look at it for hours. I must go back there and paint at least one view.

Then after descending through the lovely shady park again, down those broad avenues and massive terraces with their undergrowth of camellias and azaleas, we drove to the house of a rich merchant, who had some really lovely old things of a friend of his for sale. How charming such a Japanese interior is, so tasteful and simple, yet so cosy and delightfully clean.

At 11 A.M. our train left, and after two hours' journey through pretty hilly country we arrived at Koya-Gouchy, where we had tiffin. Then we took rikshahs, and to my horror they had dogs running as leaders to the rikshah boys, and of course my love of dogs made my temper rise, and I really got quite angry. It is a shame, and unworthy of so civilised and clever and advanced a nation. In most places I heard to my relief that Government had stopped it already, so undoubtedly they will do it here too.

The ride continued through pretty country, in a narrow valley which soon began to be thickly timbered. After



Wakanura.
Sept 22, 1900. —

WAKANURA.

one hour of it we got out, and I am glad we did, on account of the poor dogs. They seemed, though, to be very fond of their masters.

From the village where we stopped and got out of the rikshahs the road ascends steeply at once in the loveliest imaginable woods. Thick glorious forests of cryptomerias and a sort of gigantic tujas, which they call here cedars, but of course they are not cedars at all; hemlock, spruce, camphor trees still at the beginning, and all the undergrowth, bamboos (the Nikko bamboo), azaleas, roses, ferns and wisteria, bignonia, radicans, and clematis, creeping and garlanding all the trees, mixed with the creeping hydrangea. At the more open places the other hydrangea forms huge bushes, and lovely mosses cover the stones and stems, various graceful ferns grow everywhere, and aconite was still in flower amongst the high, long-seeded grass, so special to the Japanese landscape, and so artistic.

The height and circumference of the really gigantic trees, of which the forests are formed, one cannot imagine. It is as if one were walking in a glorious green Gothic cathedral. They are, in my estimation, at least 30-40 metres high, really magnificent and unparalleled; I've never seen their equal in any country. For me this is really the most perfect nature I know, and the most luxurious vegetation; nothing can be compared with Japan, because, fairy-like as Milford Sound is, it lacks the flowers which here in this blessed land are out even at this quiet time of the year. Wherever there is an opening the Michaelmas daisies were standing high in pale purple bushes, and masses of bluebell (campanulas) were in flower still. The *Ampelopsis vicky* clothing the tall stems or covering a rock was just beginning to get tinted red at the points, and

made a touch of colour here and there, and the maple trees brought a gay, light green note with their fine pointed leaves into the serious dark green of the glorious pines, through which a green light was filtering. Deep down below in the narrow valleys, in a dense greenness, the clear, transparent rivers gurgled and ran, twisting round mossy rocks and stones, and everywhere were many varieties of beautiful ferns. It was enchanting. When people say that Japan lacks grandeur, and is so small in everything, that it is not grandiose, and find everything *en miniature*, I can only say they are either fools or they have never seen Japanese woods and scenery, temples and castles. When I think of the castle of this morning and its gigantic terraces, walls and dimensions, I must say what a wretched, finical, small-minded set of people we Europeans are. And then those wonderful woods, they have not their equal in any country in Europe certainly. I remember how struck I was with them at Nikko years ago, and now here again they are just perfect, they are glorious. Yes, people who say that Japan is not grandiose haven't seen it, that's certain.

The road uphill was very steep, and as I knew the others were not very good walkers, I engaged a strong coolie, who carried my things and accompanied me, so that I should not miss the road, and we arrived at the convent one hour before the others. One meets a lot of pilgrims going up or coming down, for it is the main place to pray for the dead. They are all dressed in white, and have long sticks in their hands and carry chaplets. One passes many small temples, exquisitely situated and built, each of them a perfect picture, and all around, everywhere, marvellous cathedral-like forests.

Before one reaches the convent one passes, high up in

the woods, an enormous bronze Buddha of lovely modelling, and the impression that silent, sitting figure, with its meditative, restful expression, makes there in that glorious greenness is superb. Then one gets quickly into the village, which in these last thirty years has sprung up round the temples, and one soon reaches the fine temple building where we are going to live. I am met at the door by the prior in his mustard-yellow robes, who conducts me to my rooms after I have taken my boots off. Formerly no women were allowed farther than where that huge bronze Buddha sits, but for thirty years now this regulation has been changed, and if women are not yet allowed into the precincts of the convent, they are allowed to visit the graves and to live in the village which has lately sprung up there.

I was taken to my apartment through endless passages, past lovely gardens in inner courtyards, and through enormous halls and staterooms, which again shows what a large conception of things this nation has; and my apartment was a special one at the farthest and private end of the temple grounds, attached to the main building, but forming a palace by itself, with many large rooms and apartments, and ending in a charming room overlooking an exquisite little garden and the wooded hills, which formed a lovely and majestic background to it. Here one heard nothing of the village, the comings and goings of the convent, nor the caravanserai-like lodgings for the other pilgrims. It was like a lovely private palace, furnished with old painted sliding walls and kakemonos, incense burners, flowers in all the many precious bronze or porcelain vases in the different rooms, and lovely wooden ceilings.

I chose for my special apartment the farthest, which consisted of rather small but exquisite rooms, the so-called tea ceremony rooms. They were enchanting, and I thought all the time of Schneewittchen and the seven dwarfs. All these dear little rooms, with their matted, clean floors, their natural woods, their paper doors and windows, the few fine old things in them, the charming flower arrangements in the vases, the wooden passages, were like rooms in a fairy tale. It was enchanting and infinitely poetical. I really think people who haven't been to Japan don't know what poetry is—I mean in life, not written sentimentally. I had my bathroom and everything at hand, delightfully connected with lovely wooden passages, whose wood was so neatly worked and so smoothly cut, that it was a treat to walk on it with bare feet.

September 18th.—In the morning when I woke up (having slept of course on the ground, as here everything is done Japanese fashion) on my thick mattresses of silk wadding, and looked up at the lovely cryptomeria ceiling, at the tokonoma (the niche which is in every room for the decorations) with its priceless old kakemono, an incense burner of some exquisite shape on a low, little lacquer table in front of it, and beside it, in some rare old artistic bronze vase, a few gracefully arranged twigs of pale purple Michaelmas daisies, at the lovely paper sliding doors, decorated with rare skill 400 years ago by some famous artist, representing in Chinese ink some Japanese mountain scenery, the rising mists in the valley being made by powdered gold, which makes a charming hazy effect, I thought myself in a dream. The sliding doors were noiselessly pushed aside, and Akida, my slim Japanese servant, bowed himself in,

in his pale grey silk kimono. Yes, it seemed like a beautiful dream. Could it be reality? It was all too artistic and exquisite! I felt sure I was going to wake up at once in some vulgarly banal hotel in Europe!

But no! it was all reality, it was really true life, it was not enchantment. Art had to such an extent become the second nature of these charming people, this delightful nation, that life is embellished and made pleasant by it. They have indeed understood how to make pleasant and charming the art of living.

Yesterday we went to the long avenue of graves that leads through the woods up to the tomb of the saint that lived and founded this convent 1150 years ago. It is an avenue of lovely mossy stone lanterns and *In Memoriam* stones and lantern-shaped monuments for the dead, going along for over a mile in the most magnificent cryptomeria wood you can imagine. Gigantic trees tower all along, arch themselves to a most glorious, live, rich, dark green cathedral. It is so wonderfully imposing and majestic, so impressive, it almost takes one's breath away. The dead are not really buried here; these monuments are only put up for them as memorials, so there is not the gruesome feeling of the real graveyard. The bodies are cremated, and the ashes, tied up neatly in a small parcel of rice-paper, are brought up by some relation, who throws them through a round hole in the door of a special little temple, in front of which, day and night, incense is burning. There the dust lies for some time, then it is taken away and buried in the woods. I looked in through the hole yesterday; it was like the parcel-post department at some post-office. All the neat little white parcels were tied up with string, ready to be sent to heaven.

At the end of this lovely avenue, where on one side the heavenly parcel post-office stands, is the main temple, in which 1000 lamps are kept burning. They are all in the most various and fascinating bronze lanterns. Really, some are too lovely for words, representing little houses or such, charming and delightful. Behind this flaming temple, high up on the hill, is the tomb of the saint, in a special little temple fenced in. Here he rests, or at least his body does, in the middle of these regal woods, whose tops of giddy height sing an eternal, wave-like, mystic song. One could not have chosen a more perfect spot for oneself.

In front of the low enclosure, at the end of which, high up, one sees the little sepulchre temple, stands a huge bronze brazier, flanked on both sides by large stone vases filled with fresh branches and flowers, and in the brazier endless incense sticks are smoking, curling up in a transparent, bluish, sweetly-scented smoke column into the green shady dome of the trees. One has to offer three bundles of incense sticks at three different temples, and to add one more specially for the memory of one's own dead. You can easily imagine that I burnt several at all the altars for the beloved ones who have outpaced me.

One meets lots of pilgrims, all dressed in white linen, who come, chaplet in hand, to pray for their dead. It is a pretty sight to see all these fervent-looking little people, who in ordinary life are ready to laugh and smile at everything. But here everybody is impressed and serious—even Jinija, and that means a lot, for he really is the most cheerful person I ever met, and what is so charming is that it is natural, not a bit put on or affected.

Several lovely Buddha figures in stone or bronze are placed about too, not that I can say that all are equally

pretty, for some are sadly grotesque, but others are really touchingly beautiful. The whole place is full of an indescribable mystic poetry that no words could render. Your soul goes out to the eternal height, to regions whence it came, and meets its equals who have already reached that wonderful bliss and perfection.

“ Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,
The soul that rises with us—our life's star—
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar . . . ”

It is a blessing to be allowed to visit such places and to be able to appreciate and understand them.

Yesterday the abbot, whose guest I am, showed me his special temple, in which we live. There are fifteen temples like that at Koya-san, and each has almost twenty to thirty priest-monks. The abbot wears pale apricot-coloured robes, which look lovely. The temple is enormous. My suite of rooms already is fit for an emperor, and so spacious—not even in Italy, where they know what space is, can they match these dimensions. Everywhere lovely little gardens are laid out in the many courtyards round which the apartments and passages are built—the different bathrooms, the enormous kitchens, finally the wing for the ordinary pilgrims, with room after room, an endless file, all beautifully matted and spotlessly clean, and each room with its tokonoma, with its more or less valuable kakemono, its incense-burner or porcelain figure, its vases artistically decorated with branches or flowers.

They are taking their treasures out of the godown (the fireproofs) for me to see, so that will take some time, as there are so many. My bathroom is all of cedar-wood, ceiling, walls, floor, even the big bath itself; it is lovely,

with its charming sliding paper windows with their small panes, and all the neat utensils for washing. For the evening bath I give out invitations, and we are generally three or four; and one can hear us laugh down in the village. They are full of fun and mischief, and harmless as children, which is charming, and I enjoy myself *a mezzo mondo*, as we say in Florence. What delightful people to live with! It is really refreshing to find such clean-minded, harmless people. What brutes we Europeans are!

I think I have already said that one is not allowed to eat fish or meat in this convent, and that we have to cook and do it on the sly. Cook was wandering about the first evening we arrived, and as it was already pitch dark, and everybody was sleeping, he fell into one of the little gardens in the next yard, as the buildings are set on high foundations of wood, so that the air can get through on account of the damp. One walks five or six steps up to the floor. Well, he fell into the garden, because he didn't know his whereabouts, and it was dark; but he swears it was a ghost that knocked him down, because he had killed so many animals in his life and cooked meat in the temple precincts. He won't touch any meat here any more, and implores us to do the same. I tried the very dainty-looking dishes of vegetables sent up every day by the abbot; but on me they had the same fatal effect—they knocked me down at once, and I found as always that this diet is not for me.

One of the acolytes brings the food every day with touching dignity; he is only nine years old. But you ought to see the little mite walk with the dignity and grace of an archbishop (not that I think an European

archbishop is either dignified or graceful), carrying, almost above his head, the little lacquer table decked out minutely with the little lacquer and porcelain dishes, and with a deep salaam, his head almost touching the ground, deposits it in front of you. The grace with which (he kneels during the entire meal opposite you on a flat cushion) he presents you with a round lacquer tray for your emptied bowl, so that he may fill it afresh with rice, which is kept in a special big covered lacquer bowl beside him; the perfect manners with which he fills your bowl and pours the hot tea into it, then hands it you back with dignified ceremony on the round lacquer tray with a deep bow, is worthy of a duchess.

They change the lacquer ware every day; we have had till now red, black, and gold, to-day green.

Jinija and Hikkone-San like the food to a certain extent, and besides have to eat it, as we have had already many difficulties in getting up and in here the food necessary for my rebellious inside. But I add to their utterly tasteless stuff just portions of mine. It would be too cruel on the poor things if I alone ate lobsters and chickens while they looked on, feeding on bean-cutlets, etc., etc.

The other day I assisted at shaving one of the girls—in the tea-room at Kyoto of course, because here women are not allowed. They shaved her, I almost said, all over—that is to say, not only the eyebrows, but the entire face, the neck, the ears even. I asked if this one was particularly hairy, at which they laughed very much. For answer I got: "Why, all girls in Japan are shaved like that"; and so they are.

Jinija has insulted Tim mortally, because he said she

was not a Shogun's dog but a rikshah-boy's dog, so she won't talk to him any more.

I spent a whole day in looking at the temples and their treasures, some of which were very fine; but alas! they have already sold a lot to curio dealers, and have put copies up instead. But, anyhow, there is still a very fine lot left, especially some paper sliding doors decorated with an old cherry-tree; in one temple are the finest things I've ever seen.

We had taken too hot a bath in the morning, as Jinija pretends that my baths are icy cold, and I have to get accustomed to the proper Japanese way. The effect is that we are all half dead, even he himself and poor Hik-kone-San, and I find it quite an effort to smile at the different greetings in each temple, as is the custom. The smile which, as a rule, comes so easily to my face, now without an effort won't come at all. I have to squeeze my face into a smile like a grimace, which is not the right thing. Even the smile is a work then.

September 23rd.—The water at Koya disagreed with me to such an extent that I had to leave. It was simply fatal, and unfortunately, trusting to the good water from the hills or my stronger constitution, we had not taken any mineral water up with us. Besides it rained a lot, so that I couldn't paint, and all the others got ill too. Hikkone-San and Jinija suffered from the same cholera-like disease as I had, Akida had nose-bleeding, somebody else something else, the cook being the only one spared, which he attributes to his having strictly kept to vegetable food, as it is forbidden to eat meat or fish in the convent, which we all did. So he pretends we got ill from not having obeyed

the sacred laws. Maybe! Anyhow we left earlier than we had intended.

The walk down the steep hill through these glorious woods was lovely. Really these Japanese woods are magnificent. The Michaelmas daisies were out in flower everywhere, in different varieties. What flower does not come from Japan? I almost wonder. Because the underbrush of the woods in this blessed country is formed of azaleas, camellias, hydrangeas, deutzias, and vellejas, crimson ramblers, creeping hydrangeas, wisterias, bignonias, radicans garlanding the branches and stems; all the varieties of the lilies grow here, even to the lovely auratum, of which in July I picked armsful round Chojoy in the woods; the funkias, all the varieties of irises, both varieties of peonies, the tree peony and the herbaceous one, chrysanthemums, lovely *Pirus japonica*, all the double-flowering plums and cherries, primulas, the glorious lotus, though that might have been imported from India, not to speak of all the lovely smaller wild flowers which we have imported, and I admit have grown and cultivated into finer varieties and specimens; the bamboo, the maples, etc., etc.; all the decorative bushes, almost everything which forms the delight of our shrubberies and gardens, comes from this ideal country.

Did I say that the screens in the main temple were glorious? I'm sorry to say I only saw a part of them, as the permit from the emperor's private secretary only arrived yesterday, and on account of my unfittedness (so to speak) I had already left. I can't say that they are in a special hurry about such things as permits here. I had applied to the ambassador at once for them, and had waited over three weeks, then gone up finally to Koya, hoping the

permits which had been officially announced to me would reach me there, then I had stayed one whole week up there, enough to catch dysentery as it was, and now they have come just one month after my arrival.

I was glad, I admit, to be back at the nice Wakanoura inn, with its dear little harbour and pretty views, and all the harmless, naked, gay fisher people happily working away at their business. We stopped there two days, and it rained almost all the time ; but I didn't mind a bit, because I made one most successful rainy sketch out of my room and from the verandah terrace of the hotel ; besides I got better there, and the whole place is attractive. I like country places, life is so comfortable there ; besides, at Wakanoura I can do exactly as I like, and walk and live in my galabia or kimono, whichever is most comfortable.

Two things are awful in Japan, and that is, that one always knocks one's head against the crossbeams and the door-posts of all the houses if one is of an ordinary European height (I mean in the real Japanese houses and hotels, because the hotels and shops built in the European style are of course high enough), and the other drawback is that one has as a European continually to take one's boots off. If one goes to several places during the day, returns for one's meals, etc., etc., one is continually in the trying act of unlacing one's boots, which is rather annoying. But the crossbeams in the passages and rooms are pestilential, and I'm sorry to say I caught myself several times wanting to beat them with my fist as a child does, when I had again and again knocked my head against them. How can one always remember the whole blessed day long that one has to move about one's room or the passages with head bent down and to walk in a crouched

position? Well, I forget it continually, and get punished for it. My head is really cut open in different places and bleeding, and Jinija laughs, though he pretends he is awfully sorry.

This morning we bicycled to a very prettily situated temple high up on the hill, that is to say, we only cycled to the bottom of the hill, then walked up. The view was very pretty over the many bays of the sea and the hilly shore. The square of the temple of Kwannon was entirely shaded by two gigantic camphor trees. The ride was so pretty, because it went all the time along the sea, on the other side being wooded hills. We passed a place too where they make salt out of sea-water, the only way of getting salt here, as they have no rock-salt. It is really most ingenious, and what a boon to the Italian poorer classes would it be if the horrid Government there would allow it. They condense the sea-water here first by pouring it several times over large patches of sand, where the sun soon dries it up; then this sand is piled in square heaps, on which sea-water again is poured, which, as it filters through, is gathered in tubs and then boiled, so that the water steams away and the pure salt remains. Beautiful salt, already powdered and quite ready for selling.

On our way out of Wakanoura to the temple and on our way back we passed yards and yards of whittings drying in the sun on bamboo matting, the morning's spoil of the many fishers. The smell was awful and almost made me sick, but it looked pretty enough, because they shone like silver in the sun.

Before we left, the hotel proprietor's younger brother, who implored me to take him with me to Germany (he would come without wages, if I only gave him his food),

rowed me out a good bit in the sea, where they have large boxes swimming, in which they keep the fish they want for eating, and in some the lobsters. He opened the lid, and the Naples Aquarium was nothing to be compared to it, such a lovely variety of many-coloured fish swam about there in the clear sea-water on which the sun shone, some as brilliant red as the goldfish, others a pinky-claret colour with turquoise-blue spots and fins; others quite like solid silver, even after they had been taken out of the water; a sort of eel, they call here swordfish, because it has, it is true, the shape of a Japanese sword; others a lovely malachite green with silver belly, etc., etc. It really was a treat to see them.

The railway ride back was pretty through all the lovely hilly country and the rich vegetation. The rice-fields were almost ripe and promised a marvellous harvest, over which, of course, everybody was delighted, as to them it meant everything. Altogether it was as if one drove through a huge vegetable garden, because between the rice-fields they cultivated everywhere such wonderful quantities of magnificent vegetables, and everything was kept so splendidly and tidily, and everywhere one saw the nice busy people, mostly half naked, a huge straw hat being the main garment, working in their orchards and fields of vegetables.

Everywhere the flower was out which I call a lily, which in fact is no lily, but *Lycoris radiata* with lily-like flowers. I saw it near Hye Mountain, only there it was pale orange-coloured red, while here it (another variety, but the same plant) is a rich vermilion-red. Really all the hill-sides and banks are covered with it in large clusters, and along the road-sides it is flowering everywhere, and on the

borders of the many ditches and small canals forms vermillion ribbons running and curling through the green rice-fields with most charming effect. People here call it the "dead people's flower," because it is in flower about the time when, as now, they have a sort of *ognissanti* for their dead.

At Osaka, which we went through in the fullest sense of the words, for we had not only to change train but station, and Jinija took me bicycling from one to the other, which was an affair of forty minutes, Nogaki came to meet me and accompanied us to Kyoto, as he had some business at Kobe, and had got a wire from Jida to wait for me. At the station at Kyoto my whole little staff awaited me again; Yamanaka, Nomura, etc., etc., all were there to welcome me.

Tim had gone in the wrong railway truck, and was not handed out with the other luggage at the junction station at which one has to wait almost an hour to catch a sort of electric tram-railway for the Kobe line, by which the servants went. Fortunately we discovered it when we got our bicycles out, and after endless talking and signing of papers we got her out, as we had no receipt for her of course, the servants having it with the rest of the luggage. It wanted Jinija's whole eloquence to persuade the mistrustful official to hand us out the box. When we had to declare the value, the impudent Jinija brutally said, "Three yen" (that is, 6s.). I was furious (not really though), but he insisted that she was only a coolie dog. So she was packed in her box in a rikshah, and we bicycled beside that rikshah through the crowded streets of Osaka to the other station.

It was all right so long as Jinija cycled in sight of her only, but alas! at one turning she had got sight of me, and

then, terrified that I would run away from her, she positively yelled and screamed, and bit at the bars of her door, making an awful noise, furious and wild, and everybody of course turned round or ran to the doors of their houses to see who was being tortured there. It was not at all easy to cycle in the crowd beside her and talk to her to keep her quiet without running into an electric tram, rikshah, or killing some playing children. However, I succeeded. He who can bicycle through the streets of a Japanese town is fit to bicycle anywhere; it is worse than Italy. I expect there is a regulation which way to turn if you meet vehicles or have to pass them, but nobody ever regards it, but goes wherever he pleases, and so all over the place. And the children, by the thousand! Swarms of them in all the streets, everywhere playing gaily right in the middle of the road, and mostly having besides a little brother or sister tied to their backs, so that if one got run over, one would invariably kill two. They are an awful nuisance, nice and really attractive as they are.

I am glad we took little Tim with us, because my big luggage with which she was to have come hasn't arrived yet, though it is 10 P.M.

September 26th.—He who has never shopped in Japan does not know what an amount of patience and persistence it requires. Although, when you enter a shop, the whole of its inhabitants bow to the ground to you, no one ever shows you anything, and you must be energetic and go and find what you want yourself. They are, in my humble experience, at present the worst salespeople I have ever had to do with. Of course time is of no object in this country, but their way is a different way from that, for

instance, of Egypt, where the shopkeeper tries to keep you as long as possible, offering you coffee and cigarettes as many as ever you like, and looking upon you as a most welcome amusement and entertainment, even if you buy nothing; in short, he regards the affair as a pleasant way of spending several hours in agreeable company with the vague object of perchance doing business. The business is of no consequence, the main thing being *divertimento*. And he would find you more than dull, and very disappointing, if you at once paid the price he asked and departed with his goods; he wants his bargain, his amusement, his pastime.

Not so the Japanese. They try to do their best. They consider, they think, but they never bring you anything. In their shops, with a very few modern exceptions, there are no goods on show. All are stored and packed away, and you have to hunt about in dark recesses or on obscure shelves if you insist upon something special. At the end of much persistency and patience you manage to poke out something somewhere; it is there in the shop all right, but they don't show it you. It is by no means because I don't speak Japanese that I find this. Jinija speaks and understands English as well as I, if not better; they are bad salesmen. You ask, for instance, for some red velvet, and they will smilingly answer you, "Certainly, oh yes! We have plenty in different shades; excuse a few minutes."

You excuse, and they reappear after half-an-hour with green brocade or blue crêpe.

"That is not velvet!"

"Oh! is that so? Indeed, excuse a few minutes!"

And so on, and so on, till you go with them behind

the counter or in the godown and fetch the thing yourself, by which occupation you generally discover some wonderful new thing, of course "*not* made for exportation," but which they will let you have all the same, although it has really only been made for Japan. I generally astonish other Europeans in the shops, because I step in, deeply saluted by everybody, being an old customer, and I will say a welcome one. I greet them all in a most friendly way, and at once step behind the counter, where I open drawers and shelves, etc., etc., and fish out what I want. I've often seen Yankees or English people look most astonished at this proceeding, and ask, half afraid, who I am, undoubtedly thinking I am an escaped lunatic. But it is the only way of getting quickly what one wants. Never expect any Japanese merchant to show you any of his goods, even if you ask for them, and certainly, unless he knows you well, do by no means expect him to show you the real good ones. He will, unless he happens to know you and approve of your taste, rather let you go out of his shop again, without your having bought anything, or rather leave you with the impression that he only has rubbish, than display his really valuable goods. I have often watched Japanese ladies or women, just as you like, shop at Jida's, for instance. They sit for hours, and as they are too well-mannered to skip behind the counter and hunt about for the things themselves, they sit and sit for hours. Time is no object in this happy country; I found that out long ago. But, as I say, it is not the indolence or laziness of the Arab, it is because they don't know better, I think.

To-day at least the sun shone again. It has been pelting for days, and I felt already fins growing. Yester-

day it was so cold we had fires, but to-day is warm again. I meditated whether it would not be better to emigrate to sunny Egypt. I've only done two sketches up till now, the weather not allowing more, and I have been over one month in Japan. This is very little; I ought to have been able to make at least twenty.

September 29th.—It has rained incessantly, and is still pelting. As I felt a little bit better, the doctor has allowed me to cycle, and so I made a little expedition to-day as it left off raining for several hours. I am worse though again, and have had to give up going to Tokyo as I intended, and expect I must really leave for Egypt by the next boat if it doesn't soon get better. I am sorry to leave though, but I expect it is the only thing to do. I would have so much liked to see and paint here the autumn tints, which must really be lovely, but the awful dampness agrees too badly with me, and I don't want to get ill again. Besides, it is really not amusing if one has to sit all day long for weeks in a dreary hotel room on account of the diluvial rain.

Yesterday, on the cycling tour, the borders of all the ditches were too pretty for words, with their carmine-red garlands of *Lycoris radiata* in full bloom, and of course it was out of the question for me to paint them. These ditches run all along between the rice-fields, which are already, as a matter of fact, full of water—a sort of bogs. And now, with this incessant rain, one might just as well go and sit on a wet bath-sponge as try to paint them. I couldn't risk that with my stupid inside, which is already on strike. Besides, one would simply be eaten up by mosquitoes, which are still very bad. To sleep without

mosquito nets is an absolute impossibility, and in the evenings at dinner I am in a continual fight with them, as they are particularly attracted by my insteps! I'm continually dancing a sort of step under the table while on the top quietly eating my dinner.

To-night all the fireplaces are alight again, but I think it is more on account of the awful dampness than for the cold. One could grow fins as it is.

I'm taking every evening after dinner lessons in arranging flowers. It is quite a special art in this country, and it is by no means easy, easy as it looks. They are extraordinary people. During winter, for instance, they only use bronze vases, during the summer only porcelain vases. It is so logical. They say porcelain vases would burst with the ice in the winter, and so they would. But out of this a fashion has sprung. A lady teacher with an unspeakable name comes every evening. I have called her Madame Prune, after Pierre Loti's charming book, *La Seconde Jeunesse de Madame Prune*, undoubtedly the prettiest book he has written about Japan, and full of fine local colour and poesy. She looks exactly what he describes Madame Prune to be, with her shaved eyebrows and dignified little manners, dressed in pale plum-coloured crêpe, and bowing herself in with amiable, dignified smiles and the obligatory little hissing noise. What a charming, well-behaved, and gentle-mannered folk they are. Why can't we Europeans learn from them? We needn't exactly do the hissing, like a groom dressing his horse, but the rest. And even the hissing is a thousand times preferable to having to shake other people's puggy hands. The first youth of my teacher is over, but she is still a charming person without being really pretty, and without doubt she



RAINY DAY, WAKANURA.



is a wonderful artist in the way of flower arrangement. Under her clever, graceful hands and in her nimble fingers the twigs take curves, the leaves form and grace, that almost seem impossible. She makes out of nothing a poem, a picture. I would love to take her with me home to Halbau to arrange my flowers and vases there. What would she not create with her flowery art there, with those wonderful flowers my gardener grows, in the place of the senseless accumulations Europeans fill their vases with! What poems and dreams would she not make with those lovely flowers at Halbau! I asked if she would come as a joke, and she declares herself at once quite ready. The idea of the greenhouses full of flowers, and especially of the blue lotus flowers we got from Erfurt, tempt her tremendously I can see.

The more one gets to know the Japanese the more one admires the marvellous capacity of their leaders, during this last war especially. What a passionate, nervous, excitable, hot-tempered, and hot-blooded nation they are! Almost like the French. And so one must admire all the more the leadership which succeeded in all it did with this material, was capable of getting this wonderful discipline. People in Europe who haven't been here, who haven't seen the Japanese as he is when he lets himself go, can't at all judge and fully appreciate this. The average tourist sees only the official side of their character. What they really are only the most observant person can find out, and then only if they believe themselves to be unobserved, or if they really have confidence in one, which, thank God, they seem to have in me, knowing how I admire them, and am in sympathy with their ways of feeling and thinking.

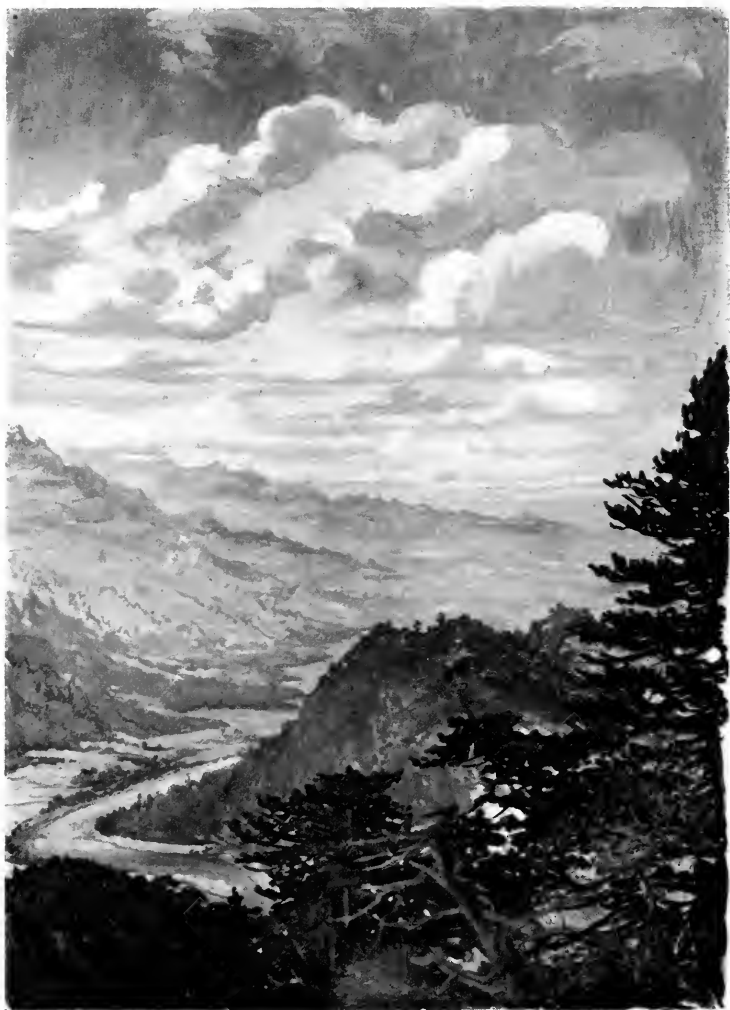
October 2nd.—All of a sudden autumn has come, almost winter. In all the hotel rooms woollen curtains have been put up instead of muslin, and the schoolboys, the policemen, the soldiers have all donned dark-blue cloth uniforms instead of white linen or kaki. The women have put on thick kimonos doubled with cotton-like bed-quilts, of a broad velvet or satin colour, and stitched through with emerald-green silk, which forms wee little tassels here and there all over the outside of the garment. It is really striking how they all wear it everywhere; it is like a sort of uniform. I wonder they haven't invented something of the sort as a female uniform in Prussia yet, where everything has to be "militarism."

The fields a few days ago still a luxuriant green have become yellow. In lots of places they have begun to harvest the rice, and the wet, glittering fields flooded with water appear again as a feature in the landscape.

The fruit-shops are orange with the ripe *Diospyros Kaki* fruit. It is cold during the nights, and in the mornings cold white mists lie thick and deep over the landscape. It smells frost in the air, and the leaves are beginning to turn.

Early, that is to say, at a respectable hour, we went by train to Kasangi, which is situated on the Osaka line almost one hour from Kyoto. At the Kyoto station an old, very talkative English gentleman started a conversation with me. He wanted to buy a newspaper, but with thorough English cold-bloodedness did not speak one word of the language of the country he was travelling in. He asked me to help him get a paper, and after he got it went on making conversation happily all the time. He wore cotton gloves, told me he was a bachelor, lived in London,





KASAGI-YAMA.

but travelled a lot abroad, spent every winter in Cairo, had left his valet at Tokyo (I'm sure he doesn't look as if he had a valet), can't buy any dwarf trees as he has no greenhouses, although a charming bachelor's apartment in London, furnished with every possible luxury and beautiful things. I would have gladly sent the old gabbler to hell, or at least back to his bachelor's apartment in London furnished with every luxury; but no snubbing or short, almost rude answers would stop his eloquence. He must have bottled it up for a long time, and now let it loose on me. There was no stopping him. So I resigned myself to ah's and oh's, and succumbed to his mental hose. He had just come by train through Manchuria, which he described as beautiful, glorious, a dream for an artist (this with a nod towards my painting things), the autumn tints magnificent. "You ought to go there," he added. I wished him at London, he apparently me in Manchuria. So we are quits. He then wanted to know where I was going, as he might perhaps come with me ("what cheek!" I thought; "well, I'm hanged!"), so I consequently lied shamelessly of enormous distances on foot, as he had told me before he was a very bad walker. But he, with the stickiness special to corn-plasters, said he was sure to get ponies, so he could ride. The horror of this suggestion nearly finished me! But here Jinija's character really went up a thousand. Knowing how I hated Europeans, and doubly how I wanted to be undisturbed on painting expeditions, he joined in the conversation, and backed me up splendidly with lies. In Kasangi there were no ponies at all, as the grass was unhealthy and unfit for horses (the ingenious, devilish idea!), and besides there was really nothing of peculiar interest to be seen there at all, and he

strongly advised him to go to Nara as he had intended, which was lovely. And now he made such a wonderful description of the beauties of Nara, that this *calice* passed me, thank God, and I got rid of the old bore.

We walked from the station just through the charming little picturesque village with its polite gay population, its nice little booths, and then through thick lovely woods uphill three quarters of an hour on a wide, beautifully kept, and well-engineered road. At the top were all sorts of quaintly-shaped rocks, exactly like those at Adersbach and Weckelsdorf near Fuerstenstein, very pretty and interesting, but not so unique as Jinija thinks. Anyhow it was very peculiar and pretty, and I admired them immensely. There was an awful sort of natural tunnel, and he insisted upon my crawling through it, which was not very difficult. Only good people apparently can get through, wicked ones get stuck. I teased him greatly with having hoped I would get stuck, but, honestly, one must be the size of an hippopotamus to get stuck. I'm sure that was the reason he wanted me to crawl through though, as he firmly believes in the story. He, of course, swore by everything that was sacred to him that this was not his intention, but that everybody who came there did it.

The Kasangi hill was once the refuge of one of the emperors in Japanese history. His younger brother had dethroned him, and so he hid here with his adherents till his generals and troops had got him his throne back. The view, I must say, into the many different and timbered valleys, through which clear streams wound like silvery ribbons, is lovely and worth coming to see, and I made a rather successful sketch. It was rather difficult to find a suitable place where one could sit and

paint, because just at the prettiest place one had to perch on a huge, steeply sloping rock lying on the verge of a deep precipice. I could only manage it by taking my boots off. Then Shiba had to hold the chair from behind while I painted, or it would have tilted over, and I tumbled down the deep precipice. Jinija, of course, full of mischief, photoed us in this odd position, and was delighted that I was so busy painting that I didn't even notice it. After cocoa we packed up and descended one story lower. I had to crawl down on hands and knees, which must have looked still funnier, and Jinija regretted not having any more films left to take me in this monkey position. Half-way down big tufts of the so-called dead people's flower were in blossom near a corner of an old dilapidated wall, and the effect was lovely. Jinija gave me an hour and a half till our train left, and I began to paint as if I had the devil at my heels. Of course just when it began to be pretty and really amusing, when one began to put in all the nice little details, which I love doing so much, Jinija's awful voice shouted from behind, "Ten minutes more!" "D—— it," was all I could say, and worked faster still. So Jinija proposed going ahead with the tea-basket to take the tickets, etc., etc., if I would *swear* to follow in seven minutes. And he terrorised Shiba with all sorts of horrors and tortures in his future life if he didn't drive me in in time. I heard him say, "Count when painting not to be trusted." All this arguing went on without my stopping for one moment. My painter readers will know what it means to tear oneself away from an interesting subject and sketch for the beastly banality of a train! Never did I wish for my motor more fervently here. Finally even docile, patient Shiba began to fret and urged a retreat, seeing very likely

his little soul already tortured in hell, as Jinija had foretold him. He endeavoured to remind me that he "thinks it is time to go." So all right. Hang it all, and let us go. Had I only had twenty minutes more I could have finished this most promising sketch and made something really good out of it. As it is it remains a fragment. So everything was packed up with the help of the admiring peasants who had gathered round as well as the wet brushes allowed. They had to be carried as they were. And so we ran down the hill and through the astonished village to the station. I already heard something whistle as we got near the station, and as we rushed up breathlessly Jinija received us with the reproachful news that the train had just left. I didn't believe it at first, thought he meant pulling my leg. But, alas! it was the truth. So there was nothing else to do but to stop four hours in a small tea-house and wait for the next train. I couldn't even finish my sketch, for the night had fallen so rapidly that it was quite dark. Besides, I had the demolishing knowledge and certainty that had I decided to stop these four hours here, and miss my dinner, I would have been able to finish my good sketch. Well, if it hadn't to be, it hadn't to be.

I never in all my life sat in so slow a train as the one which finally trundled us back to Kyoto, starting at 10 P.M., after we had dined on cocoa, eggs and toast. My little Mary did not allow me to risk the delicacies of the Japanese kitchen. We arrived finally at 1 A.M. at Kyoto.

October 3rd.—We went by train again from Kyoto. Really my energy is great, and as there is nobody else to do it, I admire myself sometimes for it, for I do hate getting up early.



SKETCHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES AT KASSANGI

We had to change trains twice; but it was a welcome interruption, and Tim could be taken out of her box and run about a bit, because there was ample time at all the junctions. Just before sunset we arrived at Ise, too late to paint. It is terrible how short the days are getting.

The hotel—half Japanese, half European—is simple, but clean and good. I left my German valet again at Kyoto, and have with me, besides Jinija, Akida and Shiba, the two servants I have engaged as footmen for Halbau. They really are excellent. I needn't wish for anything, it is already there as by enchantment. But in a certain way it is stupid of me to take them, because they will spoil me frightfully. I shall be no more good for European servants.

Next morning we rikshahed to the temple, or rather the temples. They are beautifully situated in a magnificent park-like wood of enormous trees hundreds of years old. Everything was beautifully kept. I only found they have put up too many war trophies—enormous Russian and Chinese guns everywhere. It was rather amusing to see Krupp's name on almost all the Russian ones, and even on some of the Chinese. Very striking was the quantity of cocks everywhere about the grounds that are fed by priests and pilgrims. I'm told there is a superstition that the hens which one gives to the temple turn in the shortest time into cocks if the prayer one has made is accepted by the gods. If it doesn't get fulfilled the hens remain hens. One sees almost nothing but cocks, and quite as an exception a hen. If the priests were not all vegetarians one could understand it, but as it is, one accepts the miracle.

Through magnificent long and high avenues one

approaches the main temple. In this, the holiest of holies of the Shinto religion, is kept the holy mirror, a holy sword, and the ancestral tablet of the emperor. Every twenty-five years the old temple is pulled down and a new one has to be built, into which all these holy things are translated. From the wood of the old temple they cut *toothpicks*, which are sold all over the whole empire. For twenty-five years they build at this new temple, and all the carpenters and builders (there are legions of them) must have made the vow of chastity. They are not allowed to touch wine nor meat, etc., etc.; must live like monks in special houses, and must wear white linen. Even at their work they must wear the hakkama, those trousers, or divided skirt, of ceremony. The greatest masters of the whole country apply for a job here as a special favour, as it is a meritorious thing to have worked at one of the temples. Everywhere policemen with gorgeously braided uniforms walk about, and the whole thing gives one the impression of being at the Imperial Court rather than in temple grounds. How different from the harmonious peace and dignified, mystic repose round the Buddhist temples. For the Shintos, the religion to which the Imperial family belongs, this temple is the chief, a sort of St. Peter's, and in every way, for any Japanese, a sort of the Mecca. It is the great wish and desire of every Japanese man and woman to come once to Ise on pilgrimage to worship there and to bring offerings. And great happiness will come to him or her afterwards even in this life, and more still in the future. But they all gave me the impression of being rather terrified than elevated. What a difference again with Koya-san. In spite of Lafcadio Hearn, who certainly must have been a better judge than

I, and who attributes so much, almost everything indeed, of the wonderful qualities of character in the Japanese nation to just this Shinto religion, I can't help disliking it. It seems to me so cold, so empty, I should even say without a God. Of the temple itself one sees nothing, even with the most liberal Imperial permissions I had from the emperor's private cabinet. One just gets a glimpse of the top of a roof emerging over a stiff triple fence of tightly-closed boards. No earth-born creature, except the emperor and a few high-priests, is allowed to see this holiest of holies. One is even obliged to take off one's hat when one ascends the stone steps leading up to the little mount on which the temple is built. At the top of these steps, one is opposite the wide gate of an enclosure. In this enclosure are, with wide intervals, the other three enclosures surrounding the temple, getting smaller and smaller of course. The gates are all in a file, one behind the other, but nobody except the emperor and the priests is allowed to pass over the threshold. The gates are wide open; but large, long white linen curtains, on the centre of which the Imperial chrysanthemum is embroidered, hang down to the ground, so that one sees nothing. Lafcadio Hearn finds Ise especially full of mystic charm. I'm sorry to say I don't; just the contrary. How can I feel near my God if I see only a long white sheet, and a braided policeman is there to knock my hat off and arrest me if I forget to take my hat off, as happened once to a tourist who hadn't grasped that he had to take his hat off in the *outer* steps in the woods. I'm even sure there is no god whatever there. No nice god would go into a temple where the worshippers are kept at arm's-length by braided policemen, and one is not even allowed

to see where he dwells. Me it made rather rebellious. As I say, I don't like the Shinto religion, with their bells to wake the god up now and then during one's prayers, in case his interest or his attention goes astray, and the equally loud clapping of the hands to keep him from falling asleep, and then all this jealously hidden secretiveness and shut-me-out aloofness, almost hostility. I have too much the Christian feeling of a God to be able to admire this religion, or to be elevated by it. I find that it worships a cold, unkind god, that keeps one out in the rain, and does not even allow me into his house, not even on his threshold, to worship and venerate him; who has got nothing but a looking-glass and a sword as symbols (two such unpleasant attributes, the one of vanity, the other of blood); who shows himself in nothing, not even in Nature. My living soul got chilled there. I'm convinced there is not an atom of God ever in this cold, barricaded, locked, fenced in, guarded temple. It gives you the impression of a prison. What a different feeling of sanctity and worship overcome one, on the contrary, if one enters one of the Buddha's temples! There, in his golden meditating glory, yet simplicity, sits the reposing, peaceful figure of the Buddha, almost like a symbol of the Christ who said: "Come to Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden."

The grounds and woods surrounding these temples are magnificent, really quite beautiful, and remind one of fine, well-kept English parks. Giant trees, hundreds of years old, form dense woods and domes all along in the valleys, through which an aquamarine river rushes, and all up the hills surrounding the sanctuaries. Well-curved, wide bridges span this lovely river. But over everything lies

a hard, severe melancholy and sad seriousness. One hasn't the feeling of the proximity of God, not even in this glorious wood, or at least not of our Christian God of love and pardon. Perhaps the hard, cruel God of the Jew dwells here, who visits the sins of the father on the children, but certainly not our merciful Christ, who loves, and pardons, and says the angels in heaven will rejoice more over one repentant sinner than over ninety-nine just persons who need no repentance.

In small temple-like buildings they keep the horses which belong as symbols to the Shinto temple. The only nice thing there is this form of religion. The story goes that one famous warrior became a deity, and so they kept his horse in his temple, and now keep at each temple a horse for him, so that should he be reincarnated again he might find his horse. (Most considerate, I must say.) The actual horses have all been given by the emperor, and generally horses he himself has once ridden at a parade or so. Here at Ise there are two, or rather one and a quarter, if one can still call the wretched, half-decayed skeleton a horse. It is forty-three years old, and if that warrior god had loved it, he would have long ago taken it up to heaven with him. It is an almost revolting and pitiful sight, the poor old animal. It is an old black stallion, or, as I say, *was* one, and it is pitiful to see its vegetating skeleton slung about with all sorts of slings, and covered all over with a white sheet on which the Imperial chrysanthemum is embroidered, I really think mainly to hide all the open sores the poor old beast has, and to keep the flies from them. The smell of the poor brute is awful, though the loosebox - temple of course is kept scrupulously clean. It is exactly the smell one used

to find in peasant houses where old, ill, infirm people were confined by age to their beds and had open, badly-kept wounds, what the peasants in our country used to call "open legs." Now, with antiseptics of course the smell is gone, thank God, though age and "open legs" exist still. Well, that poor old animal had "open legs" all over. I'm sure he is rubbed open everywhere by his slings, the poor old devil, and at his advanced decrepitude he can't heal. Teeth he has none any more; the gums protrude far out of the hard, stiff, crippled and eaten away lips, full of sores. He is an awful sight, and one can really only wish and hope that he may soon be delivered. He looks so bad-tempered, and sour and ill-faced, and tired, the poor old boy. During the Russian war, shortly before the battle of Mukden, they say he neither ate nor drank, and hung in his slings with shut eyes for several days, only breathing faintly. At once after the battle of Mukden, and even before the wire-news of the battle arrived in Japan, he began to eat and drink, etc., etc. The Japanese declare that the famous warrior god had fetched this horse's soul to Mukden, as he wanted it there to ride in front of the troops and thus inspire them to enthusiasm and led them to victory. And that was the reason why the horse's body had lived on during this time in this sort of trance or semi-sleep. I can only hope that the virtuous warrior god will soon take the poor old boy for good to him, because this is a bad sort of recompense for good services. The other horse is a big bay gelding of about six years, decidedly of Waler blood. He is bored to death in his huge loosebox-temple, and tries to pass his time by all sort of ingenious mischief. The pilgrims feed him with beans, which one can buy of his groom or guard who

stands near by, ill-tempered and sulky-looking, with his grizzly beard and in the trousers of honour.

In one temple they wanted me to see a certain special temple dance, but they dawdled so endlessly with the preparations that I went off. The fact is, I think that they dislike it to be seen as a mere representation, as it is, as a matter of fact, a part of the temple service like holy Mass, and they dislike showing it as a sort of theatrical performance. I can quite understand that, and so I went away without forcing them to do it, to their great relief. We wouldn't like it either, to have Holy Communion given as an entertainment for Eastern tourists. Of course that vulgar American nation with her perverting influence that is everywhere has been here with her beastly dollar, so that this bit of ceremony is shown for money. That is really the pestilence of the world. It is a pity that one isn't allowed to paint anywhere in the temple grounds, as the scenery is really lovely.

After tiffin we drove through lovely scenery for at least two hours to Toba, which is situated on the sea-coast. The road went for the greatest part of the way along the sea, under fine old Scotch firs, and now and then through timbered gullies, with peeps here and there over the lovely blue sea. One passes also several large fisher villages, which are exceedingly picturesque with their huge tan-coloured nets spread out to dry, and their flowered, many-coloured gardens. Everywhere the kaki trees were golden with their ripe fruit, and the chrysanthemums were beginning to flower. The rice harvest was in full swing, and men and women were busy cutting it, loading the carts and hanging the rice up for drying. They had made long stands of bamboo poles in all the fields and near the villages, on

which they hung the cut bundles of rice, which formed long brownny-yellow fringes. The women had linen breeches on for this harvest work exactly like the men. As they had the same cotton handkerchiefs tied over the head, and mostly even across chin and mouth, it was difficult in this rig-out to distinguish the men from the women. I have never understood why the Japanese always tie something across their mouths, but it is quite striking. Almost all the coolies pulling heavy loads (and it is really incredible what enormously heavy loads men or women pull in Japan) have a printed cotton kerchief tied over their head and mouth, so that only the eyes and nose on top and the chin again underneath are uncovered. There must be some reason for it.

Finally at Toba we climbed up a small hill crowned by a tea-house, and from there one had a lovely view over the many bays and islands. Here I established myself and began at once to sketch. Tim played and ran about enjoying herself in her own way, but never for very long. She is a funny little mite; lively, playful, always restless as she is by nature, and full of independence, she generally, after a short expedition by herself, comes and lies down beside but mostly under my sketching chair. And woe if somebody attempts to come near us! otherwise she stops there patiently for hours. But at the beginning she must have her little reconnoitring tour. It always amuses me to see her cheeky face of silent contempt if Shiba, or especially Jinija, whom she doesn't count for full, tries to call her back. She stops in her walk, and just glances over her shoulder, without turning her body, with an expression as if to say, "You'll just be quiet, you——" (I'm sure it is not an over-refined name she calls him, but as it is in

Thibetan we don't understand, so it doesn't matter), and then, turning her south end well on him with a deliberate determination, so as to say "there!" she trots on, after having looked at me as though to say, "I wish you'd keep your servants in order and in their proper place and make them mind their own business."

I painted quite quietly and happily alone by myself. Jinija has been well instructed not to come near me when I am working, because he asks me continually why I mix blue and yellow, or red and blue, etc., etc., which disturbs me. As for him asking me, "Why do you make that green? I see it blue," or *vice versa*, that drives me frantic to such an extent that I could put the whole palette into his face. Shiba now, on the contrary, sits mouse-still at a respectable distance, just far and near enough to fulfil possible wishes (some more colour, turpentine, etc., etc.), or to intervene when Tim gets too aggressive, or people too persistent. For, I regret to be obliged to say, the public is very disturbing and annoyingly trying. I hardly know another nation that looks upon a painter so entirely as a public property or a public amusement as the Japanese. They stand so close round one that one can hardly move, pushing one or resting themselves sometimes actually against one. Others will get right in front of you to have a good look at your face. Of course in Europe one would not be able to stand it on account of the smell, but in Japan, the country of baths and cleanliness, this inconvenience, thank goodness, does not exist, and my nasal senses are spared. As to the eternal sniffing up (handkerchiefs they only possess to tie over their heads and mouths), I've got accustomed to it, so that I don't even notice it any more, horrid as it is. Perhaps I even do it

myself, who knows. As I say, the use of a handkerchief for wiping the nose the Japanese ignores, on the contrary, finds us Europeans awfully dirty for keeping "that" in our pocket, and the noses of the children in Japan are really disgusting and trying. I only say that so that people may not think I'm mad on the Japanese in my genuine enthusiasm. I'm almost sick at sight of those noses and upper lips. I never look at a Japanese child lower than the eyes, and then again at the little dainty body. And again, the many children with that awful rash on the heads! I know from Professor Baelz that it is not catching, and that it is from the mothers eating too much rice, and that it disappears as soon as the children are weaned. But all the same! And then Japanese children are fed up to three or four years.

But to come back to the standing so close round one when one paints, when all those awful things are brought into one's proximity. Anyhow it is most disturbing and hindering, and Shiba preserves me from it with wonderful quietness and typical Japanese politeness. Never does one hear a rude word or a cross remark. Never do they scold or insult each other. Everything passes on politely, gently, amiably, quietly, in a friendly way. But of course they think me quite mad because I don't want to have them stand round me. No Japanese knows what privacy means. In this country everything is done publicly. They understand this just as little in a room as in a bath. There is hardly anything one does not do in public in Japan. That's why they have neither locks nor bolts to their doors. Nobody taps at a door. They just quietly push it open and walk in, and there they are. Therefore they can't at all understand that one wants to make or do anything





Toba : Ar Hyoruyama.

privately. They enter rooms with an incredible innocence while one is dressing. I generally dress or undress with four or five in the room. And so it is with everything. That's why they can't at all understand that one wants to be alone when one paints. But they submit quietly to this astounding fact, with the quiet, amiable gaiety so peculiar to their charming, amiable nation.

The colouring to-day is typical Japanese. One would say a living Hokitsu, everything soft, pale mezzotints, in almost undistinguishably fine harmonies, blended into each other and faded into one another, so soft and fine, just my favourite tints, and the work goes capitally. As I'd just finished, and my stomach told me it must be cocoa time, and I got up, turning round I found myself in the truest sense of the word face to face with an elderly, highly respectable-looking Japanese gentleman. He bends down to my sketch and looks at it so close that I almost think he wants to smell it. Then he steps away again smiling, then comes quite close to it again, evidently fascinated by it. I had not in my excitement over my pleasant work heard him come up. Of course, as is the habit in this polite country, we smiled, and bowed, and curtseyed, and whizzed to each other. I've got so quickly into that habit again of smiling even about things that annoy me, that it has become a sort of second nature to me now, and comes quite naturally to me and quite by itself, out of the simple reason that I am ashamed to make a grumpy or an annoyed face over trifles when these people are so quick to take everything from the pleasant side. And really it makes life with them most pleasant. My old gentleman said something to me in Japanese, which I knew by the little I understand was a compliment. So of course more smiles

and nods and hissing. But as he went on talking to me, decidedly believing I understood him, I called Shiba to interpret, and he explained to me the old gentleman wanted to buy the sketch. Jinija joined us, and they explained to me the old gentleman had watched me painting the whole sketch, and as he had never seen anybody copy so exactly the tints and shades and colours of Nature as me, exactly as they are and were in Nature, and in this view, he wanted to buy the sketch. I simply had to name the price. I admit that I was highly flattered, because so spontaneous a praise out of the mouth of a refined old Japanese gentleman is worth at least several European criticisms.

The drive returning was almost prettier, because in the late afternoon the colour effects of this lovely landscape were doubly fine. Near the Husband and Wife rocks we stopped. These are two rocks in the sea close to the shore, and united to each other by a rice-straw rope. A little tori stands on the top of one of them. I had the intention to paint them, but the sun setting over the sea in the other direction made such glorious colour effects that I couldn't resist, and so made a rapid sketch of it before it got quite dark. These Husband and Wife rocks are called Futamy. In French it wouldn't be exactly polite.

Next morning we rikshahed again out to charming Toba. It is astounding what these Japanese rikshah coolies stand in the way of running. True, there are two for each kurma or rikshah, and they work as a tandem. But they ran all the way without stopping once, and at a good pace too, and it is far from flat country. The drive took almost two hours. What wretched cripples we are. We would be dead or blown after a quarter of an hour.



INLAND SEA, NEAR TAGO.

The rice harvest is making rapid progress. It is astounding with what rapidity these people work.

At the little harbour of Toba, at the end of the village, we got out, and took a rowing-boat, and were rowed for a good hour up to a desolate-looking, barren rock island. Here a second boat waited for us, with four women in it, who were very scantily dressed. One was very old, and what one saw of her once human form reminded one of a long, pulled-out swede glove. Two others were, to judge by their black teeth and more than well-developed figures, happy family mothers, while the fourth was a really lovely girl of about seventeen or eighteen years, slim, beautifully built, and well proportioned as far as a small woman can expect to be called well built. She had a very pretty face too. They wore the usual cotton kerchief tied over their hair, and another cotton wrapper round the hips, leaving the upper part of the body quite nude. After we had arrived at the place where they were going to dive, they soon jumped into the water. First they ducked under water holding to the boat, and when they came up they whistled to see if their breath were good, and they gabbled gaily with each other. Soon after that they took their hands off the boat and dived. They brought up all sorts of oysters, mussels, and sea animals, which they pulled off the rocks at the bottom of the sea. It looked very pretty when, with a sudden swoop, they dived out of the ordinary swimming pose. They made exactly the movement, diving thus, of one of the naiads in Arnold Boecklin's picture, "*Im Spiel der Wellen.*" It looked awfully pretty when they disappeared in the crystal-clear, really aquamarine-blue water, getting deeper and deeper, but prettier still when they came up again. One saw them a long way down coming

up in the beautiful, transparent bluish water, their bodies glittering like silver, and little silver bubbles rising from their limbs, till they finally appeared on the surface again. They looked exactly like mermaids out of a fairy tale. This diving for sea animals and oysters is quite a speciality of Toba. One of them, the youngest of the mothers, dived longest. We timed her to four minutes by the watch. They were not at all out of breath when they came up. The men in these fisher villages do nothing but live on what the women gain by diving for oysters and mussels, so it would be an ideal place for the suffragettes. One ought to send them all here for a while, because, on a cold December day, the pleasure must be rather dubious, and they would perhaps be satisfied after that with their more domestic duties of cooking for their husbands and bringing up their children instead of talking rot on platforms. The hair of these women was almost bleached a light tan, which looked rather quaint beside the sun-burned brown and red faces, and not exactly pretty ; but owing to this colour of their hair they don't look a bit like Japanese ; they look very strong and healthy though.

In Toba we climbed again up the little hill to the tea-house, and I made another sketch of another very Japanese view of sky, sea, and little islands. My old admirer was again there, and tried to induce me to sell him yesterday's sketch, or at least the one to-day, and I was really sorry I couldn't let him have them. But if I had started doing that sort of thing I should not bring home a single sketch. They all want to buy or have them. To-day there were many other people there as well, who were very trying, and poor little Tim had to get very often angry. As to Shiba, he had to work hard as policeman to keep my elbows free. I was so

fascinated by the thoroughly and typically Japanese scenery here that I wanted to stop a day longer, and paint at least two more sketches that tempted me especially. But there is no pact to be made with the powers of Fate, or in Japan, let us say, with the powers of the weather. Already when we started next morning it looked grey and dismal, which might have made lovely effects of the grey mistiness so lovely in Japan and so soft and typical, if it hadn't begun to pour, as it can only pour in Japan. Everything was drenched and soaked. The wet clouds hung low down from the wet sky like thick white-grey curtains, hiding everything. We turned in at a small tea-house to wait. We waited, and waited, and waited; and outside it poured, and poured, and poured. I nearly started painting from the house, but unfortunately I have taken a fancy in Japan to paint subjects with a foreground, and from that tea-house one saw nothing but sky, and the muddy highroad just covered the bit of foreground that would have made a pretty sketch. One step more forward and I was sitting under the torrent-like gutter. Patience! I said; but as it got worse and worse, I decided to return to Futamy at least, as Jinija told me there was a charming tea-house there, and so situated near the sea that I would be able to paint beautifully from the house. So off to Futamy we went. But, hang it! from none of the many balconies or windows is there anything to be seen except an even grey rainy sky, so we decided to take the afternoon train and so save one day. We trotted back through the incessantly pelting rain to Ise, where poor Akida had to pack everything in an awful hurry. But we caught the train, although he had only one hour to pack everything up in, and in a pelting rain we left. At five o'clock at night we reached

Nagoya, where we had to wait two hours for the express train for Tokyo, and I dined in the good hotel. Nogaki was at Nagoya, which was very nice, and so we dined together, as he too was going by the same train to Tokyo. Then we all climbed into the crammed-full sleeping-car, but Jinija's cleverness managed to get me the ladies' compartment, which was quite empty, and so I was quite by myself.

October 7th.—When we arrived in the morning at Tokyo the station was swarming with top-hatted, frock-coated people, as the American Ambassador and his wife had returned, and all the diplomatic people had come to meet them. Besides, they had built triumphal arches everywhere for the reception of the American fleet. As soon as I had arrived at the hotel, R., from our Embassy, telephoned to ask if I would dine that evening with the Ambassador, which I can't do, having already accepted, weeks ago, an invitation of the V.'s. I couldn't help it, although the Ambassador was leaving the next day, for a week, for Mianoshita. Besides, I preferred a thousand times dining with my old friends V. to dining with the Ambassador, whom I don't know. R. asked me to lunch with him, which I gladly accepted, although I didn't know him, but we had a lot of mutual friends. I came to him in frock-coat and top-hat, to his horror, as he imagined I put it on for him. He was rather relieved at my telling him that all this "west-end" splendour was not in his honour, but because I had to make some calls afterwards. R. is charming, and seems very clever. His little house is most attractive, and so well kept, and proves a very good and refined taste. It is quite Japanese,

and it's so sensible of him to have left it all in its tasteful simplicity. He has put in some very comfortable arm-chairs, a few really good curios; flowers are artistically arranged in some good old bronze vases, and everything looks *soigné*, and what we call *gemuetlich*. A man with decidedly good taste. His luncheon table, with fine linen, well-kept silver, nice thin glass, and well-arranged flowers was a real treat after the hotel stuff I've seen now for almost a year, and his cook (a Japanese) is excellent. In one word, the whole thing was a success, and I spent a few charming hours there. Through him I heard all sorts of news I had missed, as I hadn't seen an European paper for several days. Amongst the rest, the coronation of Eleanor Reuss, Queen of Bulgaria. Brava! Afterwards I drove out to the dear Baroness Sannomia. She is English, and married many years ago the Marquis of Sannomia, who was Lord Chamberlain at the Imperial Court till he died a few years ago. They both had been exceedingly kind to me during my first stay in Japan five years ago. She is mistress of the robes of the empress. I had tea with her in her lovely and comfortable house, and she told me many interesting things about the social development of Japan since the war. Then I drove to leave some cards. But this was a complicated job, as neither the groom, nor coachman, nor Jinija, least of all the footmen at the respective doors, seemed to know the sort of calls where one leaves cards. They all insisted upon my coming in if their masters and mistresses were at home; just what I didn't want, because nothing bores me more than to get in and out of my carriage to talk to people I know comparatively little, and when I only want to show them a politeness. I end at Paul Vautier's,

where I heard, to my regret, that his charming wife was at Yokohama with her mother. He persuaded me to stop for dinner as I was, without changing, as we two were to be by ourselves, and I gave in. The evening was spent most pleasantly, talking of and admiring the last acquisitions of fine curios he had added in these last years to his already valuable collection, so that it was all of a sudden one o'clock at night, and I rikshahed home.

Next morning I went by train to Yokohama to the Nursery Gardens. That is to say, first to the German Consulate, as I had some business there, having to sign some papers before the Consul, all which Kuehne had arranged splendidly for me, so that I had only to sign, and wasn't kept waiting at all. He seemed to have settled down well there, and liked the place very much, I'm glad to say. I lunched with him afterwards at the English club, of which he is a member, and afterwards rikshahed to the Nursery Gardens, while he had to drive to a German wedding-party, which he did more than reluctantly. They all recognised me again, and were delighted when I showed them photos of the Japanese lilies and the Japanese garden at Halbau. Re-inspecting the grounds, I found lots of plants I wanted still. Then I ordered everything my gardener wanted. Going back to Tokyo I travelled with Kuehne, who was going to a big dinner there.

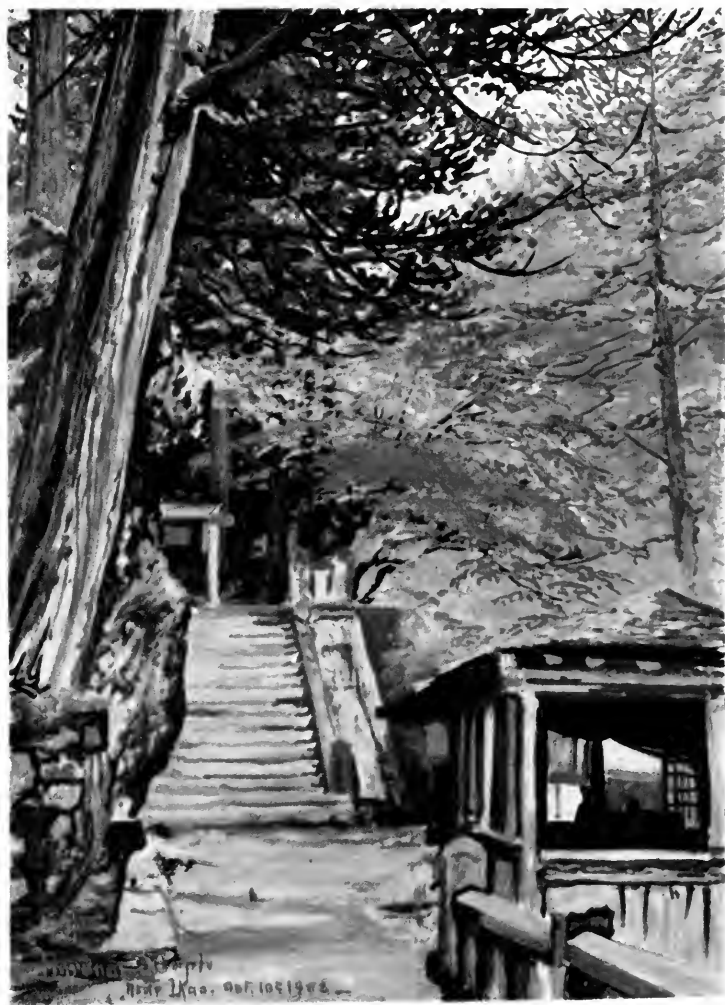
October 9th.—This morning we went by train to Ikao. It is a very pretty but rather long railway journey. One travels the whole day, has to change twice, and finally trundles on for two hours in a wretched little, ramshackle horse-tram. The terminus of this tram is of course not

Ikao, but some other village of no importance whatever. Here ponies were ready for us, which, however, I refused, seeing the Laddakhi-like torture-saddles. I honestly preferred my legs. And besides, it was much better, easier, and nicer for little Timminette if I walked. It was almost dark when I started, and night came at once. But the moon was almost full, and shone splendidly all the way. The road goes uphill all the time through pretty, young woods. I arrived at Ikao at the nice Japanese hotel just before dinner. In all the rooms, even the dining-room, the hibatchis were burning, these open charcoal braziers, the only way of heating they have in Japan. There was a sharp frost last night, and on the hills is fresh snow.

Next morning it was bitterly cold, but beautifully clear, and we started on foot for the Haruna temple. Jinija rode. One sees everywhere the silvery-white tops of the high hills with their fresh snow tower above the lower ones, which are a lovely clear blue. It is a very pretty march of nineteen to twenty miles. First one ascends steeply in a zigzag through lovely dewy autumn woods of maple, pine, and oaks. On the tops of the near mountains the leaves were already turned into browns, yellows, and coppery-reds. Then higher up we came through young plantations of Scotch firs, which were literally purple with masses of flowers of *Scabiosa Caucasica* and of blue gentians. I had never seen such quantities of scabious. The effect was lovely. There were two Michaelmas daisies everywhere in masses. But it was especially the large mauve scabious that made everything purple-blue, with its large flowers standing over the stiff young shoots of the young Scotch firs. All this country looked exactly like Germany; it was quite striking. It was so clear that

morning that we saw the Shirane-san mountain, one of the few, if not the only active volcano of Japan. Its white cloud of smoke was clear against the brilliant blue sky. Later on we reached the exceedingly pretty small mountain lake of Haruna, with the Haruna Fuji in close proximity, reflecting itself in the lovely little lake. It is quite true that in shape it reminds one very much of the incomparably majestic saint. For me Fuji is unique in the world. This lake, surrounded by pretty woods of ash, oaks, and alder, is so absolutely German—almost laughably so—it might be somewhere near Pless. The leaves had nearly all fallen off already, except those of the oaks, which were quite brown and shrivelled, and rustled winterly in the fresh breeze. This sound reminded me oddly of shooting parties at home. What an extraordinary power of calling up a memory sounds and smells have. Undoubtedly these senses of ours are crippled, and not sufficiently cultivated; I'm sure one could do a lot with them.

The road ascended steeply again; for a good stretch it had run on a level across a plateau. On the top, in a sort of pass, was a nice tea-house, where they had excellent pears, and still better peppermints, and the combination was most refreshing and good. Of course I rested there to enjoy all that, and the lovely view into the bargain. Then we descended steeply on a zigzag road down the other side into a beautifully wooded valley, where all the trees and undergrowth were beginning to be tinted in ochrey browns and reds, a regular symphony of warm colours. Everywhere the extraordinary rocks stand out for which this place is well known. Of course, like everything here, they too have been formed by volcanic eruptions. Some have almost human shapes, like heads; others, again,



ENTRANCE OF HARUNA TEMPLE, IKAO.

like animals. Finally, in a grove of lofty cryptomerias, with their lovely reddish-purple stems and wonderful dark green foliage, we reached the entrance gate of the Haruna temple grounds. Here the road took us along the foaming clear river in the deep gorge, which got narrower and narrower, the high steep hills with their mossy rocks, covered by thousands of lovely ferns, shutting it in more and more, and the tall magnificent trees, forming with their long branches a regular dome of dark greens, browns, and reds, through which the sun played in moving spots and thin shafts of light. Finally, we saw the lovely though small temple buildings high up on quaintly-shaped rocks, and over-towered by one especially extraordinary high rock, which stood on a ridiculously thin base, like a natural column almost. One really wonders how it can keep its balance. Many mossy stone steps led us to the temples. It is astounding how they are built, or rather squeezed, on these steep slopes and between these boulders, which rise from the ground like tall stems of giant trees. Only the ingenious and highly-developed art of the Japanese could achieve such exquisite effects. The chief temple is an extraordinarily quaint building, and looks like an enchanted palace in a fairy tale. One wouldn't be a bit astonished to see Schneewittchen with her seven goblins emerge from the temple gate. Japan is the land of fairies and goblins and elves. And everywhere between, the slender giant stems of the cryptomerias rise up into the blue sky as straight as arrows, forming with their gnarled branches a green cathedral; while the maple trees, with their feathery foliage turning to scarlet, red, and crimson, twist themselves, growing over and overhanging places where no European tree could live. They are just as original as

the people of Japan. In this country nothing is commonplace and banal. After wandering about to choose some motives I lunched hurriedly, and then began to work. I admit that I was nervous about it. There was so much detail and architecture, so much foreground, and I'd never till then done any of this kind of painting. After all, it could only be a failure! But it turned out to be just the contrary of a failure, and my guardians were very satisfied.

In the falling night we started for home, and arrived at Ikao when it was pitch dark and bitterly cold, really like a shooting party in Germany. Akida was in an awful state, and furious with Jinija for keeping me out so late, and on so cold a night. In fact, the whole hotel was upset, as they feared we had met with an accident, had fallen down a precipice, or something similar. He scolded and grumbled all the time at Jinija, even called him a fool for exposing "Count" to such things, while with deft fingers he undressed me, like a baby, and drove me to my bath as though I were a holy cow. The baths here are delicious, natural hot mineral baths of 113° Fahrenheit, containing mostly iron, and coming boiling out of the rock. Akida and the hotel odd man and two nesans (housemaids) took the greatest care to undress me entirely in the bathroom, and to deposit me safely in the large wooden bath. Then before he left me to my fate he impressed well upon me not to let my "good silk shirt" get near anything wet, as this water made awful spots. He returned, however, after a minute, declaring it would be safer if he took it with him; and so he did. All this was by no means said in a cheeky, patronising way, but nicely, amiably, in a modest, almost childlike manner.

They are a charming nation, and one is compelled to like them if one gets to know them.

October 11th.—I started early in the morning on a pony, because on foot one loses too much time. The plateau, or rather the high valley, for this sandy plateau is surrounded and fenced in by low mounds, is almost flat and quite sandy, so one can canter and trot and thus save a lot of time. It looks exactly as if it had once been a hilly lake, which after some volcanic eruption had run dry. Tim was handed up to me and we trotted off, after Akida had impressed on us all to be careful. An uncomfortable gentleman's saddle and a terribly fat grey horse were my fate. It was a regular torture. I had the feeling of being split in two. I'm still astonished that I didn't tumble off, as I'm not accustomed to this sort of locomotion, and the cheeky little dog made me laugh continually. Tim, the cheeky person, sat, hung, or stood, just as she thought most convenient to her, either on my lap, or on the pommel of the saddle, or on the fat grey's neck. She acted as if she had done nothing all her life but riding, enjoying herself immensely. She was so cheeky to people passing us, or to other dogs, or with me, that I really had laughing fits continually. If I didn't hold her tight enough, so that she almost tumbled off, she turned round on me quite indignantly, as if to say: "Look here, you old silly, can't you pay attention? What are you there for, may I ask? I nearly tumbled off. Behave yourself." All I could do was to grab her as tight as possible, but too tight often for her independence. I now banged about on the brute, when he trotted like a bag of rags, in my laughing fits and the attempts to keep Tim straight. It was well we didn't meet many people. They

would all have thought me drunk, I'm sure. The pony was the laziest brute I ever saw. No stick would make him trot; you might beat as hard as you liked, he only shook his old white head and mane. But if Jinija trotted ahead on his thinner black he managed to trot, as he was terrified of losing his stable companion. These horses were chiefly used to bring wood and grass down from the hills, and then the grey is tied to the black, who leads. So he trotted behind his black friend as hard as he could, whinnying all the time. We must have been a sight!

To-day it is quite cloudy and looks like rain, and one sees nothing of the farther mountains. The cold is really intense, but the scenery is enchanting. The day brought two good sketches—one large one of the temple, and a small one on our way home of the hazy sunset and the mists rising in the many autumnal-tinted valleys. What a lovely country! The result was that we got home when it was pitch dark; it was already dusk when we packed up. Of course I had painted as long as possible, in spite of Jinija's urging and hurrying me.

October 12th.—We left Ikao at 7 A.M. in kurmas. I left it with regret. It is a charming place. I could have stopped there for weeks, but my time was getting short, as I had on account of "little Mary" made up my mind to leave Japan on November 9th by the *Kleist* of the North German Lloyd.

The wintry mists lay deep over the country when we started, and they rolled along the many valleys in dense white masses, and it was so icy cold that I was glad to have my fur coat on. After an hour's drive by kurma we had to trundle again for two hours in that dilapidated, dusty



AUTUMN TINTS, NIKKO.



tram, pulled by an old bony horse. We don't leave either from the same station where we arrived three days ago. And as the bulk of my luggage is supposed to have gone round in some mysterious way, and we are supposed to find it at this other station, I admit harbouring some doubts whether I shall ever see my belongings again in this life. This tram drive was prettier though than the first, and more various. It passes along a large, fine river and through narrow valleys, through many large and picturesque villages, where in all the gardens the small-flowered chrysanthemums are beginning to flower abundantly, making bright colour effects. Then we proceeded for several hours by train, and reached, late in the afternoon, Nikko, where it was bitterly cold. One whole side of the pretty old village was burnt down this spring, but they have built it up again. Of course the effect is not the same. The houses are too new, and some have been made much higher and larger. It has lost much of its charming character. The Kanaya Hotel has been enlarged too, and this, I must say, is a great improvement. I think it is one of the most comfortable hotels in Japan, so nice and homely. I got my old rooms; but as there were no fireplaces in them, I changed into the new and very comfortably furnished wing. Next morning we took ponies and trotted off to Chuzenji. The painting materials had gone ahead by coolie, with Tim and Shiba in a rikshah. Of course we overtook them, and Tim howled with rage and indignation because I trotted on. At the bottom of the hill I dismounted and walked up the short-cuts. Here, of course, she soon picked me up; because as soon as the kurma stopped she jumped out and tore herself loose from Shiba, chain and all, and ran after me on my scent like mad.

The colourings all along the road were lovely, and the dark cryptomerias between made the red appear still more intense, but the foliage of the maples was really of an incredible redness. The higher one gets up to Chuzenji the finer the woods appear. It is a regular orgy of colour. The undergrowth is entirely formed by magnificent azalea bushes, of an enormous size and luxuriant growth, almost trees, whose leaves have turned a dark claret colour, with coppery ends and shadings. I won't rest before I have succeeded in getting some plants of this special azalea and tried them at home at Halbau. The road, well engineered, ascends in a broad zigzag the steep side of the valley through this dense wood. One gets exquisitely lovely peeps into the valley, which seems to grow deeper and deeper, hazier and hazier, through the thick stems of the enormous trees, or framed by their swooping, trailing branches. From everywhere cascades descend into the valley, falling below into a wild, tossing river, rushing foamingly along in its large bed, formed by huge mossy boulders. The higher one gets the redder are the tints but the barer the trees, and in Chuzenji itself there was hardly a leaf left. The trees are mostly oaks, birches, beeches, and elder bushes, and many silver firs. Here, too, the underbush is entirely formed by azalea bushes, and by the famous Nikko bamboo, with its striped leaf, pretty and quaint.

The big waterfall is splendid indeed. It falls down the high perpendicular rock, one enormous, roaring, foaming, white mass of water, into the gurgling, spouting basin deep below, from where an eternal mist of spray rises high up like a transparent shimmering gauze veil interwoven with thousands of gems and sparkling stones. On the top of the waterfalls many maple trees wear their scarlet glory

still, their branches hanging down gracefully above the water torrent. The latest fashion here in Japan is, it appears, to commit suicide by throwing oneself over from this terrific height into the basin below. Of course one is dashed to pieces at once. What fools people are! They say this summer there has been quite a number of such cases, students and young girls, sometimes mere school-boys. Altogether, the number of suicides in Japan increases to a terrific number.

The other day, going to Osaka, the train ran over a young woman who had thrown herself on the rails. Everybody of course looked out of the windows, with the unhealthy passion of people for monstrosities or tragedies, and they couldn't understand why I just kept looking out of the other window. What tortures of jealousy or misery must have persecuted that poor young creature before she decided to throw herself on to those hard rails.

In Chuzenji it is quite wintry, and on the trees hardly a leaf is left. I painted after lunch, muffled in my fur coat, a view of the lake, which does not satisfy me. Chuzenji itself has never been sympathetic to me. I never cared for it. This time, besides, there are thousands of tourists and excursionists here, who stand all round one, passing quite loud remarks, and, although they are flattering, it makes me nervous. The holidays at the universities have begun, and students and school children are taken by the hundreds and thousands as a treat to see the autumn tints, which indeed are a sight. I never thought a country could have so many school children and students. There is no danger that the population of Japan is dying out. Nippon Banzai!

Next morning I went by pony half-way towards
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Chuzenji, as I wanted to paint there, the foliage being especially vividly tinted thereabout. It was cloudy and icy cold. Even the steep ascent on foot did not make one warm. Near the tea-house Jinija and Shiba had most ingeniously managed to make me with ropes a sort of reserved place, so that I could work undisturbed ; for, with the legions of students and school children who are on their excursions, it is very trying. But I didn't succeed in finishing the sketch, as, stupidly, I took one of the large blocks, and I think really too large for landscape sketching. And then the days are so short, and the tints awfully difficult. And last, not least, the cold was bitter.

Next morning I painted one of the tall cryptomeria avenues near Nikko, as I could only finish the large sketch in the afternoon if the same sort of light chanced to fall again. The painting went a little better, though it was not as it ought to be. I was told by students and school-boys that at Chuzenji, only half-an-hour by foot higher from where I sat, it snowed hard. The poor school children all returned blue with cold, drenched through, poor things, pictures of misery. But they were just as merry and happy as if it were the finest weather in the world. I must say the Japanese have a really delightful temperament.

October 15th.—Early in the morning I left Nikko, as the glass was going down steadily. In the compartment were two of those odious Yankee females—one cannot really call them ladies, although they were richly dressed—whose cackling presence and awful twangy voices had driven me at Kyoto into the adjoining room for meals. For me the Americans are the most unpleasant nation ; and the dialect and expressions they use ! The young one, a very

pretty, fair-haired girl, stretches herself soon on the one side of the compartment, simply lying with her face on the arm of the railway seat, which even in clean Japan is not over clean. She does not even put a handkerchief or anything on it to lay her face upon. In one hand she holds a bottle of Tansan water, stopped with an old cork, and now and then takes a drink out of this bottle, like a cabman. They are very smartly and richly dressed, and talk at the top of their voices of all the letters they have for their ambassadors and various people, and seem to be on intimate terms with the Vanderbilts and such. This unnecessarily loud conversation is evidently meant to impress me. I'm sorry to say it has no effect on me. No American can ever be a lady, even if she gives herself the airs of one. After five minutes everything begins to fall out of her hair that she possibly can have in it. First an enormously high and beautifully cut tortoiseshell comb of *écaille* blonde, evidently recently bought at Nagasaki, the place *par évidence* for tortoiseshell ware; then of course all the hairpins of ditto material. The old frump, reading her magazine, acknowledges the fall of all these things through her pince-nez, as if to say "Well, man?" and I, with vague remembrances of good manners, in spite of my year long trundle round the world and more or less bush life, I pick them up one by one. Only the really beautiful fair hair remains up, or at least half up. After two hours I have to change. I was glad to, because the old hyæna had begun to ask me all sorts of questions with the abrupt impertinence typical of her odious nation. How they had to change at Tokyo? and would I look after their luggage? hoping I would play the part, for the sake of the fair-haired lady, of unpaid courier. This nation of ridiculously spoiled females thinks

it has a *right* to everything, and that men are only there to dance attendance on them.

In the new train, after I had waited nearly a dismal hour at a dreary little station, I saw a German couple—undoubtedly “Heildirimsiegerkranz,” and still more undoubtedly from Berlin. One can see that at once by their clothes. Such things are only built in that city, which has something of America about it as far as vulgarity goes—the city of bad taste, snobbish in everything. What is so amusing on a trip like this is how one spots people’s nationality at once by their clothes, faces, and manners of course too, but mainly clothes. At the tiffin station my Germans go to the dining-car, while I lunch out of my tiffin basket; and when they return he claps his heels together, and with well-outstretched elbows presents himself: “Dr. F.,” then adds, “I hear you are German”—by way of a reason. I think he knew my uncle in Berlin, and he pretends to have seen my exhibition at Dresden; of course he got my name from Jinija. He is some great doctor, or something of the sort, and is travelling here to make discoveries on the Eino skulls. They are both very nice, I must say, and interesting people, though thoroughly Berlin, and, as I say, Heildirimsiegerkranz. They have travelled a lot though, and apparently with open eyes, but this is the first time they have been in Japan. They have just arrived by the Siberian Railway, of which they have nothing to tell but horrors. It is too amusing, and the exact opposite of what my London bachelor told me, who had his “apartment furnished with every modern luxury,” and wore cotton gloves. And this man wears cotton gloves too. So it can’t be the cotton gloves which gave him so favourable an impression.

The scenery through which we travelled was really uncommonly pretty, but quite European, hilly and thickly timbered. They are in raptures about it, which I find of course charming of them.

At 7 P.M., just when it began to get dark, we arrived at Sendai, the terminus. One has only to cross the square in front of the station to go to the hotel, which is half-European and awful, but clean. After changing, I went to the dining-room prepared for Europeans. They had put two tables opposite each other, and covered with huge napkins trailing on the floor, which looked, I regret to say, strongly as if they had been taken out of the beds for the occasion ; but in any case the two tables opposite each other in that way, in the middle of the room, with its strange, half-European, theatrical decoration, look exactly like the tables of a juggler in the music hall, and one was rather surprised not to see the waiter come up from underneath and begin juggling about with the bottles, plates, candlesticks, and oranges. I had a smaller table, the F.'s opposite me one long enough to seat twenty people.

After dinner, as we sat opposite each other like the two cocks in Busch's fable *Der Gicker und der Gackerich*, only with the difference that instead of staring at each other we talked, a Captain Pf. . . . was announced to them. He is attached to a regiment here, and they knew him in Berlin. I of course wanted to make the best of this welcome occasion and extricate myself and retire to my bed, but I was pressed to stop, and so have, not to hurt their feelings, to make *bonne mine au mauvais jeu*. The captain was typical. If they were Heildirimsiegerkranz, he was so to a still higher degree. He smelt of the Berlin barracks (morally, I mean). "Colossal" was his

every second word, and he snarled his "r's." He had the oddest skull formation I ever saw in a man, and one could see it well, as he was in true Heildirimsiegerkranz fashion, clipped short to the roots of his hair like a convict. If I were Professor F., I wouldn't go to the Einos' island to study skulls, I'd study his; he won't find a more deformed one, and one with quainter bulges and dents, all over the world; besides, he has endless, carefully cut, pointed nails at his fingers. But on the whole I should think he was a harmless enough creature. So after the preliminary social smelling (to talk dog's language) typical in this class of people and the nation (my God, how stiff and formal we Germans are!), and having asked and told enough of Mieke (that is, the sister in Berlin), he (the captain) asked all of a sudden, with an ironical, nasty smile, rubbing slowly his long-nailed white hands: "Well, what do you think of the 'Wunderland' Japan?" His tonality expressed already his total disapproval. He found nothing good in the Japanese, and still less anything pretty in the whole country. I tried first mildly to argue and contradict, quoting places, buildings, etc., etc., but soon gave it up, seeing his *parti pri*. Why! in my eyes he was one of the worst asses living. (I expect he's got the same good opinion of me, and welcome!) What does it matter to me if Captain Stickinthemud from some little Prussian infantry regiment finds everything bad and hideous in Japan. It must be awful though if one is only a soldier, has no other interest but the Prussian army, and is quartered for three entire years as the only European in this wretched little place. I expect it might make just this sort of man bitter. How much happier and fitter would he be in his little garrison in Posen. With him the effect of being embitter-

tered has been certainly accomplished. Then these people never have any sports. No wonder they get bored. Now take a young English officer in an outlandish colonial post, he's as happy as a lark; he shoots and rides, etc., etc., whereas this man grows long nails. Of course he was delighted to hear German again, and to be able to talk it again, and he and the F.'s sat endlessly on, and drank of course—*Bier!*

Next morning we got to Matsushima, and in the same train were the F.'s, who were going there too. To-morrow they go to the Hokaido, the northern island of Japan, where the so-called hairy Einos live, the survivals of the Japanese aborigines. They will find it bitterly cold there at this time of the year.

After half-an-hour's drive we reached Matsushima, and who could describe our disgust when we heard that just that day there was a regatta, and we saw hundreds of schools pour out of the train. After what I saw last month of school boys and girls on holiday trips, Japan seems nothing else but a huge school. I hadn't honestly thought it possible that one country could boast of so many school children. We are of course immediately surrounded by hundreds of sniffing school girls (because it is very cold, and one knows the effect of a cold, damp October morning on noses, and remembers perhaps what I have already mentioned, the total absence of handkerchiefs). They stared at us as if we had descended from the moon. I felt like an animal in the Zoo. I expect they had the same unpleasant sensation of being stared at so mercilessly and critically. I'll never do it again. Only they got eventually some sugar and nuts. We didn't. We had to wait quite a considerable time before we got our boats, although Jinija had wired for them yesterday, at least for

mine. At one moment it appeared as if we wouldn't get any at all. At the station students stood about distributing gratis small paper flags in different colours, according to the different boats that were to race in which one feels interested, I suppose because one's brother, friend, cousin, or friend's cousin, nephew, son, or some other relative races in it. It was a happy, many-coloured turmoil, and a beautiful clear autumn day into the bargain. After we had boarded our different boats, in the middle of the indescribable bustle and commotion of people pouring into steamers, sailing and rowing boats, etc., etc., filling them to an extent that one would not conceive possible, we started. But as Jinija's forethought had engaged me two oarsmen I outdistanced the F.'s soon, and was once more alone, which was very pleasant. We passed the racecourse, pointed out by high bamboo poles stuck into the sea with flags attached to their tops fluttering gaily in the fresh morning breeze. We were just in time to see one race. The shores, and especially one little island where was the finish, and where a band was playing, swarmed with a many-coloured crowd of people like an ant-hill. It was a bright and gay sight.

Matushima itself is one of the three so-called sights of Japan, and all the same, all the Japanese painters say it is not paintable. Of course I was very curious to see it. There are hundreds of islands, and nobody has really counted them all. Of all sizes and shapes, they are scattered about the sea, crowned and topped by gnarled, wind-torn, and bent little fir trees that hang with obstinate firmness to the rocky soil. Some of these islands are hollowed out by the eternal wash of the waves into all sorts of odd shapes and forms. In some the water has

washed openings right through like a porch or arch. Unfortunately they are so far apart that one never gets two on the same picture, be it sketch or photo, the others make only the effect of dots on the horizon. It is a pity, because otherwise one might make something interesting. Yet I find the colourings in no way attractive. In one word, I am disappointed, and agree fully with the Japanese painters. Finally, after having been rowed about for three hours we landed at a little island, where under some fine old fir trees a little temple lies. In the soft limestone, out of which these islands are formed, they have cut out here small galleries and niches, in which several hundred years ago a whole community of priests retired to live. It was a sort of hermitage, where each priest sat in a niche in the position of the Buddha, meditating about the great mysteries. Now pretty Scotch firs have grown up between and above, and the island is connected by a nicely curved wooden bridge to the mainland. Then after I had tiffined I wanted to start painting. So we got everything ready and I started working. But in all my life I have never seen such continually changing colours. One does nothing else but paint over and shade differently what one has painted half-an-hour ago. It is continually a different tonality and never the same. It is most exasperating and discouraging. By the time the cocoa was ready I was so disgusted with what I'd done that I wanted to scratch it all off again, and only refrained from doing so because Shiba begged me to give it him if I didn't want to keep it. I admitted I was touched. So he got the awful thing and was delighted. On the whole, I find Matsushima the most disappointing thing I've seen in Japan yet.

Returning it was lovely, under a short but magnificent

sunset. But as the sea was so rough, it was impossible to paint of course. There were delicious tints of orange and mauve, with pale green and *eau de nil* and yellow, and pitch dark green, almost black against it, the mainland with its hills and pine trees sharply silhouetted against the sky, and in front the long trembling coloured reflections on the tossing sea. We were just in time for the last race, and I ordered my boat to stop, to the great delight of my people. Right and left of the watercourse hundreds and hundreds of boats of all sort of shapes and sizes formed two lines black with people; and between these the four slender rowing-boats shot along at a terrific pace, with their different coloured oarsmen. One was white, one red, the third green, and the other purple. And the yells and shouts, the waving of flags, banners, and caps and hats, the trampling with the feet, the noises, were bewildering, and had something wild, cruel, warlike in them.

Then this excited, gay mass of boats closed in behind the racing-boats as soon as they had passed, a packed mass, shouting, laughing, talking and jesting, and we all rowed towards the landing-stage. I've rarely seen such a crowd of people and boats as here. The oarsmen could hardly row, and, talking and laughing, the whole thing moved on towards the shore, where everybody landed in the most amiable way and with the most perfectly courteous manners.

There was still a whole hour till the ordinary train left, but there was a special for the regatta people, and I tried to take it. The stationmaster hearing of this came and begged my pardon a thousand times that no first-class compartment was on this train. But he would at once attach one of the second class, if I would kindly condescend to travel the short distance in that. This train had only

third class. It would not last ten minutes. Would I be so good as to be patient that little while? I must say I found it more than kind, as my tickets were for the ordinary train, and I suggested that I really could quite well travel that short distance in the third class. But to this he wouldn't listen. And so a carriage with a second-class compartment was specially attached for me. And then there are still people who will have it that the Japanese have got cheeky, and rude, and impolite towards Europeans.

In the evening after dinner I drove to Captain K. out of politeness, as he had asked me for dinner with the F.'s. I had excused myself with the late train, but he had asked me to come and join them at least after dinner. And so I thought it would be more polite to go there for half-an-hour. Oh! this German formality! Thank God, they have finished dining (I can't exactly say that I hurried, I had even told the rikshah to drive slowly). It was a lovely evening; I had my Franciscan fur cape on, and thus was well sheltered against the intense cold. The drive through the place, lit up with all its booths and shops, and its gay night life, was very animating and pleasant. I found them all three sitting round a table and drinking *Bier*. My heart fell into my boots. I'm really getting old, and realise more and more to my disgust and terror how many miles away I am from all these people and their interests as well as from their thoughts and opinions. And which of us is right? With tittle-tattle and scandals about the dear neighbour the evening was spent. I tried in vain to bring the conversation on to more congenial grounds and topics, but in vain. After all, that man must have seen something interesting here in all those years. But it appeared he saw only that everything was worse than at home, to which he

compared it continually. He saw only what was bad in the Japanese, not a single redeeming point ; he saw only the shade and no light. Poor wretch ! But as I say, perhaps it is difficult with only narrow Prussian military horizons, and decidedly no sense of humour, to be quartered as the only European in a small Japanese country place.

October 18th.—At an unearthly hour my train left, and I admire again the ingenuity and patience that it takes to register luggage in Japan. But please don't imagine that I got into fits of rage. Just the contrary. To begin with, I've got nothing to do with it. It is all Jinija's business. I'm only an amused and interested onlooker. But it is really incredible how all this is done here. One is astonished that it gets to an end at all with this not hurrying, and the unpracticalness, and the many questionings and writings, filling in of papers and forms, signing of books, &c. In such moments one sees that the Japs travelled till thirty or forty years ago in palanquins and didn't know steam. Of course if one loses one's head, gets into a temper, and so on, it helps one nothing. One must know how to be patient, and always to smile amiably. Finally all our luggage and even little Tim were registered, though she causes, I must admit, always the greatest disturbance, the many questions, and is the cause of the many papers to sign.

We had to change our train twice, then take a sort of carriage, if you can call the antediluvian vehicle a carriage, pulled by a sort of miniature shire-horse, bar the head, which would even for a large shire-horse be a big one. This animal was really a mishap, and every respectable English horse would be offended to be called a cousin of

it. And yet it was a horse, and an old grey one, *par dessus le marché*. While we waited in a nice-looking tea-house opposite the station for this curiosity to arrive, little Tim, glad to be rescued from her box, jumped up on the raised floor of the tea-house where we were sitting. I fortunately saw in time how one of the horrid Nesans took out of the red-hot hibachi the metal chopsticks with which they poke the charcoal in the hibachis and wanted to beat Tim with them. I really lost my temper, and almost hit the stupid girl with my malacca cane. Thank goodness, clever Tim avoided the catastrophe by her nimbleness. She is very mistrustful of the Nesans. Did I ever say that the Japanese, especially my servants, call her Tim-San, which means Miss Tim? San is the polite address as well for sir as for miss.

The old grey pulled us slowly, but safely, up and up the beautifully-engineered road, which winds up continually through lovely wooded valleys. But it was really striking how totally German, not merely European, the country looked in some parts. One might be in Bavaria. Only the colourings are of course much brighter, finer, and more intense. One meets crowds of students making excursions to see the maples, for which Shiobara, the place we are bound for, is even more famous than Nikko. Their hats, caps, and buttonholes are decorated with scarlet, orange, and yellow leaves. I regret to say that their Europeanised manners are far from pleasant, especially as they have copied them decidedly from American models. Some highly-educated Japanese told me they regretted so much now having taken so many Americans as schoolmasters, and having sent so many students to the United States, as the "European" manners in Japan were thus taught to

children in a bad way. They had only seen their error lately when brought more into contact with really civilised nations, and had seen what a mistake it had been to think the Americans had a European civilisation and manners. There was therefore now a great tendency and wish to bring English teachers over, as they were convinced the effect would be better. I could only strongly encourage them in this idea and plan. Is there a worse nation for manners than the American?

The higher one got the finer were the tints, surpassing those of Nikko by far, I think. I find the scenery much more original here, and grander. It was late before we reached Shiobara, and very cold. But the thickly-timbered hills looked in the setting sun as if they were formed of burnished copper with golden, and carmine, and scarlet reflexions and veins. It was a symphony of colours. And everywhere the clear cascades and rivers were rushing and murmuring downhill. The place itself, a small hamlet of grey, battered, wooden houses, pinched into the very narrow gorge, overtowered on both sides by high cliffs, looked frowning and sinister. It had the true aspect of howling gales, icy masses of snow, and short grey winter days. The large, entirely Japanese inn was cold beyond description, and so placed, for the valley is very narrow, that it gets every possible blast of wind. And I think all the wind gods of Japan had gathered there that night to have their winter's conference. At one time I admit I sat with a hibachi right between my legs (as one sits of course on the floor, chairs naturally not existing) and another at my back. Tim cuddled up alongside of the hibachi too. After some time, however, the temperature got normal and even pleasant. I never thought one could



AUTUMN TINTS, SHIOBARA.



get the rooms really warm with these things. Now I pity the Japanese less in the winter.

October 20th.—Yesterday was a splendid, clear, cold autumn day. A fresh breeze made the golden and scarlet beauty of the leaves fall, for like everything in Japan the leaves fall here rapidly. There is a much quicker sequence in Nature here than in Europe. A week ago the leaves were still absolutely green, two days afterwards bright red, and at the beginning of the next week all fallen. I spent the day painting. In the morning one sketch, in the afternoon a second. The scenery was really lovely, the richness of colouring indescribable. What a country! I'm sorry to have dawdled so long at Nikko, and to have lost so much time there. The motives here are much more interesting, far more original and finer. Besides, the absolutely secluded Japanese life here is ever so much more sympathetic and pleasant than the semi-European, what would be smart life in Nikko. I could stop and paint here for weeks, and regret having made my arrangements for leaving. But in a few weeks there will be snow and deep winter, so it is more reasonable to take my invalided body to warmer countries. The Crown Prince has his summer-palace here, which, however, is not shown. I can well understand that the imperial prince is happier here in this idyllic mountain solitude than in Nikko, with its big half official society and the crowds of tourists. But even here the hour of departure struck, and with a heavy heart I departed.

October 20th.—In the early morning I arrived at Tokyo. Although it was sunny and much warmer, almost muggy,

it was surprising what an unattractive, dirty place Tokyo seemed—I really think the only unattractive, unsympathetic place in the whole of Japan. I'll never forget my disillusion five years ago, when, having landed in banal European Yokohama, I had come straight here. It was a cold, misty, wet March day. So this is Japan, I thought, the land of my dreams! All the time I hated it to such an extent that I wanted to take the next boat and leave. It was beloved old Kyoto afterwards that fascinated and captivated me for ever, showing me the mystical charm of the real Japan.

In the hotel Richthofen telephoned at once to ask me to lunch, and if I could dine with the ambassador that night. Then I changed slowly, and drove to the Vautiers' for lunch. It was delightful. Only the charming couple and the three dear boys, now grown up into fine, big fellows. How time flies!

After lunch we all three wanted to go and look at a Korin exhibition. There were things out of private collections said to be very fine. Just as we opened the front door to step out visitors came—a married German couple, typical Heildirimsiegerkranz. It was Sunday, and they had been asked to dine at the Vautiers' that night. So they were come already in the afternoon (it was 3 P.M.!), and not only remained all the time till dinner, and over dinner, but afterwards still endlessly. I don't want to hurt anybody's feelings, but this is typical Heildirimsiegerkranz too—quite German. Isn't it awful? I call it barbaric. People like that ought to be strangled.

The exhibition was wonderful, as fine as only work by that exquisite master could make it. An eight-leaved paper screen, undoubtedly by Korin, was simply beyond

description. It represented the Four Seasons in a rare abundance of flowers and plants on a gold ground. It was painted as only Korin knew how to paint. He lived 350 years ago. It is too difficult, almost impossible, to describe such pieces of art. Let me only say that it was so absolutely true to Nature, and so wonderful in colour, so perfect in arrangement, that it was a real poem.

The whole exhibition was not very large. A few screens, some writing-cases, some boxes, and two kimonos, supposed to be painted by Korin, that was all. What there was, was very fine, although I personally don't think anything besides the eight-fold screen was really by Korin. The other things were most likely painted by his pupils, and he touched them up here and there with his incomparable brush. But in any case it was a great enjoyment, because they are all lovely, though of course not as exquisite as the Four Seasons screen, which is beyond words.

The whole little exhibition was held in a nice room of one of the large, modern silk warehouses, copied in the style of the "Bon Marché," or Harrod's Stores. It is really well built, and all arranged with great taste, and very practical, apparently has good things, but almost everything is European.

How hard it is to make yourself understood in Japan. We had here, for instance, arrived at the huge warehouse, and a braided porter had helped us out of the pompous carriage and shown us in. Following our instinct more than anything else we ascended at once the really imposing red-carpeted staircase to the first floor, in the centre of which an open fountain played in a large white marble basin, in which fan-tailed goldfish were swimming

about. High, beautiful palms were everywhere. The marble basin was surrounded by really beautifully kept and well-arranged flower-beds, flanked by huge bushes of magnificent chrysanthemums. The whole thing was exceedingly well done, and very fine. We expected to be right in thinking that the Korin exhibition was not on the ground floor among the silk petticoats and satin ribbons. On the first floor, however, were endless stalls of wares, and a regular labyrinth of rooms full of goods. So, finally, I suggested we should ask, as there were no placards about with outstretched fingers pointing to where Korin might be found. I thought this might simplify matters. So Uncle Paul steered through the crowd up to a European-clad Japanese youngster—a salesman—and asked him where the Korin exhibition was. With solemn, intense attention the youngster listened, then smiled most amiably. The head was put pensively on one side, while he proceeded to smile in a Nirvana fashion of extreme, almost superhuman happiness and contentment. But no answer. Followed a long-drawn “Aeh!” accompanied by the well-known hissing sound, and smiling. Finally “Aeh! aeh! the Korin exhibition? Aeh!” I was standing beside them beaming, and enjoying it. Uncle Paul was getting nervous. But, though evidently shy, as if asking for something highly improper, he repeated his question with the same effect. Finally, after having kept his head well on one side, listening and smiling for a considerable time, with endless “Aehs,” the amiable salesman asked with his most winning smile, “Is it short-sleeved underwear you want?” I could have shrieked with laughter. That is so typical of modern Japan, what the old people in Japan call “high collar.” After endless

wanderings, however, we finally succeeded in seeing the Korin exhibition. Happy are they who can see such beauties, especially in such congenial company as Uncle Paul's.

That evening the dinner at the Embassy was very nice. In the afternoon I had paid some calls, that is to say, had left cards, with the firm resolution not to go in. This succeeded splendidly, although again the footmen objected to this form of courtesy. They almost dragged me in, saying their masters were at home. At the Embassies they ought to be at least instructed so far. But with some energy on my part, it went off all right.

The German Embassy has indeed got another face during the last five years. With the wealth of the present most amiable Ambassador, Mr. Bernheimer from Munich, the famous upholsterer and curiosity dealer, has had his full swing here, with his stereotype gilded Louis XIV. furniture, covered with the inevitable stereotype red damask, etc., etc. It is all very fine, pompous, and respectable, and on the whole the rooms are nice, although to tell the truth one is astonished not to find a red cord in front of each room as one sees them in furniture exhibitions, with the notice written up, "The public are requested not to touch the objects," and on the chairs the price of the room, from £300 to £3000.

Next morning I drove top-hatted and frock-coated to put my name down in the Emperor's book, as the Ambassador told me it was sufficient, His Majesty being rather tired, as he had had so many receptions lately. Besides, he is withdrawing more and more from public functions. From there I drove to the Crown Prince and Prince Arisogawa to write my name down there too, as

they had been extremely kind to me years ago. The approach to the Imperial castle, all the surroundings, and the whole position are really magnificent, beautiful, grand, and imposing. This palace and the surrounding fort and grounds have been built by the famous Tokugawa too, so of course they are splendid. I think they are the only fine things in Tokyo.

Then I had a charming lunch with Richthofen in his delightful little house, where I met Count M—— from our Embassy, who has just got engaged to a young American lady. I was sorry to have to leave so soon, but I had still to go to Yokohama to the Nursery Gardens, as I wanted to choose several varieties of plants myself, and the trains to Yokohama run at such stupid hours, at least the good ones do. I had at Yokohama just one hour to do everything and to catch my train back to Tokyo, where I found to my joy Kuehne, who was dining that night with the Vautiers too. There was a big reception at the Chinese Ambassador's for some Viceroy or other, who had come with presents and a special mission from the Dowager Empress of China to the Mikado. And as several of the Embassy people were dining at Vautier's and had to go on to this reception, we had to dine earlier. Amongst the guests was a young officer and his very pretty wife, attached to our Embassy, who pretended to have known me at Düsseldorf, where he said, as a schoolboy, he had always admired my large breed of *white mice*. Now, I'm sorry to say, I never possessed a white mouse in my life; the man must have been raving, and with brutal outspokenness I promptly told him so; but he insisted. True, I have bred many different sort of animals in my life, but never anything so silly as white mice. But as he was so

sure and tenacious about his white mice, I gave it up and left him his illusion that I had a famous breed of white mice. It really is marvellous that other people sometimes know more about one than one does oneself. I, for instance, might get quite conceited with all the vivid interest that is shown everywhere in me, high and low, in all countries and by all nationalities, kindly occupying themselves with my uninteresting personality, and with what I do and mostly *don't do*, but I am totally indifferent to what other people do or say.

October 27th.—In the early morning I went by train to Mianoshita, with the usual changing. I quite forgot to say that during my stay Tokyo and Yokohama had added to their ordinary attractions the reception of the American Fleet. Yokohama was very nicely decorated, and looked exceedingly pretty. It was altogether astounding what they had done in the way of decorations and welcome. The Yankees ought to be pleased. Tokyo really was like a big madhouse. One could hardly get along the streets. And the odious, ruffianly, rowdy-looking American sailors rolled about everywhere. They were all over the place. What an unsmart, rascally-looking lot they are. The worst lot I've ever seen. To tell the truth, I never expected anything else, having seen some specimens of them at Hong-Kong. Some of the sights one saw in the streets while this Yankee-Japanese confederation went on were really too funny for words.

This morning going to Mianoshita it was a dull grey day. The sky was grey, and it rained everywhere. Under a pelting rain I was rikshahed up to Mianoshita, which was a pity, as I saw nothing of the fine scenery when the hood

of the kurma was up, but with it down I should have been soaked. The hotel has been considerably enlarged, and the grounds are much better kept too, and much prettier, than when I was here before.

After lunch it pretended to clear up a bit, and I went for a long walk with Tim, which she enjoyed particularly. But as soon as one was out of the house the mists swooped down to such an extent, and got so dense, that one could not even see the opposite side of the narrow valley. We walked all the time in a dense, thick white mist. Painting of course was out of the question. And finally it began to rain again. No, the climate of Japan, I regret to say, is not exactly what it can boast of most. In the hotel I found the old gentleman and his wife with whom I had such long chats on the *Bremen* about deserts, as they were his hobby and speciality, and whom Healy used to call, Heaven knows why, "the old Russian," but he was more than English. He created some astonishment, because as soon as he spotted me in the rather full dining-room he got up from his table rather noisily, and came up to me beaming and with outstretched hands.

Next morning I went on, by foot, to Hakkone, as it looked as if it intended clearing up for good. The walk to Hakkone (7-8 miles) is very pretty, and it is striking how much and how well they have re-timbered these hills all along. In Hakkone I lunched and unpacked, as I intended stopping the night to paint in the afternoon the lake and Fuji if it would only show itself. But thick clouds covered up all the distances; only the pretty lake and the lower hills near by were to be seen. So I started painting, and in the middle of my work, when I'd nearly finished, the heavy clouds began gradually to dissolve, and the most



FUJI, OVER LAKE HAKONE.

Hakone. 427. 1906.



lovely of all hills appeared for a few moments enthroned like a heavenly mountain on clouds as it were, which seemed to carry it, separating it from the earth. It showed itself just long enough for me quickly to scratch the sky away with the knife and to paint in rapidly the cloud and mountain effect. Then again the mists gathered, and everything was covered up and hidden. But I had seen it, and as I am very superstitious, I see in it the sure sign that my great wish is going to be fulfilled.

Next morning, October 29, a steady downpour, rattling on the thin roof, woke me up. Everything was dripping. The clouds were heavy, and from them the thick mists hung down like a straight heavy curtain to the water, almost touching it. One could see nothing. They said the barometer was falling rapidly. It was bitterly cold. What was I to do? Even the hotel proprietor and the guides said it was going to last—a cheering prospect. It would have been madness to start on a foot tour round Fuji as I had intended, especially as one must camp in primitive tea-houses all the way, it appears. Even Jinija agreed with me that under the circumstances I had better give it up. So he returned to Mianoshita, where the bulk of my luggage had been left, while I decided to catch my train for Kyoto that night.

I started with my few belongings, accompanied by the delighted Timminette, Akida, Shiba, and three bearers carrying the luggage, after lunch, when it had at least stopped raining. But the white mist-curtains still hung deep and impenetrable over the silent waters. I've never seen anything so quiet in my life. One had to be rowed across the long lake, and it was very extraordinary. I imagine it must have been like that when people embarked

for Hades. The kind hotel people and the servants accompanied us to the boat. The boatman pushed off, and we glided noiselessly into the unknown, phantom-like world, the kind people on the shore soon vanishing to nothing as in a nightmare. And on and on the great barge glided in the dense mists enfolding one, whereto? towards what? After a long passage suddenly a phantom-like, misty shore began to appear in uncertain vaporious lines. Then the barge ran grinding on the pebbles of the shore. The bearers and the guide turning into shadow figures loaded the luggage on their backs, and when one turned round the barge was already gone, swallowed up by the mists of this phantom world.

At 6 P.M., just as it began to get dark, we reached the village where I was to take the train that night. We found shelter in a nice tea-house, where the food was excellent. Very attractive the peasant houses looked as we entered the village. They were wreathed round with golden-yellow, thick bunches of Indian corn, hung round the low, far-projecting, thatched roofs in double garlands. The effect of these double and sometimes even treble golden garlands under the grey or moss-green roofs was bright and most artistic, and made a gay picture. Somewhere about 11 P.M. my train left, and in spite of the sleeping-car being crammed full, I slept well. But really the sleeping-cars, built after the American Pullman-cars, are an awful institution; twenty people packed into the same long narrow passage, always two and two on top of each other, and for all division and separation only a little green curtain! The bed themselves are very good and clean, though rather short for me of course. I'm not shy in any way—that eight years of hospital have broken me of that—but undressing is

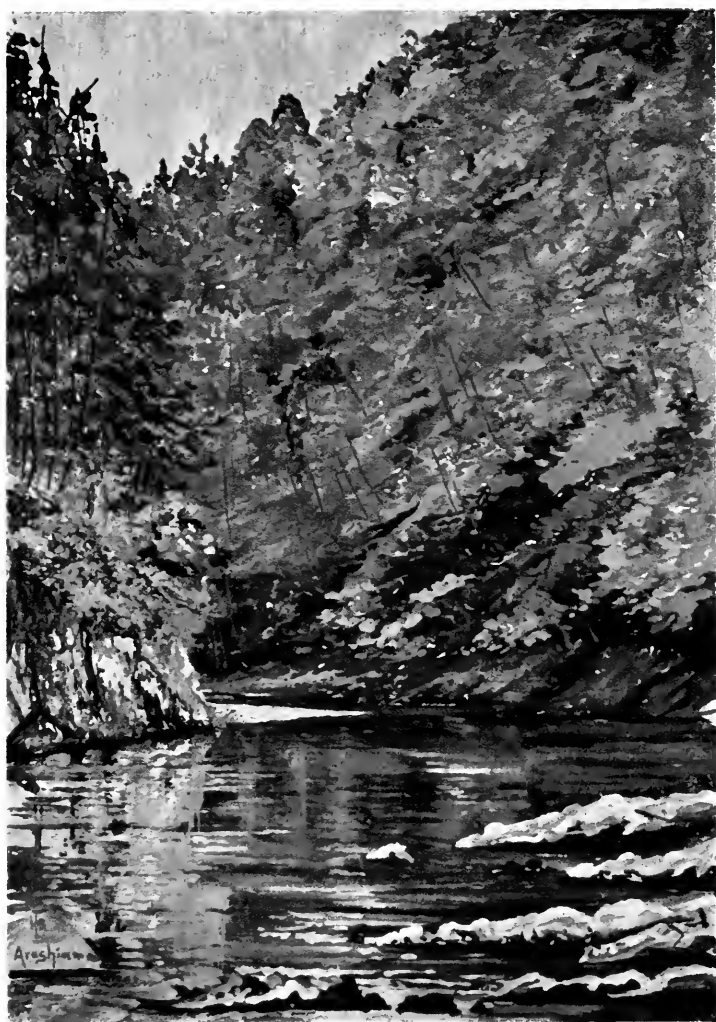
impossible on account of the narrowness. At least I find that. But the other people didn't seem to mind undressing in the passage. The most of them evidently thought, too, the little green curtain didn't allow sounds to penetrate. One heard regular gammes, forming finally a real symphony concert of all sorts of sounds and snorts. These sleeping-cars are really unpleasant. Humanity is only bearable at a great distance and in homœopathic doses.

It is astounding what the people in Japan take with them in these sleeping-cars in the way of parcels ; still more varied anyhow than in the ordinary railway compartment. And that means a lot, as everybody who has travelled in Japan will know. Here, that is to say, in the sleeping-car, one finds everything, from the basket with oranges to the basket with mushrooms, and especially with fish. One sees shirts, collars, boots, ties, little baskets with apples or oranges, sticks, waistcoats, baskets with mushrooms, coats, baskets with flowers, trousers, fish-baskets, etc., etc., piled up together, on an unoccupied bed, or in the corners of the compartments. Sometimes it is quite difficult to get into these compartments, the doors are so covered with all the objects. How the presumptive proprietors of all the different things ever managed in the morning to recover their property always appeared a miracle to me. But I always slept too long to be able to see. Anyhow it speaks again for the excellence of the railway conductors that nothing gets lost, and I must say they really are excellent and very civil in Japan. I wish our German *Schaffner* would learn a bit from his Asiatic colleague.

A very long sleep in these sleeping-cars in the mornings is an absolute impossibility, and one is, whether one wants it or not, obliged to get up. One can then make the

most amusing studies in harmless dressing manœuvres. It has always amused me highly to see on such occasions how absolutely superficial the European clothes still are with the greatest part of the Japanese. They wear them more because they think it is nowadays "the" right thing to do, and stamps them as cultivated men. But underneath all this Western finery they stick to all their Japanese underwear, and that is why the European clothes, already suiting them so badly, sit still more extraordinarily on them, and give them so often such odd shapes and quaint movements. Often it requires all their strength and energy to make the buttons meet. The railway guards are really extraordinary. They brush your clothes, hats, and even clean your boots, and not only in the sleeping-cars, but in each railway carriage, before you get out at the terminus.

October 30th.—In the morning I arrived again in dear old Kyoto, and was received at the station as usual by my little staff. If it was disappointing having to give up my foot tour round beloved Fuji and round Shoji and the pretty lakes on account of the bad weather, it was in another way very pleasant again to be back in dear old Kyoto. Surely now with the autumn colourings the tour round those lakes would have been doubly interesting and fine, but it is no use crying over spilt milk. Then, five years ago, when I went round there in July, all the *Lilium auratum* were out in full flower in all the woods, scenting them strongly, and the hills were blue with funkias. For anybody fond of flowers and art Japan really is an ideal country. I love Kyoto, and have quite the feeling of home. Almost every dog knows me there. It is a *gemüthlicher* dear old place.



AUTUMN TINTS—ARASHIHAMA, NEAR KYOTO.

In the afternoon I drove out again to the Arashi-Yama rapids and painted there. It was lovely there, but astonishing how little the maples are coloured yet, in spite of the frosts at night. In some parts the leaves were shrivelled quite up, getting quite black and falling off without getting coloured. They say the reason is the unusual rain and dampness this year. No, dear Japan, beloved Japan, thy climate is vile.

Another day we drove to Lake Biwa, in a carriage which was equal to an unparalleled proof of patience. For coachmen, God created them in His wrath, my dear Japanese, that must be true. Who has never sat behind a Japanese coachman does not know you celestial powers.

That the coachman holds the reins in both hands is a matter of course. But the pace—Holy Mary! It's that of a funeral—a slow jog-trot. At each corner of a street, at each child (and God alone knows what that means in Japan, where the streets are littered with children), a chicken, a rikshah, bullock-cart, etc., etc., the coachman almost pulls up his fat horses. The wretched groom, who mostly stands on a little platform behind, has to run on in front, get the horses at the heads, and lead them past; but by no means because these fat old animals are shying (not they), but because the coachman is utterly incapable of driving. To be groom in Japan is no sinecure; besides, the springs of the old buggy are so soft, that they beat through at each little rut in the road, and one feels the jar right up one's spine.

The Buddhist priests received me most amiably, and unlocked for me a reserved place, from where the view over the lovely Biwa Lake was exquisite, and I could paint in peace and unmolested by the tourists and sight-seers. The

view is lovely, and they have chosen the spot for their temple wonderfully well, those nice Buddhist priests. To-day was a covered sky, but Biwa Lake is always pretty, even like that. Of course when the sun shines, and it glitters with all its many bays like shimmering silver, it is just perfect; as in the twilight over the rice-fields in full harvest, with the delightful villages with their cosy, high, protruding thatched roofs, the gay, cheerful populace everywhere about, the perfect cloud and colour effects.

Next day I got again into the torture carriage, and we drove to Hiei-San to paint there. The drive out is lovely too, going for the greater part of the way along Biwa Lake, then up to the temple itself, through the fine old pine-tree avenues with their gnarled forms, and the cherry trees and maples between and underneath the long rows of mossy old stone lanterns. The cherry trees have all their leaves still, turned a little coppery, while the maples have begun to grow scarlet-red, making an exquisite contrast to the feathery bluish-green of the Scotch firs. They make lovely avenues.

Next day I wanted to go by train to Yamasaki, but it pelted so that I had to give it up, and preferred to inspect my different orders at the different shops. It was quite useful, as I want to take with me as much as possible. Besides, the Japanese, otherwise so nice, do not know what it means to hurry, and I leave two months earlier than I first intended. The morning passed quickly with the trials of one's patience to which one has to get accustomed in Japan, alas! and as it kept on raining steadily, I drove in the afternoon to what remained of my dear old Yaami hotel, as the main building was burned down entirely two years ago. The *dépendance*, which has been untouched by the fire, is open again as an hotel, and I regret not

having known it before, as undoubtedly I would have come here. It is a lovely spot. I established myself on the verandah in front of an empty room, and painted the view of charming Kyoto I was always so fond of. There it lies deep underneath one, in the misty, wet distance, with the pretty hills as a background. It always reminds me so much of lovely Florence as seen from the Fiesole side.

Next day it was cold, but did not rain, although everything was wrapped up in grey mists. But we started in spite of it for Yamasaki, and our courage was rewarded, and it cleared up without the sun coming out, and we had a lovely autumn day, with delightful tints and effects. After half-an-hour's railway journey we got out at the little station and walked up the hill through the lovely green bamboo-wood to the temple, where I began to paint. My nice warrior-priest was absent. Here, too, everything has changed totally, the rice-fields have turned yellow with ripeness. What an ass I was to paint so little at the beginning and to dawdle so. The worst of it is, that as soon as I have begun to paint I have no more a peaceful conscience to do anything else.

On our way back a Japanese lady was in the same compartment, with her husband and child, who was so perfectly lovely, and had such a beautiful profile, so rare in a Japanese, that I could hardly take my eyes off her. Of course she was dressed in her Japanese costume, and with what wonderful taste! If I had had more time left, I would have asked her to allow me to paint her portrait.

We almost intended leaving my painting things at Yamasaki yesterday, as I intended returning there and painting the top temple (there are hundreds of lovely sketches to be painted there), but a vague I don't know

what had told me it was better to take them home with me, in spite of the glorious, clear sunset promising fine weather for the morrow. Of course it pelted the next day. Honestly, the Japanese climate is . . .!! So I resigned myself to reinspecting the shops, and to buying what I had still to buy, and to thinking of giving the necessary instructions for the unavoidable and loathsome packing.

Hikkone-San got me some black chabos, those short-legged Japanese chickens. They perched on one's finger like parrots. Still nicer were two chinpuppies I want to take home as presents. They are three months and a half old, and quite developed and self-possessed. They bark and play about like grown-up dogs. They are so wee they can easily sit on my hand, and they look like toys made out of silk chenille, and have little heads like mandarins. I've never seen anything so small. I got them from a lady who is supposed to have the best breed in Japan. Tim is awfully funny with them. Not an atom jealous, she is far too sure of her place in my heart for that. First she was rather disgusted with them, finding them uncanny, then interested, not believing that they were really alive. Then the mother in her awoke after she had inspected them with a quiet, slow, persistent thoroughness, sniffing hard into the fluffy wool on their backs and heads. Finally she washed them, as she decidedly thought this necessary. They were offended at this procedure, imagining themselves grown-up and most attractive, and wanting anything else but motherly feelings from the black lady. But it was of no use, they had to give in. Once Tim has made up her mind to have or do a thing, she does it. So there's an end of it. Then she played

with them. They rolled about the floor for a good while, and Tim was quite sorry when they were put back into their basket.

On the cold but clear morning of November 8th we drove by rikshah to Takao, about seven miles from Kyōto, through lovely scenery. The place is famous for its maple leaves. But I regret to say, pretty as it is in its way, it disappointed me somewhat. One shouldn't see it after Shiobara. Then it was Sunday, and hundreds of people were there, so painting was out of the question.

I forgot to say that the other day I went to see the geisha school. It is most interesting. The little girls are educated here in everything: reading, writing, good manners, painting, embroidering, sewing, mending, arranging flowers, dancing, drawing, the movements of the fan, how to walk, the tea ceremony, reverences, to play the guitar, banjo, zither, the drum, to sing, etc., etc., each has a class of its own. But each pupil is taught by herself, the other ones have to watch. In each room is a little raised platform (this is of course only for the dances and the fan exercises). The teacher sits in front and shows it without speaking; the pupil imitates it silently. They begin about eight to nine years. I watched an imp of nine years at her dancing lesson. It was really interesting. But of course a nation to whom politeness, personal grace, and the good forms of daily life are a second nature needs little teaching. What should we be able to do if we took poor people's children from the slums at nine years and tried to make them copy graceful poses and manners only by seeing them done? Not even a princess of sixteen years of age would be able to do it.

The rooms are large and spacious, and well aired, with

a large garden in the centre, and playgrounds for their recreation.

I went to a large chrysanthemum exhibition too, but it disappointed me greatly. My gardener, who five years ago stopped in Japan longer than I to bring all the plants back, and so saw these exhibitions, was quite right when he said they were disappointing, and that we have much finer ones. I would not even have said thank you for these plants and flowers. I don't care much as a rule for flowers without scent, and then I find chrysanthemums look as if they were made out of paper. Where I find them lovely is if one lets them grow in big bushes, leaving them all their flowers, which consequently are much smaller, but in clusters, and therefore ever so much more graceful. Left like that to grow in the gardens they are lovely, as one sees in the peasant gardens in Japan, and as I had them in my gardens in Italy. But in Germany, unfortunately, one cannot leave them out of doors, because they would be frost-bitten before they had properly flowered.

Mr. Jida had insisted upon giving me still a farewell dinner. The elder brother, who took us on the charming excursion when poor little Tim fell into that awful place, had been laid up for weeks with typhoid fever and at death's door. So the younger brother, and partner in the business, was giving me the dinner. Although I had an awful cold in my head I had to go, he wouldn't listen to a refusal. He had asked the three most famous painters of Kyoto too, and they painted me a screen on white silk, three-folded, and on white paper for the back of it. It really was amusing and interesting to see and watch with what wonderful cleverness and skill, with what incredible

security they painted on this delicate material. What was put on had to remain. There was no possibility of washing out or painting it over. All three painted on each leaf in turns. And they are not allowed to tell each other what they intend doing. It was most amusing ; the others had to adapt themselves in their turns to what the first one had done, and to make out of the whole thing a finished picture. I admit that Jida couldn't have given me a greater pleasure. The dinner itself, quite Japanese, was excellent, the geishas and meikos old friends, etc., *cela marche comme sur des roulettes*, as they say in France, which you will see if I say that we started at 4 P.M., and that I discovered suddenly that it was 1 A.M. I felt as if it had been two hours. After dinner we all painted caricatures of each other ; it was really killing. It was the nicest evening I've spent in Japan. Of course I got *des offres en mariage* of the different geisha friends, because the marriage of the little geisha with a Mr. Pierpont Morgan is still in all their heads.

To Nigo castle, the old palace Tokugawa built 350 years ago, in which the following Mikados passed their shadowy existences, secluded jealously from public and political life till the last revolution, I went twice. It is indeed magnificent and of a rare and exquisite taste. I had not seen it for five years, and was again overwhelmed by the great beauty and magnificence of it and the grandness. That man knew how to build and decorate. It is sufficient to see with what perfect taste, with what noble magnificence, he placed the rich and abundant golden bronze hinges and nails, not sparing them and yet not overcharging them, to know that he was a grand seigneur from head to foot. A man who was capable of creating that, was incapable of a

mean or small thought. His politics, his work as a statesman, have proved this too.

Unfortunately the damp has done a lot of damage in these last five years, especially amongst the fine paintings, for this palace is no more inhabited, and therefore no more heated, and very likely not sufficiently aired. It is really a great pity that treasures of art as those of Cseschu have been spoilt for ever, never to be replaced again. Really, Government ought to do something to prevent this. If they don't do something there will be nothing, or hardly anything, left in twenty years of all the beautiful paintings and lovely ceilings, walls, and doors.

The luggage left at 12, and I followed in the train at 4 P.M. At the station there was a regular congregation: young Mr. Jida, Assai, Nogaki, Assuma, Nomura, Kisagawa, Yamanaka, Nakai, the flower teacher, etc., etc. Why enumerate the names of people nobody in Europe knows? They all brought flowers and fruit, and were all dressed in the hakkama and in the black houri. Last night I got all sorts of really magnificent presents: lovely lacquer boxes, silver baskets, large damascene boxes beautifully worked, valuable old books, etc., etc. It was like Christmas or a birthday. I felt quite shy. They are really too kind. But one can do nothing else but accept. More and more people came, and I had a suite like an emperor. In the same compartment was a young German doctor, who was on the *Bremen*, and who went out to China to our Embassy, I think, and had just spent his leave here in Japan for a couple of weeks. He as well as the German doctor of the *Kleist* can't get over my suite. I was treated like a Majesty, they said. They had never seen anything like it in the East. Almost all got into my train, and

although the compartment holds twenty people, there was not sufficient room for all of them, and several had to go into other compartments. At the few stations where the train stopped the number increased, although many just came in from the country to the station to bid me good-bye. But when in Osaka my young priest appeared dressed in his full clerical robes, in purple silk, with his gold stole and a champagne-coloured silk coat, the good Germans almost had a fit. I was deeply touched by so much sincere friendship and genuine sympathy. Is it any wonder that I like being in Japan and dislike leaving it? The people here show me nothing but kindness, regard, friendship, and appreciation. It would be unnatural of me if I didn't return it. I left real, genuine, true friends, who liked me for myself, venerated me, admired me, and understood me.

At Kobe I took them all with me on board the boat, as many of them had never seen a modern steamer. The *Oberstewart* got one of the long tables ready for us, and they were all my guests, which amused them greatly. Afterwards they inspected the whole boat, especially my cabin, and then we had to take leave. They had just as long faces as I, and the precipitate retreat of some of them showed plainly how sorry they were to say good-bye, for in Japan it is contemptible to show one's sorrow. I accompanied the party, generally so gay, now so suddenly silent and sad, to the companion, saw them descend the gangway and get into two large sampans, and as long as I could still see them in the moonlit night on the sea they waved handkerchiefs and hands, and called out "*Seionara*." Then all disappeared in the darkness of the distance. Yes, "*Seionara*." Dear, kind little people, *Seionara!* and *Che Dio le benedica!*

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